





















As FAR as  
The East is From The West

*Tales of a Traveler who Toured the  
World Toward the Rising Sun*

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BY

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(Sometime Sailor)



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DEDICATED TO  
The Family



THE BEST TWO-THIRDS  
PAULINE, "Big Sister"  
LITTLE JOE





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*"SHE WAS A MAN"*

( See page 129 )



## FOREWORD.

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**F**ORTY-THREE years after the Quaker City started on her memorable trip to the east, a ship ten times her tonnage sailed from the same port, also to the east. The Quaker City was a pioneer; she paddled her way across trackless waters to the eastern Mediterranean with a party of excursionists, and returned. The ship ten times her tonnage was also a pioneer; she churned her way across the same waters and through a canal not opened at the time the earlier pioneer sailed and down the Red Sea and across the Arabian Sea and around India and ever eastward into the eye of the rising sun, till she passed within the Golden Gate. She was the Cleveland, captained and crewed by Germans and freighted with over six hundred Americans, the first party of pleasure-seekers to travel those eight thousand leagues on one ship. The first pioneer ship found a worthy chronicler in Mark Twain. The second finds an unworthy one in the author of this volume.

It is far from the author's intention to convey solid information about the places visited west of Suez. *Peste!* Are there not guide books and are they not likely to be more patient than the author? About the places east of Suez — that is another story. Some of these are far out of the line of travel even of the straggling votaries of Wanderlust who reach those regions. Batavia and Labuan are little visited by white feet not from the Low Countries. Labuan in particular is *terra nova* for the pen, and if the author has failed in describing that nook, the fault is his.

In the course of the trip the author contributed letters to *The Hartford Times*, *The Springfield Republican*, *The*

*Boston Globe*, and other papers. Parts of some of the letters are made the foundation of several of the chapters.

Acknowledgments are gratefully extended to John P. Davidson, Walter R. Denison, Thomas A. Peabody, and to numbers of other fellow passengers who have heartened the author in his labor.

Hartford, Connnecticut, June 26, 1910.



## CHAPTER I.

### INTO THE EYE OF THE RISING SUN.

**T**HERE are still lands in the far eastern seas where unfamiliar peoples live with strange customs little known even to travelers who seek odd recesses. There are still coasts and islands where peoples scarcely better than half-barbaric are barely beginning to emerge into the edge of civilization. There are mossy ruins and beautiful palaces, snow-clad mountains, ill-tempered volcanoes waking from century-long drowsiness, tropical jungles, terraced vineyards, and isolated plantations which rarely meet the eye or feel the tread of feet from the western world. There are proas and catamarans which may trace their lineage far back toward Father Noah's forgotten day. There are sampans and junks which search for pearls in out-of-the-way waters, or for loot in the Pearl River and the China Seas.

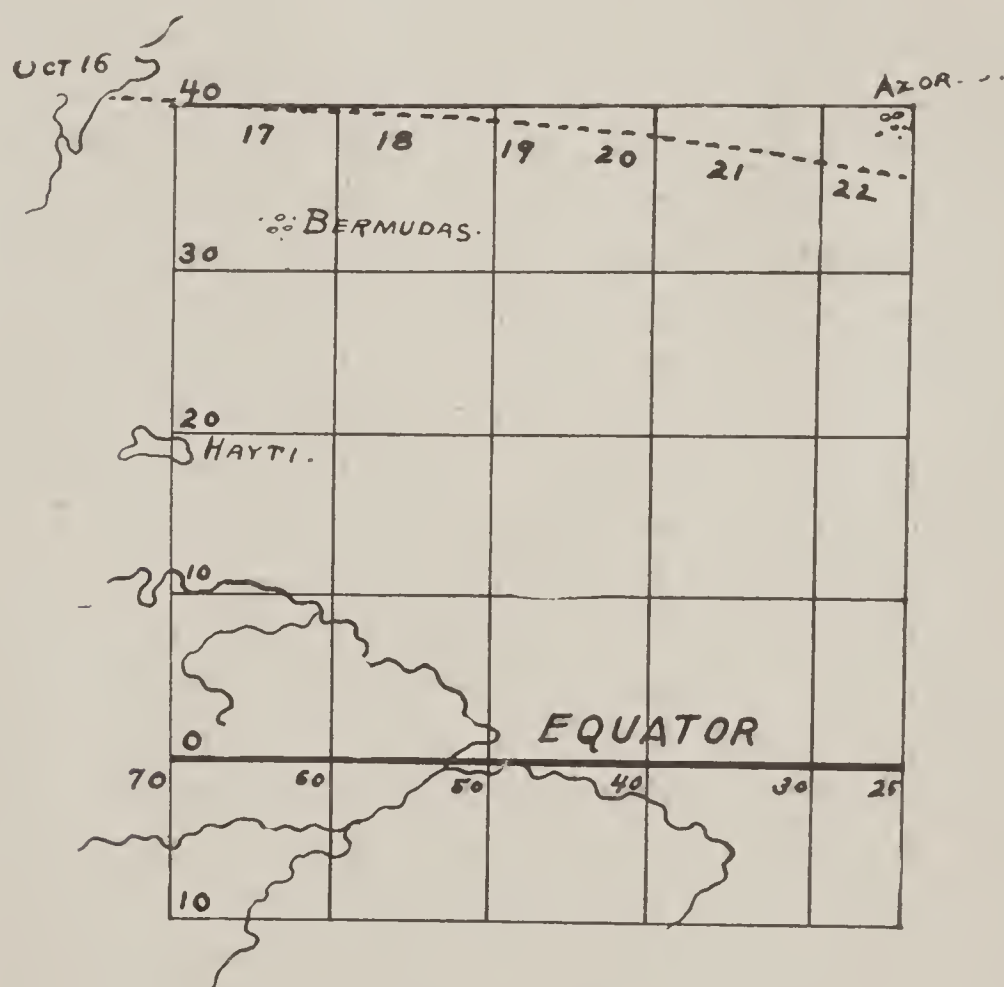
In short, there is strange life in almost myriad phases ashore and afloat in that far bourn beyond the desert gate where West blends into East. That life has its own lure for the children of Wanderlust, who have the fever-poison of travel in their blood, and who come to their own in time, who journey beyond the fashion-plate bounds.

Even now thousands of our countrymen believe their travels complete, have they reached Catania or Cairo or Constantinople; more than complete, have they penetrated to Bombay and Malabar Hill. The Far East's lure has not fevered them.

To see some of those far lands and to view some of that wild life at closest range, was the object of the six hundred voyagers of the staunch Cleveland which sailed on

an October morning from New York and turned her prow on the arc of a great circle into the eye of the rising sun.

It was a giant of the ocean on which they fared, a majestic ship of eighteen thousand tons, with the black, white, and red of the German empire at her after jack staff. It was with less fuss than a *débutante* makes in getting into a new gown that the giant warped out from her dock and began a voyage which continued over three months and one-half and goes down in the history of shipping as the first in which a large party of seekers of pleasure and education practically circumnavigated the world, in one vessel.



COURSE OF THE CLEVELAND FROM  
NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO  
OCTOBER 16, 1909, TO JANUARY 31, 1910.

Map No. 1: New York eastward on the Atlantic  
*October 16 to October 22*

It was with Teutonic thoroughness that the start was made. Yet, to hundreds of the tourists the workman-like smooth-

ness was less to the mind than the spell of the romance of the ocean and the long voyage. Back in other days voyages of such length were carefully logged. Even with us diaries galore were launched. And so it is, that the run across the wide Atlantic will for this chronicle be kept in the shape of a log — or something like it.

*First Day Out.* Dreamland still held us in thrall when the ship passed Miss Liberty and made ready to courtesy to the Narrows. It held us till a bugler with lungs of leather summoned us from the berths, with a call to the world of consciousness and sin which came over an hour



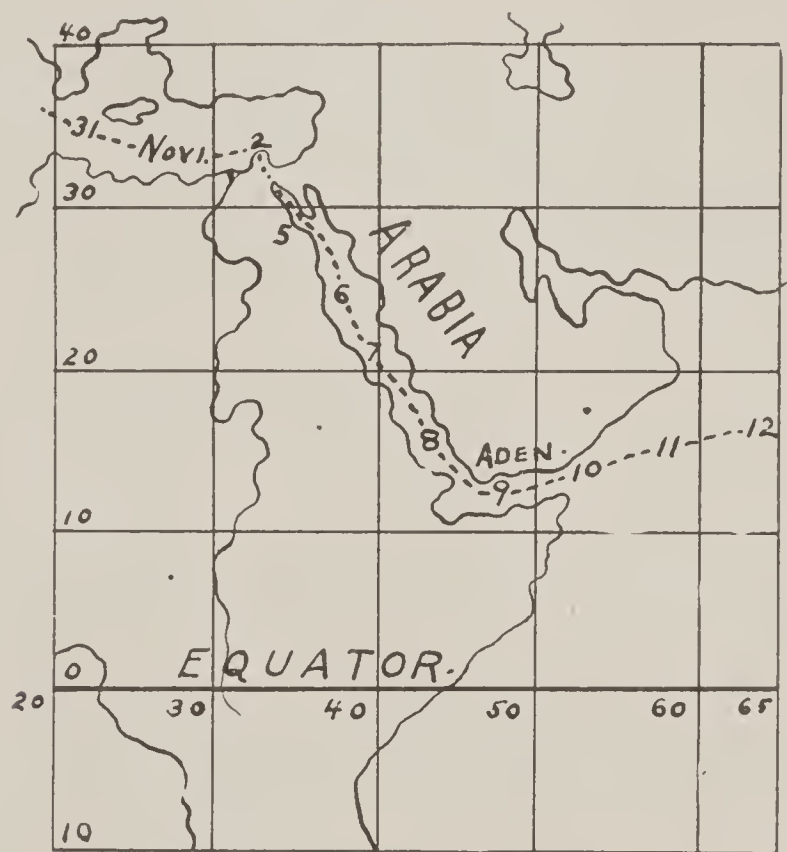
Map No. 2: Madeira and Western Mediterranean Sea  
October 23 to October 31

later than its mate comes on a United States warship. To those inland landlubbers not to the manner born the bugler was a novelty and there was a charm in the call.

The evening before the start the tourists had been told off into two armies, those who were to be the first to attack



the ship's mess, and those who were to attend the second sitting. The first of the bugles for breakfast rallied the first army en masse; there seemed to be no victim of the malady of the sea. Both dining rooms, the forward and the after, were Meccas. Let it be here explained that the after dining room was of "class." It was even as the forward. In the months just before the start, when the ship was merely an Atlantic ferry-boat, it was the refectory of the passengers of the second cabin, but now it was, for the world tourists, at parity with the forward dining apartment. Both rooms reach across the ship. The hours for the first



Map No. 3: Eastern Mediterranean Sea, Red Sea and Arabian Sea  
October 31 to November 12

sitting are: For breakfast, 7:45 A. M.; luncheon, 12 meridian, which is more nautical than noon; and dinner, 5:30 P. M. The sybarites who wish more time for preparation sit an hour later.

Breakfast over, it was to doze or to recline in a steamer chair, if you were past fifty, or perhaps a restful smoke.

Were you young and charming, it was a stroll along the promenade deck, or a saunter to the fo'c'sle head or a few turns around "the island" in the waist.

The mid-forenoon found human nature in evidence in variety, shipboard human nature. Stately dowagers who were fat, frowsy, and fifty-five were languid in steamer chairs, with their feet smothered in rugs. Or some few were at the rail. Now, don't be too suspicious; the sea was smooth and quiet. Another few were at writing desks. Young women were still treading, most of them, the planks of the promenade deck; some were not indisposed toward



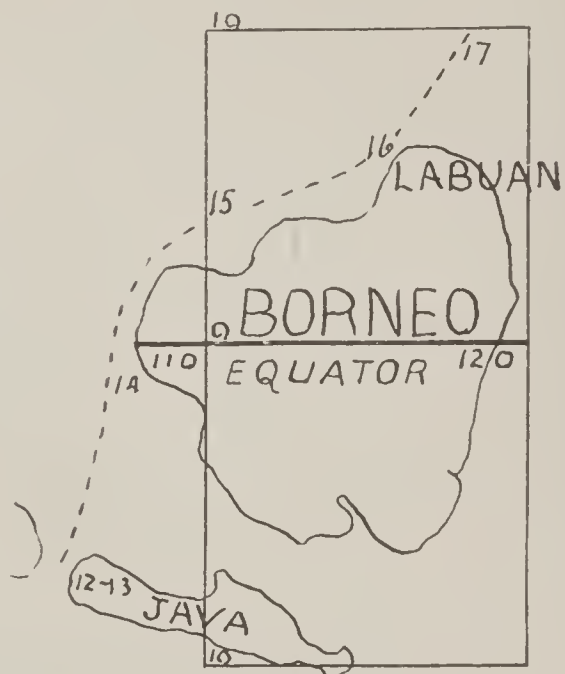
Map No. 4: India to Java  
November 12 to December 14

a flirtation. A number of women and several of the men were in the music room, discovering methods for becoming acquainted which satisfied Mrs. Grundy. A quarter or some like fraction of the men of the cruise were in the smoking-rooms, main and after, but not all of these were gladdening the purveyors of the weed; a fraction of the fraction were at the writing tables or were reading guide

books in which the Mediterranean was the piece of resistance.

A corporal's guard, or it might be two corporals' guards, were busy in debate or persuasion with deck stewards as to the location of steamer chairs, and some of the dear ladies soon joined in that divertisement. On the afternoon before the ship sailed, wise guys and wise virgins, call them whatever you wish, had arranged with the stewards for favorite locations. Some of the genuine thoroughbreds who have crossed the Atlantic more times than they have fingers, selected positions on the starboard side of the promenade

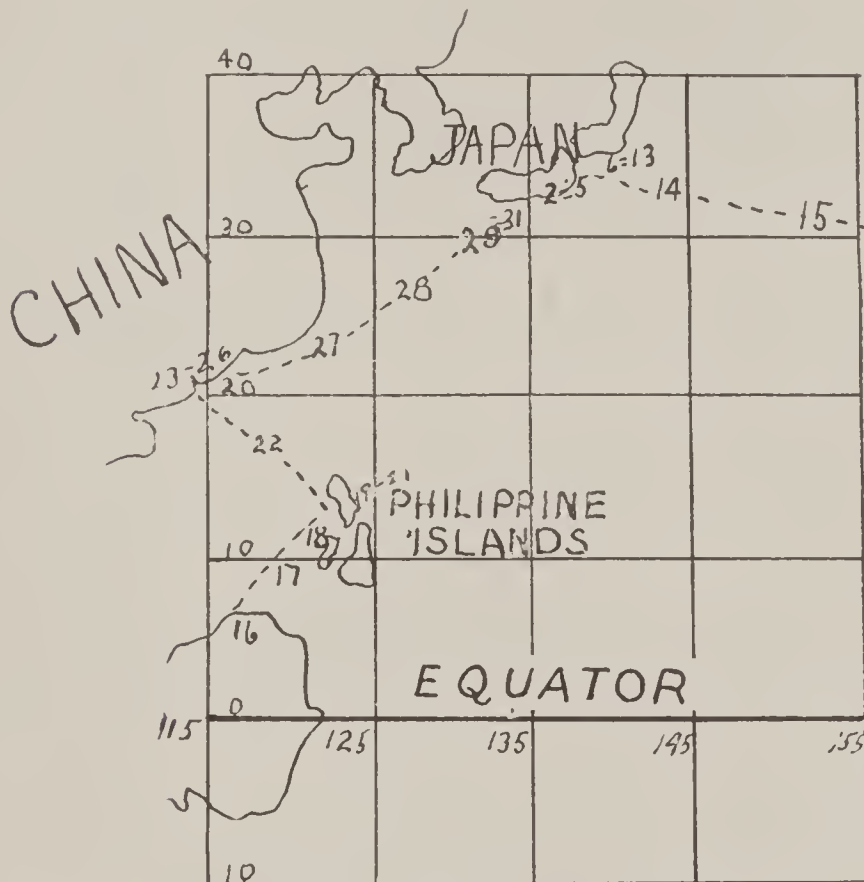
Map No. 5: Java and Borneo  
[The scale of each axis is double  
that in the other maps]  
*December 12 to December 17*



deck near the elevator. This "country" is, on the warm side, a virtue till we reach Port Said, and after arrival there the wise men and women who pre-empted places on the promenade deck will endeavor in persuasions popular with deck stewards to obtain cool coigns on the hurricane deck and over the poop.

A couple of hundreds of the passengers are at work in their staterooms, unpacking and stowing apparel and arranging with cabin stewards and the baggage rooms force for the removal of empty trunks. And, now, a word about our own room, headquarters for four people for over three

months. It is the largest in the ship, barring the *editions de luxe*. It is rigged with two portières and is in fact two staterooms. There are pegs galore on three walls, enough to appal a mere man, but the better half is sure that we shall need them all, and more too. God forbid that! There is an appliance for curling hair. There are nettings for receiving the riff raff and the ruck of guide-books, stationery, topees, and small souvenirs which are to accumulate. We stow two steamer trunks and two suitcases and hang raincoats on unobstrusive pegs, uncharted in a dark corner. There are stools, but we find that by



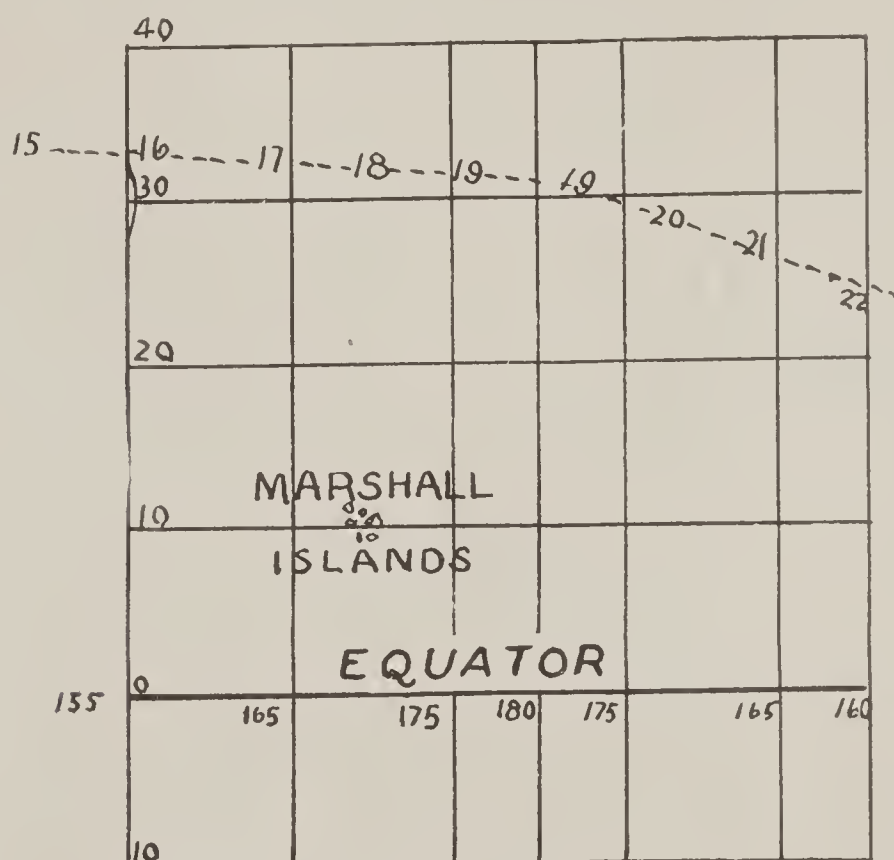
Map No. 6; Borneo to Japan and the North Pacific  
December 16, 1909, to January 15, 1910

inducing a corner of a steamer trunk to emerge from under a berth we can economize room and can retire the stools.

We find that some of the thoroughbreds are manœuvring with such strategy with cabin stewards (who are halfbacks of the devil or are halfbacks of Heaven, according to the inducements employed on them), that the halfbacks



agree to bring up "hold baggage" to the hatch cover hard by. Most of the baggage is large-sized trunks and is supposed to be kept continuously deep down in the bowels of the ship till near the end of the trip. The thoroughbreds are hard at work unpacking *impedimenta* (Pauline is studying Cæsar, and she says that *impedimenta* is Latin for light underwear). The thoroughbreds are happy in the knowledge that if the trunks remain on the hatch cover they save time and if the trunks are taken back to the hold they have saved time and gained comfort, for when we are east

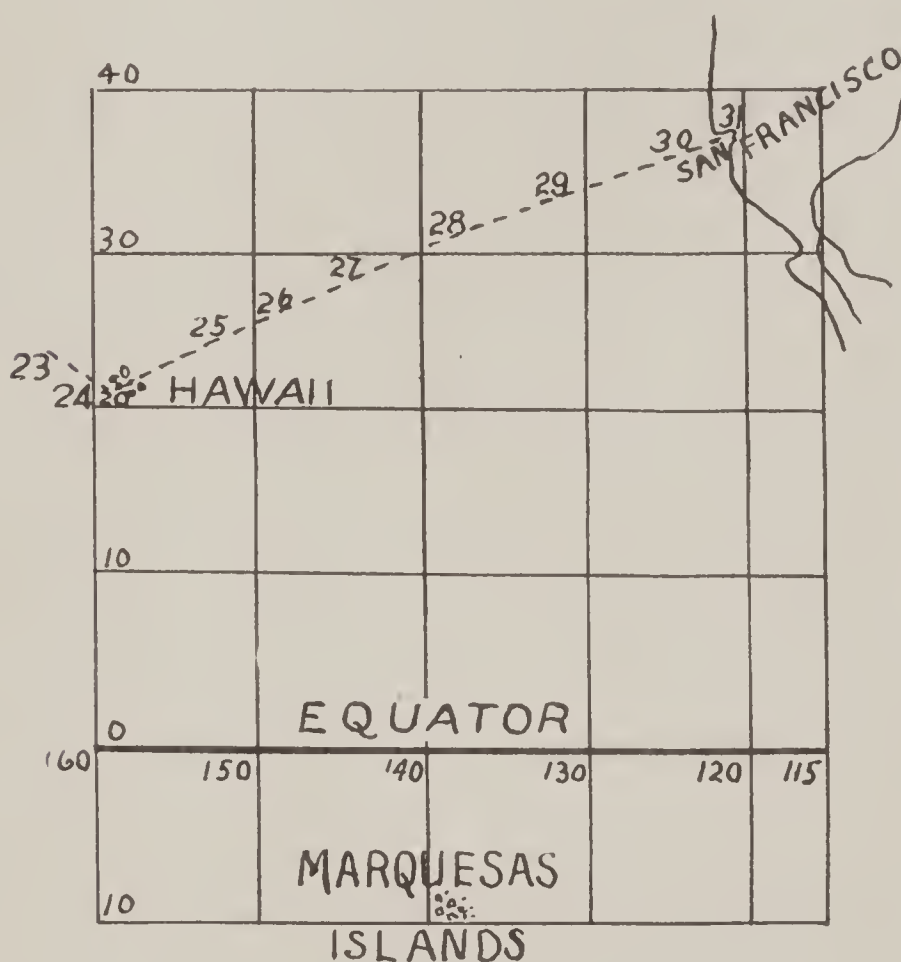


Map. No. 7: The North Pacific Ocean  
January 15 to January 22

of Suez the hold will have an atmosphere which would make it a reasonable second to H—.

A bugle call brings us out of the staterooms, and we traverse sundry passages to the after dining-room and sit near a port-hole. A glance overhead brings joy. There is, silent and idle, an electric fan. East of Suez that fan will be more blessed than a sermon.

It is not difficult to become acquainted with the table-mates near-by. One is a jolly, companionable young man of the day from Greater New York, who has the rare faculty of forming opinions instantaneously and of imparting them without loss of time. Another is his roommate, a quiet and careful reasoner. Strange to say, the former is Teutonic. A third is a traveler who has in mind a trip to the South Seas on the trail of Jack London. The others at the table are too distant to allow of extended conversation. We are to eat and talk together for three



Map 8: Hawaii to San Francisco  
January 23 to January 31

months and more, and travelers' tales will be told and queer yarns will be spun at this board, here in the forward port corner of the after dining-room.

In the afternoon some of the young men induced a sailor who is addressed as "quartermaster" to break out the material for a deck game, improperly called shuffle-

board. Introductions were obtained to some of the young ladies, and all the afternoon long the discs were pushed over the live-oak planks and scores possible and impossible were made. On the deep there are many wonders, and one of the most mysterious is that game.

Hundreds of the tourists occupied the afternoon in finding themselves and the ship. They still unpacked and stowed. They found the library and the library steward. They found the elevator. They asked about the ship's post-office. They talked with one and another of the four "chaperons," ladies of the staff who are to explain mysteries, to conduct lectures and entertainments, to inform passengers in advance of arrival at ports about reliable shops at which to buy, and are to be blessed of the tourists ever after.

Dinner found the tourists happy, hungry, and finding themselves. From the last mentioned state or action might be excepted the thoroughbreds. There are many things more which might be logged, but little Joe is sleepy. He is insistent and I must turn in. Thus ends the day.

*Second Day Out.* Into the eye of the sun we are boring; that is, our course is a little south of east. The uninitiated are learning that in a trip to the east the bugler sounds his call half an hour earlier than on the preceding morning. This is because the fine old world has been so long in the habit of revolving from west to east that it continues the operation and at the same time your watch remains telling its tale to Father Time as if that watch were back in New York. You meet the sun farther to the east, say about six or seven meridians or degrees of longitude. Breakfast comes earlier than it would have been served in Little Old New York. In time you reach a degree which means seven o'clock in the morning when it is just four o'clock in New York. You are supposed to turn the hands of your watch ahead every day, but somehow there is a mystery when it comes to the practical working out of the problem. On some ships there are

several clocks and, so the thoroughbred travelers say, no two of them agree, even within two minutes. Yesterday morning it was the "Captain's Call" which awakened us, a sweet, plaintive little air, bugle-played though it was. This morning it was "Nearer, My God, to Thee" which roused us into the realm of consciousness. We are told that on week days 'twill be the "Call" and on Sundays a religious air will be the summoner. Today is a Sunday and it is begun aright.

Unfamiliar with the gain in time which a voyage into the eye of the rising sun means, more than a score of the voyagers fell into the dire clutch of circumstance this morning and were late for the glorious German pancakes. Little Joe was one of those unfamiliar. Little attention paid he when it was carefully explained that every degree of longitude figured four minutes of time. In fact, he became disturbed when the mathematics of the matter were gone into for the second time. He knocked off from the grapefruit, and was impelled to comment, rather caustically, "Popper, I'm sorry that we brought you along!"

On the bulletin at the foot of the main companion way was a notice proclaiming that a good clergyman, whose name was given, would preach in the forward dining-room at 10:30. That time mystery still enfolded a number of the faithful, and some of these came early and some nearly half an hour late.

The first hymn was appropriate, but not reassuring to the timid. It was the "Nearer, My God, to Thee" which had awakened us. The sermon was preluded with a short narrative which whetted interest in the discourse itself. The clergyman was once, said he, on a trip on the same ocean which he was then crossing, and conversing with a shipmate who confessed that he had not been in a church in a year. The tourist would listen to the clergyman's sermon the next Sunday were the clergyman to preach from a text which the tourist would select. It was like bargaining a pig in a bag, but the clergyman consented, struck



the bargain. Thereupon his friend announced as the text "A-m-e-n." The good minister meditated, staggered at first, then militant, and wrote a sermon which was that which he was to read in the Cleveland's forward dining-room.

It proved to be a well written effort, strong and powerful, vivid, richly illustrated, and interesting. The congregation was an entirely spontaneous gathering. It was in the main, devout. In it were some twenty-five men and women on their way to attend the fourth biennial convention of the world's Christian Endeavor Society at Agra in India.

Evening found us well out in the wide Atlantic. After the second sitting a song service was held in the forward dining-room. Then dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, social hall, and saloons gradually thinned and from many a berth came evidence that any court would accept as proof that the voyagers were in Slumberland.

Thus ends the day.

*Third Day Out.* The thoroughbreds are wise as to the baths. They long since made their peace with the bath stewards, and great is their reward, as for them is choice of time for those indispensable rites which follow the "Captain's Call." Then, before breakfast, for the young and lusty of the thoroughbreds, the deck, preferentially the promenade deck.

After breakfast, the deck, for all hands except the very old and the very lazy and the gentlemen who are intrenched in the smoking-rooms. These latter bid well to make their headquarters there and to use the doors only as sally ports.

The deck! It is like stepping back ten or fifteen years to breathe this salt-freighted air and to look off over league after league of trackless blue to a free sky-line. The air is as pure as there is on earth. We are getting sea legs and are proud of it. Let the deck stewards look to their laurels. The deck stewards can walk the decks without balancing, but there are others.

Among the older men, barring those who are little

better than semi-invalids, fraternizing is the order of the morning. Scores of the gray-haired sinners are chatty and companionable in the two smoking-rooms. Out in the promenade deck alleys, in the brisk breeze, thoroughbreds and near-thoroughbreds are spinning yarns about trips to Constantinople, to Norway, to Demarara. I heard a certain one of these. It sounded apocryphal. It inspired dubiety.

It sounds to me like a lie,  
It sounds to me like a lie,  
It may be so,  
But I don't know;  
It sounds to me like a lie.

Some of the young people were having a high old time this morning. They gravitated to the Marconi station 'way up on the port side of the boat deck and after a debate, in which one scientist asserted that Marconi was the discoverer after whom Coney Island was named, they persuaded the big "quartermaster" to break out the paraphernalia for ring toss and to mark out a diagram for a game of shuffleboard. By the way, the sailor has a complexion like a tea rose and more than one of the Teutons on the ship has its duplicate.

The lads and the lasses lay to and for well over an hour they pushed the wooden discs and tossed the corded hoops. They had a jolly time, and why not? The boys were gingersome and healthy, full of the joy of life. The girls were pretty (well they knew that) and they were giggly. From time to time a father or a mother appeared somewhere off in the middle distance, say near boat No. 6, and smiled as Harold or Dorothy, Howard or Eleanor pushed a disc into the ten reservation. The young people were enjoying themselves in innocent open air games. And so in latitude thirty-nine north and longitude fifty-six west the newer generation built up health and invited freckles and tan.

Out here in the mid-Atlantic there is something which

discourages conventionality. The comradeship is delightful. A white-haired saint was passing a matronly friend who was fortified in rugs on a steamer chair, and he observed that a rude breeze had disturbed a rug so as to reveal an ankle. Instead of moseying by with considerably averted glance, he paused, hesitated, and was lost. He played the part of the Good Samaritan and mummified the ankle with a wrapping of the rug. Ashore the matron might have marveled at this, but here she rewarded him with a cordial "Thank you so much!"

This morning the captain came around, traversing all the decks and greeting passengers. He is a typical officer of the German merchant marine, impressive, portly, and affable. The tan of Old Ocean is laid deep on his broad cheek. In other days he sailed on Oriental waters. He was in command of a collier when Rojestventsky fared forth on that ill-fated voyage which ended in the memorable combat with Togo. Captain Dempwolf was in the dignified frock coat with its four side stripes of gold when he made his round today. He is a red hot favorite with scores of the ladies. Pauline thinks that he is the next thing to a demi-god.

The afternoon saw a meeting of Knights Templars, and it was then decided to form a Masonic Club on the ship. Another meeting is to be held in a week. Nearly every other man on the ship appears to be a Mason of low or high degree. There are scores of tourists who are still finding themselves. In fact, nearly every soul among them, except the thoroughbreds, speaks of going "down stairs"! Nearly every soul calls this splendid giant of eighteen thousand tons a "boat"! Perhaps they will discover ere we reach Gibraltar that she is something more!\* But one should pity, not gird at, such landlubbers.

It is a peaceful evening. A royal moon rides high in

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\* In this, as is proved, the author was sorely disappointed. To the day of the landing at San Francisco, nearly every woman on board, except the chaperones, termed the Cleveland a "boat."



the sky. Fleecy clouds drift past. The silvered bow wave splashes high from beneath the forecastle. Far-flung froth is churned from the screw. Music rises and floats aft from the orchestra in the social hall. Incense comes from the smoking-room. The masthead light shines white and solitary far above the hurricane deck. A tour along the rail shows no light on the sea. The sky is stabbed with tiny diamond gleams. The ship is alone on the waters, a thousand miles from shore.

Thus ends this day.

*Fourth Day Out.* We are finding ourselves to an extent, at least enough to allow of a quick kind of an inventory of the bulk of the passenger list. We have portly dowagers who are fat, fair, and fifty-five. We have trim maidens who are slim, saucy, and sixteen; dear old unbending financial terrors of sixty who wear names of magic in their home cities; globe trotters and other thoroughbred sea-going travelers; physicians who have made a million or less; attorneys who have helped corporations to make a million or more; clergymen who should inherit millions of rewards in the world to come; the president of the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce. We have married men, bachelors, and one bachelor of philosophy from Paris, Ill. We have two college professors. We have Canadians, Americans, and Teutons. We have a lady eighty-two years old, and a little girl six years old. As for the boys Little Joe is the youngest; he is eight years young. If variety is the spice of life there is little need for Worcestershire sauce on the stout ship. But in the inventory of passengers the climax is a figure of international reputation, the Reverend Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, which now numbers three million followers.

Imagine a hotel hoisted by the wand of a mighty magician and let down to float in the mid-Atlantic; your fancy would picture something not very far away from the ship. Not the least of the hotel-like conveniences is the elevator, which is "manned" by a spruce boy in a neat



spick-and-span uniform, who looks as if he might have stepped out from a band-box of Merry Widow size. The lad emerges with a blandly respectful air and the style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. He quietly salutes you with his "blease," spoken in a manner which shows that he is right proud of his English.

Another convenience is the grill room, located far aft and over the after smoking-room.

This evening a group of young tourists is enjoying a Sngerfest on the lee side of the promenade deck. The jolly captain, burly and affable, but withal dignified, is at this moment leading the young voices in "The Watch on the Rhine."

Thus ends this day.

*Fifth Day Out.* It develops that there are nine children in the company which is to belt the world; children under twelve years of age. Joe is bearing his distinction meekly as the youngest boy. He is more interested in the sailors' uniforms than in his age. The youngest girl is a dear little tot from Louisville, and the next youngest girl is a beautiful little fairy from Brooklyn. There is a boy from an inland town in Massachusetts whose manners are Chesterfieldian perfection, who sets a good example for Joe, whose lapses are not many nor extreme, to be sure, but who inclines more toward Roosevelt than Chesterfield.

Life on the ocean wave is far different than in the days of Marryatt, or even the days when Clark Russell appeared with his "Ocean Free Lance," and some of the latest novelties have appeared little in print. One of these novelties is a dance on a large scale, that is, the scale of the dance given on the ship this evening.

It was in the waist that the festivities took place. Scarlet cords extend athwartships on the saloon or D deck, from rail to rail, roping off the spectators from the terpsichoreans. The orchestra was grouped by the mast and was barred in by rails decorated with the red, white, and blue of Old Glory and the black, white, and red of Old

Germany, the musicians occupying a space known among passengers as "the island." Around the space and along the deck rails were banners of many of the countries, maritime like Japan, and inland such as Switzerland.

The blood rising sun of Imperial Japan was in conspicuous evidence and the flag of Russia was not far distant. The crosses of St. Andrew and St. George were not unfriendly to the colors of Germany this evening, however the two great nations may regard their commercial relation elsewhere. The gorgeous ensign of Austria and its eagles floated by the side of a star and crescent of Turkey. It was an educational spectacle in decoration, but, truth to tell, little cared one in ten of the dancers, outside of the officers of the ship, for the education.

Officers in full uniform, young girls in brilliant costumes, and young men in dinner coats made up the mass of the dancing corps. As the Teuton orchestra played two-steps, waltzes, and barn dances the votaries of Terpsichore circulated around the heel of the great yellow mast and passed the sun of Japan and the green and canary of Brazil, little mindful of the flags or their meaning.

Sailors in blue uniforms stood watch over the scarlet cord. Stewards in white jackets flitted aft from the gallery with lemonade, carefully reserved for the dancers. Behind the cord fathers and mothers sat on steamer chairs and on stools brought from their staterooms.

Over a thousand miles from the nearest land, and that a Portuguese island, the dancers tripped in the enjoyment of young life. 'It was the first time that their pulses had stirred to the poetry of motion and music in mid-ocean and on the oaken planks of the Cleveland's waist. Until well into the evening the music called, and the dancers responded. The great brass ship's bell struck three times ere the festivities concluded.

Thus ends this day.

*Sixth Day Out.* A meeting was held this morning to form a camera club. The camera fever is in the veins of

at least a couple of hundred of the ship's list. There is a human nature in fever and in the camera fever, in particular. Some of the victims have the poison for a day and the next morning are over it. Others have it intermittently. Others have it forever.

I have said that there is human nature in the use of the camera. Let me illustrate.

This morning a maiden from a Connecticut town and one from New York City came out to the waist. Each took a snap-shot of the same view. The New Yorker gave more attention to her own pose, than to the photography. There would be difficulty in naming the mental process through which she passed when she took the photograph. Whatever serves her for gray matter was spent on her attitude. It was clear that her only idea was to be dainty and stylish and to slaughter time. The photograph was a joke; were the picture to be a fizzle, so much the better the joke.

The girl from Connecticut was full of business. She was a novice in photography, but she was a girl of gumption and resourcefulness. If the work were worth doing at all, it were worth doing well; so it could be seen that she reasoned. She studied light and shadows with a mind capable of self-training. The girl from Gotham cared only to be amused and to be a toy. The girl from Connecticut was, mainly from her own mental backing, qualifying herself to become a fair amateur photographer. And, furthermore, was the better fitted to become a wife and mother.

The first series of lectures to be given on ports and lands to be visited in the course of the next three months took place this evening. The forward dining-room — our old friend, the forward dining-room — was the lecture hall. A clergyman from Minneapolis was the lecturer. His subject was Madeira and Gibraltar. Perhaps, perforce, little was said about Madeira and most of the attention was given to the Rock. Too little is really known about the wonderful Island of Eternal Summer.

Thus ends this day.



*Seventh Day Out.* For the first time since the cruise began, a school of porpoises tendered escort this morning. There was a flutter of excitement as the ungainly animals gamboled and cavorted and flopped for a couple of hours.

From this excitement to the Daughters of the American Revolution is a far cry. The distance was covered before the middle of the afternoon, when a chapter of the patriotic organization was formed and named after the ship. And from the D. A. R. to Cairo is another distant journey, but it was traversed this evening, when the clergyman who preached on Sunday, lectured in the faithful forward dining-room on the dusty ancient city of Rameses. He saw the Mohammedan religion from his own angle of view and showed the superiority of the Christian, even in the economic development of a country or a race. To the religious workers on board his lecture was of particular interest and to the observers in *futuro* it was also productive of reflection.

Thus ends this day.

*Eighth Day Out.* Who shall say that life aboard ship interferes with domestic discipline? This morning Little Joe said a bad word: when he turns in this evening his mouth shall be washed out.

Cause and effect? This morning a musical club was organized; immediately the wind began rising. All day long the wind has been growing fresher (so has Joe), but the ship is as steady as the Old South Church.

Toward the middle of the afternoon a smudge was observable almost dead ahead. It was a tiny blot at first, then rose above the horizon and gradually took shape. Yet a little while longer, the chronicler of this log turned to a lady by the rail and reported:

"Sail, ho!"

"Where is it?" said she.

"A point off the port bow."

"Mercy me! Why, what under the sun do you mean?"

And that led on to a lecture on the ship's bearings, not



unlike the talk which a pitying physician gives to the laity on First Aid to the Injured.

The craft proved to be a steamship, the first seen since Sandy Hook dropped astern. She put her helm to port and passed about two or three miles distant, with scores of glasses trained on her. From her after jack-staff fluttered a flag, red, white, and green, whether Italian or Mexican was the problem before the glasses for a few minutes, till she came abeam. Finally a pair of keen eyes picked out a device in the stripe and it was accordingly revealed that the stranger was from the kingdom, not the republic. Whether the keen eyes actually made out the shield and the white cross of Savoy remains to this day a mystery.

That rising wind — it sub-divided energy. The author had less reserve tonight than in the morning. And it really is too rough to wash out Little Joe's mouth just now.

Thus ends this day.

*Ninth Day Out.* It was before sunrise that the big German on lookout watch reported land. The first bugle somehow seemed to tell the tale to hundreds of the tourists, and many a bath was syncopated that an earlier look at the land might be obtained. Long before the first breakfast call sounded the fo'c's'le head and the boat deck forward and the hurricane deck were speckled with voyagers, some in ulsters and some in two minds between ulsters and spring coats. Those ulstered were lamenting in less than half an hour.

And thus it is that we are approaching Funchal, capital of the Island of Madeira and of the group of the Madeira Islands.

## CHAPTER II.

### MADEIRA AND THE METHODIST MISSION.

SOMEHOW little about Funchal has penetrated print. Of that little, less is in popular print, and of that less, scarcely a fraction, is informing.

Our first glimpse of dear forgotten Funchal, quaint Portuguese old port marooned away from the track of the twentieth century and laid up in the lavender and cedar of the eighteenth century, was caught from the fo'c's'le head through marine glasses.

After seven days at sea the first landfall was awaited with eager anticipation. As the blur of cloudland lifted out from the bosom of the sea and lightened, till we could see points and gleams of pale yellow, and in time gave hints of terraced lands which held the vineyards, it required little of the romance of that sea and that latitude to picture Madeira as a jeweled island. Soon, under deadened headway, with the slow majesty of a mighty steamship the giant Cleveland made ready to drop her anchor.

From the rail the passengers saw an island of bold precipices and sheer heights, some at times blurred by a fleeting cloud; of green smothered rocks and seamed ravines; of riotous vineyards; of the lovely fronded palm, slim and graceful; of canyon-like streets bounded by walls of white; of red-tiled roofs; of green gardens blazing with unfamiliar blooms,—a port adorned with the half-barbaric botany of an isle in sub-tropical waters. They saw one of the jeweled paradises of the ocean, a spot where fond and partial Mother Nature has lavished with a hand tremulous with yearning the most beautiful of her gifts, where she has married the philosophy of the north to the passion of the

south. The view is not unlike that which a voyager to Glasgow sees when he sights the bold coast of the north of Ireland above Foreland, saving that Madeira shows far more foliage and is far more precipitous.

In later days the tourists viewed earthly paradises where nature had done her utmost to console man for the loss of Eden. In all of the wonderful trip they saw but three to equal, possibly to excel, Madeira — the wondrous Bay of Naples, the interior of green Ceylon, and the country back of Honolulu.

Those who have seen the public gardens of Halifax in



A CLOSED BAROUCHE IN MADEIRA

June, may find those bowers distanced in Funchal. Those who have admired the quaint architecture of St. Augustine or Mexico, will find that architecture vivified here. And



the sheer heights which rise to Edinburgh Castle are matched, surpassed, more than once here in Funchal.

As Herr Kruse, first officer, issued his first order from the fo'c's'le head to the brawny sailors at the anchor cable a lubberly yawl, broad of beam, high of freeboard, stout of thwarts, built on the lines of an apple-woman, came bobbing like a tub toward the ship. A lusty Portugee was at the oar and a thin lad, all hands and feet, was balancing in the stern sheets. At first we surmised that the youngster was claiming the privilege of the tropics; he seemed to be in the altogether. In a few moments though it was revealed that he had made a graceful concession to convention, and was wearing a pair of passé linen tights, long since reduced to a state of syncope.

Never before had I believed that one pair of Portuguese lungs could make air vibrant to the extent that this lad made it.

"Heveindar, jintilmin!" he exclaimed, crescendo of voice and staccato of movement, pointing to the water.

For a moment I was in two minds. It might be Portugee, but a mixture of philology and common sense, the latter of which I am seldom accused of, solved the problem. Yes, "heave" is a sailor's word the wide world over, Madeira, Southampton, New York, or Oceanica. "Dar" is as near as a self-respecting Portugee can fairly be expected to train toward "there." And so the war-whoop was an invitation for the tourist gentry to cast coins into the liquid indigo, whereupon the lad would give an exhibition of the Madeira dive and recapture the coins midway between the top and the bottom of the sea.

A gentleman from Chicago (jintilmin from Chicago have a prescriptive right to their own idea of practical humor) was heavy laden with divers small discs of polished brass conceived as a method of information about a certain patent medicine, and milled and stamped with eagles and at a distance, simulating gold pieces. With the mien of Haroun tossing a gold purse to a servitor, the jintilmin from



Chicago dropped a disc into the sea. The contribution fell on its flat side and oscillated in the water. In a jiffy the urchin was overside and en route towards the bit of brass. His body could be followed as vigorous strokes sent it at a depth of some five or six feet toward the oscillating goal. In less than a minute the metal was discernible gleaming between the urchin's teeth, as the swarthy lad clambered back over what Mike calls the gunwhale.

In the few moments which were occupied by this introduction a flotilla of yawls was racing from the water front toward the ship. As the order came which released the anchor, the foremost neared the landward side of the ship and the "Heveindar, jintilmin" slogan resounded. Fat, lubberly yawls they were, apple-women, some of the roly-poly type and Dolly Vardens the others. In each boat was a Portugee lad, fit as a fiddle for diving, not an ounce of adipose; biceps and leg muscles trained to the minute, looking the part as the blue and crimson tipped oar blades look the part at Gales Ferry or in New London Harbor on June mornings. From that time till the ship weighed anchor the slogan came pealing up the side and many a pint of silver and nickel coin dropped into the deep. A statistician estimates that five or six quarts of Liberty heads found haven in those yawls. To measure that largess by the quart, is not entirely unoriginal.

Next it was to the tenders. If the yawls were lubberly, the craft which came out to the Cleveland to take her passengers ashore were in symphony with them. Think of a houseboat razee'd down to a power craft and you'd have a picture of one of the tender flotilla.

While the tenders lay off the quarter, awaiting the opening of the gangway gate, the passengers massed on the forecastle and in the forward passages. Little Joe was in the thick of the throng. A portly dowager, broad of beam, middle-aged, and duplicated of chin, trod on one of his feet. An elderly financial terror with a name of magic in his home city in Ohio trod on the other. They and other

grown-ups all around the little fellow shut out air and light.

Soon the welcome time came when the gate was opened and the mass started for the gangway. It was an American crowd, remember, and with a moiety from the Middle West. What marvel that the evolution into a wild scramble occupied barely two minutes? It was the grandfather of a quarter of a hundred of wild scrambles which occurred at landings and hotels and temples ere the trip passed into history.

Two points "featured" the Cleveland scramble off Funchal; one, the genesis of the phenomenon, and two, the name which Little Joe gave to the phenomenon. The latter reached print on the other side of the world. It tickled the *Manila Times* and *The South China Times* and *The Pacific Advertiser*. Who shall say that the little lad has not achieved fame or had fame thrust upon him?

But as I was starting to say before, I went afield with the *Manila Times*, the name given by Joe to the phenomenon at the Funchal was the "gee whiz." Can seven letters better paint the picture?

Once down the gangway steps and on the tender the run over to the old stone landing consumed scarcely four minutes, a time well devoted to a glance at the panorama of the dear old forgotten seaport.

The water stretched in deep indigo close to the shore and then lapped on a narrow strip of stone-studded beach. Instead of sand it was stones, stones which met the eye, black polished stones, two or three sizes larger than a girl's fist. Back from the high landing an avenue of noble trees resembling our sycamores led toward an open square. Beyond, white walls, stucco, and roofs tiled in terra cotta or canary glistened in a smother of green and flowering vines, above which palms reached feathery fronds against a sky fleeced with cottonlike clouds. High above the city the sky-line was chiseled in rock.

It was a fairy city which lay before the visitors, genial

sunshines and grateful shadow, quaint faces and strange toy-sleds drawn by little beasts, tiny houses nestling like tinted shells beneath palms and toy shops, neat and cool.

But as to the sleds; that is the first story. The power is from the muscle of island oxen. The chariot is a tiny box overarched by a canopy or a similar top in half the hues of the rainbow. The driver is a saturnine islander with a whip in one hand and a well greased cloth over his arm. Such is the carro combination; carro, with toy stage coach for father and sleigh for mother.

Back in old days on a New England farm I was trained to journey on the nigh side when navigating a yoke of oxen, but on Madeira the pilot travels on the off. Things seem to go by opposites in this forgotten port, or at least the driver of carro No. 62 seemed to go by opposites. When, to indicate my wish to travel "around" the town, I, using the sign language, whirled my hand like a pin-wheel on the Fourth of July, El Capitan of carro No. 62 gravely grunted and in a trice was saying some bad words in Portugee to a tiny tad, who pulled with might and main at a laniard thing depending from the starboard animal's starboard horn, and ere I comprehended what was in store the captain was hauling on the port quarter of the sled and the chariot was coming about. In another moment we had reversed and were assaulting Funchal from the west, while a hundred and more of carros were exploring the city from the east. This was my introduction to the sign-language.

Along the water front and over stones carried a century and more ago from the beach to the street, we rode. Then it was up into the side hill city and along a canyon called a driveway. Palms rose high overhead. We were in cool shade, like the shadow of a great rock in a dry land.

Not all the curiosity was on our side. From behind the jalousie of a piazza which jutted out from the second story of a spotless house I saw a lovely Portuguese girl, a beauty with raven hair and midnight eyes, olive complexion, face of oval contour, and a cameo figure. She was a dream in



the dark, hidden by the matting and the mass of flowering vine.

Some of the streets in rock-cut Funchal are barely larger than lanes, barely wider than the pathways which we later traversed in Canton, where a thoroughfare of more than six and one-half feet is a novelty. But, unlike the streets in Canton, the lanes here are ways of beauty, winding often by the feet of rock, it is true, but with glorious lace-flecked sky and plummy fronds overhead and waving green and brilliant scarlet blooms and lavish bougainvillea on one or both sides.

It was not long before we fell in with some of the carros which had been traversing Funchal in the regulation circuit. Then it was El Capitan and the tiny tad to one side of the canyon while the string passed by with many supposedly bad words in vigorous Portuguese.

"Did you see the Columbus tablet?" a lovely lady called out as her carro skidded and slewed by and perspiration studded the brow of the swarthy Phaëton who guided it.

Later, it developed that a tablet was supposed to exist in the city commemorating the Genoan, who is declared in local tradition to have found in Madeira the girl who consented to become his wife. That Columbus once lived in Funchal is authentic, and that he could have found a girl beautiful enough to meet the ideal of beauty of even an Italian, is easily believable. You believe in beauty while you are under Madeira's thrall. And that reminds me of a story which a lady at our table calls "cute."

In the shade of a clump of palms a young husband from the ship and his dearest were strolling.

"Henry, dear, how *do* you pronounce the name of this charming island?" the lady inquired.

"This, Dorothy," the gentleman answered with enjoyment, "is 'Mah-Dearie.'"

But to return to our carro and the canyon. Out in the cool cut and up a sunlit hill to a halt by the side of a private garden. There El Capitan by



virtue of that which distinguished his oxen, "drag," gained for us a moment's admission to the tiny patch of neatly bordered walks and brilliant flowers. Next the ride was resumed, and in the seats of the carro we passed quintas smothered in foliage and lying in the shade of royal palms. At one point we paused to scan the view of the harbor, rich deep indigo to the horizon, the same dark indigo which old Zargo sailed four centuries ago. We passed by the Roman Catholic cathedral and the English church. Also we passed shops and tarried to exchange English silver for Madeira goods. And finally we disembarked in the shade opposite the Public Garden. Then it was to step over to the wide piazza of the hotel. There on wicker chairs we watched the human comedy of old Funchal. Portuguese soldiers in some kind of khaki and with queer caps of zouave family crossed with Deutschland passed and repassed. They looked fit, said a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic. They looked like scrappers, said a young man of the day from New York City. Their rifles were some species of Krags. A detail of about twenty marched by at the old-fashioned "carry," turning the mind back to those dear salad days of blessed memory when the rattle of the drum was the most stirring music in life. The dark Portugee sons of Mars swung by with a business-like swagger and for the moment all eyes were on them.

On the piazza of the hotel we sat while a desultory stream drifted by. You saw Englishmen in thin gray suits and silk shirts with soft collars and silk ties with pearl stick-pins of new and wonderful vintage, who lounged by with that meek and modest mien which distinguishes young Englishmen the wide world over. Island lasses silently stole past with barely a glance out of the corner of a discreet eye. Portuguese men paced along with but a moiety of interest in us, as far as a hasty observer saw. It was a fascinating show to view for a half hour.

Then it was time to step over to the west gate of the Public Garden and on to the Methodist chapel. Thirty-

one year before the Reverend William G. Smart had started a mission on the island. He had found followers, and now there were three stations among the islands.

The chapel was small, simple, and plain, the congregation was devout. The furniture was of Calvinistic severity. Along one wall was painted:

“Jesus Disse, Eu Sou a Luz do Mundo.”

It was a hymn which opened the substantial part of the service. The words were sung in Portuguese, the American visitors humming the air. The Reverend Doctor Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, sat on the platform with the Reverend Mr. Smart and the two other Methodist clergymen, the Reverend George B. Nied and the Reverend B. R. Duarte of the Wesleyan Mission Stations in the Madeiras. With Dr. Clark sat William Shaw of Boston, general secretary of the World's Christian Endeavor Society, and Hiram N. Lathrop of Boston, international treasurer.

Each of these three made a short address in English, speaking a sentence at a time and pausing while Mr. Smart translated it into the native tongue. Somehow the scene suggested the old-time hymn in the remote country Congregational Churches of the long ago, when the minister lined out a hymn and the congregation sang a line at a time.

It was a strange gathering there in forgotten Funchal, Protestants of five or six denominations from over a dozen states and olive-hued islanders who had left the ancient faith of their forebears.

In company with some of the young people, Pauline went in the afternoon to the station and then up the funicular and on to the summit of the mountain, said to be nearly five thousand feet above the sea. The young people went down a good deal faster, than they ascended. The descent from Avernus, a coast of two miles, was in a carro. It was a good substitute for the gee whiz. It was a coast of nearly two miles. Little Joe has a fond memory of

shooting the chutes at Piney Ridge Park, a trolley resort near his home, and he inquired of Big Sister whether the descent was as exciting. It was all of that and more too, Big Sister said, and she ought to know.

Returning to the hotel, Pauline found even her mother sipping Madeira wine, and comfortably regarding the passing show with delicious languor. Pauline sat her down and wrote to a little school friend. She had a high opinion of Funchal and she likened the port to the Jasper City.

Amid the green branches of the Public Gardens the blue and white Portuguese flag was flaunting. It is a flag that is disappointing or picturesque, according to the view-point of the beholder. It is handsome at close range when the crown in the center can be discerned, but blurry at a distance at sea. We are told that numbers of the islanders had little love for the crown. We heard, too, that many of them held our Old Glory in respect and admiration.

A short stroll led us to a little private garden and we had opportunity to see the tiny paradise within the garden gates. A jaunty walk, lined out with black stones from the strand, curved by a chattering rill which danced blithely toward a fountain. It passed a latticed arbor, islanded in flowers of queenly purple. It skirted a tiny jungle of sugar cane and terminated in a clump of orange trees, where from a perch in a gay cage a lordly parrot swore in lusty Portugee. Had you been there you might have peered around in not grotesque apprehension to discern fig leaves and an apple tree and Mother Eve.

Too soon came the hour for the return to the ship. Tourists went down to the stone landing laden with fruits and laces, flags and post-cards, photographs and straw hats, and even chairs. They embarked on the tenders, and happy and tired, but jubilant, sailed back to the Cleveland. They climbed the gangway steps and from the fo'c'sle and the nearer rail gazed back at the shore. A thin mist passed over the city just long enough to dim the sun. For a few fleeting moments a double rainbow arched through the sky.

from its pot of gold somewhere far up in the mountain-side to a point out in the dark indigo.

I have many a golden Sunday in the album of memory, but not one surpasses the day spent ashore in quaint, dreamy Funchal, forgotten of modern travel, beautiful Funchal, relic of centuries long since laid to rest in lavender and cedar.





### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TRAVELERS' CLUB.

M ADEIRA astern, the ship churned her way toward the Moroccan coast, or rather the Pillar of Hercules.

The morning after Funchal saw (and heard) the Travelers' Club, an institution destined to grow in favor till the equator was reached, when nothing but ice-cream grew in favor. Of course, it was the faithful forward



*Courtesy of F. C. Clark.*

THE FAITHFUL FORWARD DINING-ROOM

dining-room which beheld the genesis of the club, the chief chaperon launching the child into the Cleveland world. Information solid and information tenuous, criticism correct

and criticism nebulous, praise and opinions, were given by passengers from the depths of their knowledge or from the fervor of admiration, more especially the fervor, for, as previously observed, little about Funchal actually informing, seems to have tunneled into popular print.

One raconteur told the story about the pronunciation of Madeira and immediately became a success, such as a romantic actor becomes with *matinée* girls. A good clergyman described a visit in a private garden which he described in the impressionist style. He went on to say that he almost caught himself looking around to find an apple tree and a serpent, "for," said he, "it was a fine substitute for the First Garden."

It was brought out that the population of Funchal, July 2, 1909, was figured at 39,000 and that of the Madeiras at about 140,000, that a tax of fifteen dollars a head was imposed on emigrants, and that numbers of the tourists had been pestered by little girls who begged for money. It was stated that it was in 1419 that Zargo discovered Madeira; also that the last shot of the American Revolution was fired near Madeira by an American warship whose captain did not know that the war had concluded, a boat in answer to the shot pulling out with a flag of truce and informing the commander about the treaty.

Some of the speakers marveled at the pavement on the colonnaded street which leads from the square past the hotel to the landing. This pavement is made of black stones, taken from the beach where for centuries lapping waves have been polishing them and set upright in the soil in simple geometric figures.

Another told of a walk up a steep side hill where terraces banked in little plats planted with fruit, sugar cane, and grapes.

For well over three-quarters of an hour travelers' tales floated across the faithful forward dining-room and then a perturbed steward showed a signal of distress. It was high

time to lay table linen and spread mess gear, consequently the Travelers' Club adjourned.

"Der kleine Knabe ist See krank."

The next morning Little Joe made less display of ginger than at any time since leaving New York. A heavy cross-sea was running. He was unenthusiastic. Yes, when the ship's band began to play he neglected his favorite position, which he attains by squirming, on a shroud, from which he holds a hand in front of the flare of the trombone to feel the emerging music. He drooped. Next he observed that he was sorry that he was going around the world. Then he said he felt sick. Right after that came an act which was that convincing that any judge of the superior court would accept it as conclusive. At that moment the big quartermaster with a complexion like a tea rose came aft and gazed.

"Der kleine Knabe!" he exclaimed, all compassion, "der kleine Knabe ist See krank."

I do not vouch for the German. It is as Blucher, our table steward, wrote it on a menu card with much labor in German strokes and slants which are as gall and wormwood to a man from Yankeedom.

And, by the way, German is a noble and majestic language, but it has its faults. Why does it call a bath "bad"? Still it is a language consoling to men on the war-path. For instance it styles women "dammen."

The thoroughbred traveler on salt water, the real thing, a man who has observed as well as breathed, and who has a born fondness for the sea, is one of the noblest works of God. A wooden decoy thoroughbred—it would exhaust all the roots of the dead languages to lambast him adequately. A story about such a one was told in the smoking-room just before we sighted the Moroccan coast.

He was a dear old puddinghead, so the yarn goes, who came to the ship the afternoon before she sailed. He had puffy bags under his eyes, a chin in duplicate, and a cor-



poration, the yarnsmith chortled as he said this, "like a quarter keg." All over his pie-crust face and apoplectic neck was written the tale that he was, as *bon vivants* would say, good to himself. He told, and no doubt correctly, that he had gone along the Mediterranean twice and had crossed the Atlantic four times.

"So you are getting to be almost a globe-trotter, uncle," a young man said to him.

As the story runs the dear old fellow responded, complacently:

"Yes, I flatter myself I know something about the ocean."

The next moment he observed:

"Excuse me; I must be going downstairs to Henry's stateroom in the rear part of the boat."

This from a man who was a near globe-trotter, a thoroughbred on the ocean. "Downstairs" to the "rear part" of the "boat"! In the bar sinister is more thoroughbred, than in the deal old puddinghead.

The Moroccan coast has a charm all its own; more than a charm, a splendor. It is a land which lends itself to the glory of sunrise, the wonder of the brilliant lighter lines of canary and gold showered about rock outlines and village and hilltop towers. Here was the land of the Moors; to the north was the land of Manana. Here old tales of magic and scimiters and the red flag; there the land of wine and the olive.

Inshore, toward beetling crags or peaceful slopes we saw Xebecs and picturesque felluccas. In procession, almost, they passed, and in barely more than an hour we were swinging by Ceuta, the African Pillar, and then the Rock, its mate on the other side, began to loom.

We saw the blue waters which floated Villeneuve and Nelson and engulfed Napoleon's sea strategy, waters which met our own eyes with the message of peace. The fancy could range back to that early year in the nineteenth cen-



tury when Villeneuve with the combined fleets of France and Spain joined battle with the erstwhile cabin boy. A sailor might picture in his mind the stately craft with clouds of canvas which dotted the Bay of Trafalgar. His mind might draw the giant ships of the line, with bank upon bank of guns and with their high freeboard. He could paint the smart frigates and the swift brigs. He could see black hulls, open ports, and frowning muzzles; then the yellow stab of flame, the whitish-gray smoke, and the deep, sullen boom. He might fancy the one-armed admiral in full uniform and view the muskets of the French marine which sent Horatio Nelson to the deck.

But by this time Tarifa calls for attention, Tarifa which was grandmother of Barbary pirates even at a time when Britain ruled the wave, as the eagle ruled the air.

Now it is glorious Gibraltar which holds us in thrall, the crouching lion with outspread paw which guards the western inlet of the Mediterranean; eye and muzzle and paw pointing to Africa and the beast's lean barrel looming behind the mane.

In massive majesty the Rock rivals, outstrips Madeira, but it is the majesty of a queen of tragedy unrelieved by winsomeness.

As we drew in, English men-o'-warships were at target practice in the lee of the Rock. It seemed as if it were a kin of sub-caliber practice; at any rate the reports were not alarming. One of our tourists, a kindly soul from an inland town in the Middle West, traveling on salt water for the first time, said:

"Ain't that nice? To think of English sailors saluting an American boat!"

This delightful old fellow was most assuredly compact. Compute the little divergencies in that short speech. Let it pass, as well it may, that the men-o'-warships were English instead of the safer word "British," and that they were clothed in the generic mantle of "sailor." But the fancy likes to smile at the refreshing thought of men-o'-

warships saluting a merchant ship, and at the moment the black, white, and red of the German was floating from the "American." And it is stimulating to hear an eighteen thousand ton steamship called a "*boat*."

Somehow the genial old soul reminded me of the wooden decoy thoroughbred who went "downstairs," and of the comment of the purser, who conjectured whether the thoroughbred would bring up in the basement.

Soon we were on a tender approaching the landing. Off Funchal our dear wives had been impressed by the beauty of the port. Here was less beauty, and perhaps it was for that reason that anticipation directed itself toward shopping.

The landing was a sun-seamed quay, across which we were whirled, leaves in the storm, in the gee whiz to a line of victorias. Into the first empty one piled we, Pretty Mamma, Pauline, and Little Joe. In a jiffy Joe was clamoring for a place on the driver's seat, where his legs dangled as we made a tour of inspection.

Travelers from America are, many of them, familiar with Gibraltar, and it is far from my intention to describe places in a highway of American travel. Suffice it to say that in the course of the victoria's jaunt we turned our eyes on the monument to Eliott, the gardens, and the giant dry dock. We saw a giant gun, masked, painted to simulate rock and moss. We saw swarthy Moors in burnoose and flowing costume. We saw and heard and endured peddlers a plenty. We saw laden donkeys and the cement rain-shed.

Much more we saw, but for a port like Gibraltar are there not guide-books, and are they not as accurate as I am?

One thing I saw, not in the guide-book, Little Joe in trouble. My liveliest recollection of the Rock does not center about the tunnels or Eliott's bronze or the Malaga grapes. It is fastened upon Little Joe, who lost a well-nigh indispensable button when we were promenading the main street. Necessity became the mother of invention.

Another memory deals with an entry in Pauline's diary, in which it is recorded:

"The Rock is seven miles in circumference, is fourteen hundred and seventy miles high, and has seventy miles of roadway."

Pauline is touchy when the matter of the height of the Rock is broached in home conversation.

Still another memory deals with a captain of trade,



IN GIBRALTAR

who desired to exchange a sandalwood fan for six of Pretty Mamma's shillings. As the lady resumed her stroll he intimated that he would be satisfied with five shillings. When there was no meeting of minds, the captain of trade showed that it would ruin him, still he might sell the fan for four. Three shillings were extended and the fan came



our way in a jiffy. As we were returning on a tender, Pretty Mamma saw a lady with the fan's twin. As women will, the two daughters of Eve talked of shopping, and it was developed that the twin was purchased for just one shilling.

Away from the Rock and on to Naples.

On the evening before our landing the chief chaperon lectured on *La Bella Napoli*. And such a lecture! Think of Stoddard and Burton Holmes at their best and add Lafcadio Hearn, transmuted to the platform, and Ruskin and you may have an idea of the beauty and the romance of Naples as told in glowing eulogy, paid with the utmost charm of description and voice.

In the morning the ship stood up the Bay, Capri on one hand, Ischia on the other. In the fresh morning light the view was one of surpassing loveliness, with drowsing but truculent old Vesuvius in the background — and yet, and yet — perhaps, after that splendid lecture, anticipation was too high, — and yet Madeira was more than its equal.

To many American travelers the Via Caraccioli is nearly as familiar as Broadway, and so Naples is not for this volume. And still it may be said that it is not the Naples of ten years ago. Changed from its old estate, the Neapolitan water-front is clean, yes, more, is immaculate. Contrast it with Fulton Market, Water, and South Streets in our own New York.

In the forenoon a ride in a victoria along the water-side and by the statues of Kings of Naples. In the afternoon it was a ride to a church, where we were warned to beware of pickpockets! Then we went to the Galleria Umberto, where we saw close to two-score Venuses or Veneres (whichever plural you select) in but one or two costumes, but of seven or eight centuries.

As I stood before a Venus of Century No. 15, a clatter was heard. A swarm of small-sized jackies in a blue service uniform came trooping in. I caught a fair glimpse at the cap ribbon of one and read: "Gaulois."

What attraction had a Venus of the fifteenth century



compared with a liberty party of French jackies from batteaux in the Bay? Mille Tonnerre! Parbleu! Name of a thousand names! It was to fraternize, and so in a French not entirely execrable I addressed a jacky.

It was then that I had reason to bless my staunch friend in the Homeland, M. le Capitaine Curtiss, who had with charity conversed with me in his perfect Parisian before I left New York. Thanks to the good captain, I could lead the Breton jackie to understand. Yes, well, invariably he smiled with pleasure at the French of the accomplished Captain Curtiss and appeared to be filled with a certain astonishment and delight and smiled often as he listened, and once more I blessed the good boulevardier, the Captain Curtiss.

But it was when he began to talk that I was "up against it," in the patois, not abominable of all the world American. He traveled at a twenty-two clip.

"Répétez," said I, "Répétez, mot par mot." But when he repeated it was not word by word. It was at a gait furious and involved. It was with difficulty that I learned that he was haranguing me in a small oration. When "les deux Republiques" and "nous sommes amis, monsieur" were distinguishable with "fraternité" I caught a clew.

I could see that the party was from the battleships Gaulois, Saint Louis, and Charlemagne. The uniform resembled the blue service uniform of the United States Navy, except that the collar was double. The flat caps were small compared with those in the American Navy; indeed they were not much larger than the yellow forage caps of King George's cavalry, and those are barely larger than fried eggs.

In the meantime the family was threading the gallery, or was embayed in some distant alcove. For several minutes I explored and found that, despairing of my reappearing, Pretty Mamma had marshaled her brood and had been driven in the victoria toward the Aquarium.

The family was beyond my horizon. As fortune had

evidently ranged me alongside the sons of the tri-color, I voyaged with the Frenchman with a gay heart. I observed that the service stripes and the watch marks on the men's sleeves appeared to correspond in a degree to those in use in the United States Navy. As for rating badges there was a deep mystery. The anchor was large and single, not crossed, and it was stitched in scarlet.

At the gallery entrance we parted, I turning toward the water-front and the liberty party toward the Aquarium. Using French, what little Italian I knew, and English, I, a stranger in a strange city, worked my way back to the dock and rejoined the family.

Evening was shutting down as the Cleveland cast off. Boatmen alongside and boys on the stringpiece began to sing the Santa Lucia. A voyager at the rail told the old



ON THE BOAT DECK

legend as the barcarole rose. The ship's band crashed out with a German air.

We sat on the quarter and saw the lights recede. And later old Vesuvius lay far away in the dark, nocturnal purple, a darker shapeless mass.

Sunrise found us nearing the Toe of Italy. Before mid-morning we were in the Strait of Messina. Fresh from the *Æneid*, Pauline told us about Charybdis and Scylla. One of the ship's officers pointed out the rock and the "whirlpool."

Off Messina the ship deadened way. From the star-board rails and from the hurricane deck passengers trained glasses on the ruins, and for over a quarter of an hour the vessel lay abreast of the stricken city. The distant spray could be seen as it dashed high above the solid sea-wall. Ruined dwellings and débris were visible and some of the efforts at rebuilding could be made out.

On the other side of the strait Reggio was soon viewed, with its evidences of the dread visitation. Then the Cleveland steamed away from the Calabrian coast and Sicily.

When the next meeting of the Travelers' Club came a passenger told about meeting a shipmate, a young girl, in front of the cemetery in Gibraltar in which headstones mark the last resting places of English officers, mortally wounded in Nelson's fight, who died in the hospital in the shade of the Rock. He told about seeing her in a jaunty sailor blouse and went on to explain that her sailor collar, with its three braids of white, was modeled on the British naval collar and that the stripes spelled Nelson's three great victories, the Battle of the Nile, that of Copenhagen, and that of Trafalgar. The neckerchief which the young girl wore, he pointed out, was on the model of the neckerchief ordered by the admiralty to be worn by British men-o'-warships, after Trafalgar, as a mark of mourning for the brave Nelson.

The speaker was cordially applauded. Stimulated by the applause, he went afield in Naples and told the club of

his pleasure in finding the water-front clean. He likened the water-side to Spotless Town and journeyed on to declare that the worst street there was cleaner, than the cleanest near Fulton Market in New York City. For that declaration he was rewarded with murmurs. New Yorkers who at home were unsparing of criticism of city fathers developed a civic pride which is now among their cruise assets.





## CHAPTER IV.

### WHERE WEST JOINS EAST.

**I**T was in mist and murk that our ship steamed at night on her course far south of the old Greek archipelago; but when, the next morning, she lifted the De Lesseps statue at the breakwater of Port Said from the level of the Mediterranean the sun was shining bright and the air was clear. It needed a pleasing picture on the water to reconcile us to the contemplation of the dirty, low-lying town, a queer, straggling, higgledy-piggledy place where dusted squalor reigns.

The villain of the English stage elects to hail from Port Said. We can well comprehend his choice. Dirtiness is next to deviltry; therefore the men here are near-devils, villains; *quod erat demonstrandum*.

The ship anchored and we went ashore in scows, walking a cable's length to the Egyptian State railroad station. We were in a town of fifty thousand people, at the north terminus of the Suez Canal, about one-fifth of whom are Europeans; four-fifths East, one-fifth West. It might be said that West joins East here. The West is at its worst and the East is at its sloppiest.

To the merger the West brings canned meat, coal carrying, and the Standard Oil Company; also rum and whiskey. The East brings raucous ill temper and thirst. Both bring dirt. There is bustle, for Arabs are coaling ships and money changers are scalping tourists, and fruit and post-card hawkers are hawking, and peddlers are peddling, and any Arab around is after bakhsheesh. Sand and heat and noise are training with the dirt. Travelers have told us that pure, unadulterated wickedness is the

town's trait. We can easily believe the town to be in the same class with the Barbary Coast of the ante-earthquake San Francisco at its worst.

From the station our two special trains drew us out by clumps of brilliant palms above dirt and tin cans. A few minutes pulled the trains into a stretch of biscuit-colored sand and ere long we were gazing at the monotone of the desert.

Our backs were toward the canal and our faces toward Cairo. For uncounted hours we baked in the train compartments, inhaling dust and attempting, after tiring of the biscuit glare, to doze.

And so, dust on dust, through a sun-swept arid country, we drew into dusty Cairo. Half of the party went to Shepherd's Hotel (where Roosevelt was a guest a few months later) and half to the Grand Continental; all then repaired to washing water and fought the good fight with sand and dust.

Time remained for a view, from balcony or piazza or window, of the passing Cairo comedy.

Cairo is a hodge-podge city, where fezes top twice as many heads as do derbies and straw hats, where soldiers show three or four different kinds of rifles, where flat-bottomed carts are more common than both victorias and landaus, where water is sold from goat skins, where peripatetic lemonade vendors tout with ancient earthen jars, where Arabic stands off ten tongues, where pour boire gives way to bakhsheesh, where a fifth of the women and half of the men are barefooted, where three-quarters of the women are veiled with the ugly ashmut, and where half of the streets are malodorous and sandy canyons and a quarter are majestic boulevards.

Do you wish to see a human omelette, one-half comic opera and the other half circus? Sit on the wide piazza of the Continental and scrutinize the passing show as it mixes and disentangles beneath the splendid equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha on the Place Ezbekieh.

Before us are costumes from Sudan, from Araby the Blest, from Syria, from Armenia, from Turkey, from Greece, Italy, London, and New York. You may hear an Egyptian band play a Sousa march. As I stood in front of the hotel some street musicians played a weird Oriental air and as a chaser "Love Me and the World is Mine."



IN CAIRO

Immediately after the party's arrival the president of its Masonic Club received an invitation to take a delegation to a meeting of Fruit of Justice Lodge which the grand secretary for Egypt was to attend. After dinner a Masonic contingent mustered on the piazza (that nearly slipped in as forecastle). Most of the Masons wore brilliant fezes. The party saw the third degree exemplified, and witnessed the use of both Bible and Koran. The "work" was



almost entirely in Arabic. The president of the club received the thanks of the lodge for the visitors' presence. His response was given sentence by sentence, as had been Dr. Clark's address in the Methodist mission in Madeira,



STREET IN CAIRO

and at the end of each the words were translated into Arabic by a Syrian, who had been living in Providence, Rhode Island.

Early in the evening I started out for a leisurely saunter in the streets of Cairo. In front of the terrace was a motley. Vendors were the backbone of the



throng, some with post-cards, some with scarabs of outrageous spuriousness, and some with necklaces. One persistent son of a burnt father had daggers.

"Buy dagger, jintleman!" he begged, and for a reason he advanced: "Can kill man." I assured him that the only man I cared to kill was too far away, was in a newspaper office in Hartford, a man who talked too much.

A stroll led me to a barber shop, and a badly needed shave. When the moment for paying arrived a debate arose. My gold was back in the hotel and the silver which I held out was English. The tonsorialist wished four piasters. He knew little of English and I nothing of Arabic. He would admit no money but Egyptian. He insisted that my shilling was less than four piasters, and, whatever it was, he would have none of it. As the debate was nearing a climax a Frenchman entered the shop.

Again did I have good cause to bless my preserver, that accomplished boulevardier, M. le Capitaine Curtiss, who had with charity instructed me in the tongue of the Faubourg Saint Germain, or is it Sans German? The new comer could not restrain a smile of pleasure at hearing the French of the Faubourg Sans German. He begged my permission to use his Arabic to explain the finance to the tonsorialist, who accepted the shilling, forgetting to make change.

It is not without reason that I thank the debonair Capitaine who has with me accomplished such miracles in the French language.

One morning we occupied in seeing mosques, the chief of which was the splendid Mosque Mehemet Ali, built of white marble. Its approach is a spacious court paved with marble and surrounded with columns of alabaster. In the full brilliant sunlight the galleries and colonnades made a picture which I shall remember as long as I remember Cairo.

From the dome is pendent a giant chandelier. A splendid rug covers much of the floor space. In the dim and chastened light of the shadowy interior, with the vault

rising to remote height, the effect is one of grandeur and solemnity.

Proceeding to the right after leaving the mosque we reached a terrace terminating in a parapet. A panorama of Cairo lay below, a forest of minarets, spires, and bell turrets. The glaring white and the light dun of house-walls dimmed in the distance. On one side was the palace of Ibrahim Pasha with its giant green gardens and graceful palms. In the distance was the Nile, and in the far distance the pyramid of Ghizeh.

We visited the citadel, too; begun in 1166 and built of stones taken from the pyramids. We saw the entrance at which the Mamelukes were massacred by order of Mehemet Ali.

The afternoon took us to the Egyptian museum, in which are stone sarcophagi dating from the first to the twenty-first dynasty. In the gallery of jewels were bracelets, earrings, collars, finger rings, bands for legs and for ankles, mirrors, and silver vases.

One morning carried us to the pyramids. The great peril now is the temptation to write a chapter about great stones. Once started, the temptation were hard to resist and wise is he who shuns the start. Still I wish to allude to the ginger and the success of that venturesome lady who ascended the great pyramid without loss of time, and took the last step as bravely, as the first.

Egyptian women wear veils hung across the bridge of the nose and covering the lower part of the face and the neck. A black cloth rests gracefully on the hair, forming a band across the forehead and descending over the shoulders and the bust. A flowing black robe reaches to the ankles, which are as liberal as the feet. Between the eyes is a brass tube rigged with small spikes or pins.

This strange garb at first appears grotesque to Western eyes, but soon it "grows" on you. The women are lithe and graceful and walk with a springy step. They have an easy and erect poise to head, neck, and shoulders. Of the

face only the eyes are visible. There is mystery behind the veil, as if the women invited you to conjecture what manner of cheeks and lips were hidden.

The graceful bearing of head and shoulders extends to the walk. Imagine, if you can, a New York woman graceful in a bathrobe, but fine down the robe and change



“TAKING THE LAST STEP”

it to black, and give the Gotham woman a springy walk, and she would be on the lines of her Cairene cousin.

In the throng of pedestrians and loungers on the street the little Berber is noticeable. From his mother's womb the toy boy is a beggar of beggars, a little lump of lazy sin. I shudder still at the tiny vagabond, importunate, tenacious, and very, very fresh. Were there anything in the doctrine of reincarnation he might be born as an English sparrow; he is that chipper and saucy. It would seem as if he sucked in the flavor of bakhsheesh with his mother's milk.

Out in the shadow of the great pyramids I had an



exciting adventure with a couple of the gentry. Our section of the party found on arrival at the end of the avenue that the guides had multiplied their prices by two, on the ground that the section was large. To the multiplication we filed no demurrer. Our guide made mental note of this, as it subsequently developed, and when the time came to pay he again cheerfully multiplied by two, making the fee four times the ordinary amount. This was ascending a step too far in geometrical progression, and was met with a plump refusal. The Berber whistled and his call was responded to by a brother in sin. There was a spirited debate. The two sons of iniquity grew abusive, and I, losing temper, which was probably the best thing I could do, grabbed the extortioner by the throat. For a moment the two of them showed fight, but just then a cavalryman, who had been spurring his horse towards us, shouted. The Berberin subsided and was fain content with the price agreed upon, double the ordinary fee.

Again we crossed the desert by train, this time from west to east. Suez was our destination, reached in five hours. Before the digging of the big ditch Suez was a somnolent village of Arab fishermen. It now has nearly twenty-two thousand population. It leaves commerce to Port Said and is a defender of Europe from contagious disease, prevalent in the Far East.

In open scows we lightered to the Cleveland, which we found to be decorated with intertwined red, white, and blue and black, white, and red. A giant "Welcome" was burgeoning over the starboard gangway. It was like a home coming to tread again the ship's deck and to see the honest Teutonic faces. We heard the story of the progress along the great ditch, how the ship's draft was twenty-seven feet and how in several places the depth of water was barely twenty-nine feet. The ship was the largest which ever traversed the canal, her eighteen thousand tons being two thousand and more, than the biggest sister previous. And we thrilled a bit with the knowledge that we were making nautical history.



## CHAPTER V.

### TWO SEAS BEYOND SUEZ.

OUR respect for the great ditch was increased on hearing that the canal toll for our ship was twenty-one thousand dollars, a year's interest on half a million, information which came to my ears just as the propeller began to turn. The run before us was a miniature voyage of nine days, and three thousand miles, and was to lead us down the Red and across the Arabian Seas to Bombay. Pardon a sometime sailor if he chronicles it with excerpts from a diary not altogether unlike a log.

*First Day Out.* Many of our good people were expecting a torrid and terrible time, but they were disappointed as to the mercury. It is most assuredly warm, but endurable if you keep your head. The crew has shifted from the blue uniforms which were worn west of Port Said. They have broken out a light white duck like the "whites" used in the United States Navy, except that it is of better quality. The German sailors have a black neckerchief which is a first cousin, once removed, to the neckerchiefs which our jackies wear, but the knots look like a four-in-hand with the end doubled upward and secured with a small braid or dinky lanyard. The thing has a bob-tail effect, diametrically opposite to the swashbuckler flare of our jackies' neckerchief when its ends are winged.

A few moments after we got under way Little Joe came scampering aft, purple with exciting tidings. There was a swimming tank; it was on the port side, near the waist; could he go in with Russell?

Yes, he could, after his mother broke out his bathing suit, which was in a trunk in the after hold.

"Oh, Popper, not till then?"

Who could disappoint the little fellow? So I granted to him a dispensation and allowed him to enter the pool in his pajama pants, or what a sailor might call a jury rig.

By the way, our alarums and palpitations over Little Joe's safety are now minimizing. For the first few days I had followed the tiny tad all over the ship, from forecastle to poop, filled with solicitude when he went near the rail.



*Courtesy of F. C. Clark.*

#### ON THE PROMENADE DECK

Day after day has passed with never accident or danger in any guise.

Cold soup was a welcome innovation on the menu card today, and Blucher received an order for it from every one at our table; it was mostly cold milk with vanilla and some very tenuous soup stock, tenuous and mysterious.

This afternoon the P. and O.\* steamship Mantua passed on our port hand, northward bound, sending a wireless, expressing good wishes to the American tourists.

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\* Peninsular and Oriental, the giant line to the East.

Our ship responded in kind. Both messages were read in each dining-room this evening by a herald with lungs of leather.

*Second Day Out.* The Red Sea is beginning to warm still more. and I deeply regret that second sentence in yesterday's chronicle.

Ladies are in open work, and very little even of that; men are in two-piece linen suits. Joe spent nearly half the morning in the swimming tank, which was shifted in the mid-watch last night to the starboard side of the fore-castle and stands in the lee of a protecting deck house in which a photographer has a dark room. Last summer Joe could swim barely three strokes, but he is full of ambition. One of the men is out with a search warrant for bathing trunks, and he contributed to the gayety of the bathers by appearing in the tank with a jersey and pajama pantaloons as his costume. The tank is of extra heavy canvas. The water is pumped twice a day from the sea and is nearly as warm as the air. The first dive gives a mild shock, but the remainder of the swim is like paddling in the brook down in the pasture beyond the orchard.

Awnings which were spread back on the Madeira Day are now reinforced by screen cloths. Sunny side and shady side, not alone of the promenade deck, but of all the decks which have rails, are thus protected. Windsails have been run up to capture the headway breeze and impound it for a spell below. Ice-tea is served twice a day on deck by canvas- or drill-jacketed stewards — half-backs of heaven!

When we sailed from Madeira one fine mother in Israel was beginning to recover from nervous prostration, or rather an incipient neurasthenia. The tonic salt air, nature's best specific for insomnia, and the change of scene completed the restoration. Now the question is: How will she and the Red Sea agree?

This afternoon there appeared in each of the ship's bulletin boards a notice announcing that ladies might arrange to sleep on the deck above the grill room, and men



on the hatches in the waist. The glorious evangel was repeated at dinner to each sitting. As this evening begins to wear along, goddesses in kimonas and Chinese heelless slippers are flitting up from below decks with stewards or stewardesses in tow laden with cargoes of pillows, sheets, and mattresses. Men in pajamas, enshrined in bathrobes, are arranging bunks on the waist hatches. A ci-devant actor has retained a sailor to swing a ship's hammock from awning beams. Dozens of the crew who are off watch are casting loose Hamburg steak snores from hammocks swung over the forecastle or from mattresses or blankets laid on the forecastle head planks.

From cabins and passages below come floating up toward the Red Sea moon feminine substitutes for bad words, like: "Did you ever?" and "Isn't it just horrid?"

*Third Day Out.* Still more deeply do I regret that unfortunate second sentence under First Day Out. Yes, the Red Sea is the avenue to the portal of the ante-room of H—.

It leaked out this morning that a dear old fellow who still talks about "downstairs" and the "boat" had a misadventure last night. After subsidizing his cabin steward to arrange mattress and sheets on the waist hatch cover he started alone for that destination. In some mysterious way he wandered by the grill room and up into the ladies' laager. There was moment of mutual astonishment, and then he made his way "downstairs."

All day long the mercury has been ascending. According to stories told in the smoking-room it reached 92 degrees Fahrenheit. This reading on a November day is new to most of the tourists; but it does not tell all of the tale. On either side of the sea is a desert of illimitable leagues, and there is a something about the air which *scorches*, we might allege. Little Joe has taken three swims in the pool today, and is happy. He is a hot favorite with "Mike," the steward who guards the tank. There is an infection in his glee, and an Ohio manufacturer who has



benefited his fellow man by doing something in steel, and has acquired several hundred thousands by extending the benefit, confided to me today that he wished that he was back at the boy's age. Joe is teaching a lesson and does not suspect it. He counts this journey gain, as otherwise, at home, he would be in Grade No. 2, and learning geography from a book.

This afternoon we passed a succession of islets which a salamander from New York explained were known as The Twelve Apostles. In the hazy afternoon sunshine the tiny islands were indistinct, little more than cloudland banks in pastelle.

A rumor spread among some of the maidens that the Southern Cross would be visible in the evening. One dear girl said that she had heard that it then could be seen over the port bow; she desired information as to where the "port" was. A youth from New York was uncertain as to the port bow, but he enthusiastically volunteered to assist her in a hunt for the Southern Cross. I was cruel enough to make a trip of observation this evening, and can sign an affidavit that the young man sought for half an hour to find the Southern Cross in her eye and her hand.

Thus ends this day. Wind, none; course, S. S. E.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  E.; temperature, 82 degrees Fahrenheit; barometer, discreet.

*Fourth Day Out.* This morning the ship slid through the Strait of Abdel-Mandeb and headed out into the Arabian Sea, dropping astern the rocky island which guards the gates between the two seas. We steamed by uninhabited islets, slim, pointed, and bare, which a tourist likened to "stone icicles," a simile which was refreshing, as any mention of ice might well be. We ran into a breeze, which, if not cool, was less heated than the Red Sea air. Deck stewards — blessed half-backs of Heaven! — served ice-water, ice-tea, and lemonade under the awnings.

Distant cliffs were visible on the Arabian coast, "purple peaks remote," in a thin lavender haze beyond a sea of

darkest indigo. Overhead there was never a fleck of floating cotton in all the sapphirine sky. From time to time came into view a beach on which surf broke in lines of cream. It may be sacrilege, but it is the belief of some of us that the sky here rivals the blue Italian sky, and that there are views here that may be mentioned along with those of the Bay of Naples.

This evening heard a lecture by the head chaperon on Bombay and a talk on Agra and the Taj Mahal by the Reverend Doctor Francis E. Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement. These lectures are distinctive as well as informing. They afford instruction which a knight errant world-belter can gain only at the expense of much excavation in libraries, in the course of which he resurrects much débris which clogs the real information which he seeks. The world-belter who journeys by himself has disadvantages along with advantages. He has the turmoil and the nuisance of numerous shifts from steamer to steamer, the responsibility of hotel and carriage arrangements, and the hiring of dragomen and guides, and these are only the beginning of his trouble.

*Fifth Day Out.* This is the start of a legendary era in the leg over to Bombay. From the furnace of the Red Sea we pass into mellow airs, from discomfort into somnolent languor. All is tranquil. Everybody is indolent. We do not think of our ship life as strange, but we know that friends ashore on the other side of the world would marvel at it. The dear children are in bare legs and socks. Little girls are in low neck and short sleeves. Sailors on the fo'c's'le are barefooted. Little boys make their mothers aghast by begging to be comfortable in bare feet. I have interceded in Joe's behalf, but my motion as his attorney has been overruled by the last court of appellate jurisdiction, Pretty Mamma.

This morning the Travelers' Club made its third attack on Egypt. It handled the legend about the crossing of the Red Sea by the Children of Israel, and one Defender of the

Faith gave in lurid detail Théophile Gauthier's explanation as printed in "The Romance of a Mummy."

This evening dreamy couples are searching for the Southern Cross. A fine old state senator from Connecticut and his saintly wife are playing dominoes.

*Sixth Day Out.* "Indolence" is more euphemistic than "laziness" and it dates farther back in philology. But what Latin root is there which can act as a starter to express your feeling of luxury and rest here in fifteen north latitude? You would be entirely content if somebody in or out of the Apostolic Succession would only draw your breath for you. It is a legendary era for us here on the ship, because nobody takes the trouble to find whether a story is true or is a myth.

After luncheon a sailor, one of the after guard, sought to enfranchise the steamer chair fleet around him by pointing the finger of excitement at the water abeam and exclaiming:

"Der vales!"

A languid dowager who had lain torpid and dormant for a quarter of an hour in her chair drowsily murmured "shoo!" A man who was inert on a companion chair, her helpmeet, observed, but dispassionately:

"To Heaven with the whales!"

Hour after hour drifted by with a warm but pleasant temperature, a smiling sea, an amethystine sky, and an easy breeze. A few of the youngsters occupied an hour or two with deck games, phenomena which a scientist might include among The Wonders of the Deep. By mid-afternoon a ripple of excitement was discerned among these active spirits, but the steamer chair squadrons drowsed along, too languorous to investigate. Later it was learned that the bulletin boards were blazoning with proclamations that a shirt-waist dance would distinguish the port side of the promenade deck in the evening. A dozing pirate in the steamer chair squadron gave a vague growl, and a lady next to him, who had been a Terpsichorean not many years ago, chided him, saying that he was "cross."



Early in the evening three brawny German tars with the tan of the seven seas on their bared arms strung a stout manila line along the inboard caps of the stanchion heads of the port alley of the promenade deck and bent on a long and brilliant string of national flags. In a corner they made a reservation with American and German flags for the musicians.

That dance on the bosom of the Arabian Sea, Aden astern and Bombay far ahead, days beyond the eastern horizon, remains in the memory as a vivid picture. Strings of bright-hued electric lamps gleamed from the carlins. Paraffin helped the reflection from the oaken planks of the deck. Sailors in uniform guarded each approach to the "floor." Stewards in white stood watch over giant bowls of lemonade. The band was gay in decorated khaki.

But the most of the color was concentrated in the national ensigns. Japan's blood-red rising sun, the tri-color of France, the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, the orange and green of the Brazilian Republic, the brilliant jumbles of South American nations, the dragon of China, the clumsy elephant of Siam, and the red banner of Turkey with white star and crescent were barely a starter for the decoration. Few of the gay-hearted young dancers could have told over a fifth of the two dozen ensigns which fluttered and flaunted joyously in the light touch of the warm headway breeze.

Some few of the men were in full evening dress. More were in dinner coats and white flannels. Some of them were in white flannels only. Of the ladies, some were in full décolleté, with blazing jewels; some in shirt-waists, and some in raiment to a mere man a mystery. Some were in chiffon and some were not.

Nearly every mother's daughter was wearing a Madeira lace or carrying a Gibraltar fan or displaying Naples coral or a Cairo scarf. There is "class" to an Egyptian scarf. Its silver spangles and filmy gossamer gave a touch of romance and individualism to that unique scene in the heart of the sleeping Arabian Sea.



Officers of the ship were in the throng in brilliant uniform, manly, fine-looking Germans of military erectness and fiercely pointed and waxed mustaches. One of the most popular was blessed with a back like a ramrod and a mustache resembling a circumflex accent upside down. It was whispered that he could waltz across the deck, wine glass in hand, and not spill a drop. Any spectator of the German waltz could appreciate a feat like that.

Children were in the festivity. For little boys evening dress appeared to mean white sailor costumes, or white shirt-waists, white stockings, and white canvas shoes.

It was a fascination to watch the kaleidoscope. At one time a girl with a Neapolitan coral necklace requested her escort to lead her to a chair, where the amplitudinous lady mother was massed in reserve in a Cairo scarf. On the voyage across the alley her slipper mutinied; as her gallant partner retied the bow, a dainty silver Egyptian anklet was discernable. The next moment the mate of the anklet was seen doing duty as a bracelet on the plump wrist of a lass from New York.

A few minutes later the lass was pouting at her plight, for she was having trouble, and a peck of it, with a scarab about one hundred and twenty-five times as old as the girl. The antiquity had been torn from its mummy to stand watch on the lass's hairpin, and in the dance it had become jammed in some of the hair tackle. A partner from Chicago was doing his prettiest to clear it, as he and she stood against the sun flag of Japan. It made a sprightly picture, the New York head and the Nile beetle in silhouette against the white field and the blood-red sun of Dai Nippon.

It was at three bells in the first watch that the dancing began. For nearly two hours Russia and Japan, Great Britain and Germany, Turkey and Greece agreed on one thing, encouraging the dancing. Till well after eleven o'clock the merry-makers waltzed, two-stepped, and barn-danced, and while off the floor sipped lemonade, which the long-houred stewards served. Then the throng began

thinning, and soon after seven bells struck the musicians retired from the deck. A few minutes more and girls were bathing their feet with witch-hazel in their staterooms.

Thus ends this day. Wind, S. E.; course, E. N. E.; temperature, 78; barometer, 29.95; clouds, cirro cumuli.

*Seventh Day Out.* An officer of the ship as an after-math, perhaps, of the dance, is showing a copy of the *Egyptian News* printed the day we started from Cairo, in which it is stated that a large number of dancers from the party attended a ball given in Shepheard's Hotel the evening before. The account goes on to say that the belle of the evening was "a little fair-haired girl who had a grand time with her various grown-up partners." This evening the course of lectures is continued with an illustrated talk by the Reverend Doctor Clark on "Delhi and Cawnpore."

*Eighth Day Out.* Human nature develops in queer freaks sometimes on a steamship as well as ashore. A youth who is gifted with the rare faculty of arriving at opinions without much loss of time in intermediary processes revealed today that men in the United States Navy have nothing to do, and that they were not practical. A printed slip showing a typical sea routine and one showing a port routine for a battleship were shown to the youth. They were evidently new to him, but, nothing daunted, he declared that he cared naught for them.

Something that is practical appeared this morning, when one of the chaperons gave a talk on shopping in the next port. She told about the Army and Navy shop in Bombay, and about other places in the city where tourists could safely make purchases. The talk was manna to a hundred women, and many remained after the discourse to ask questions.

The currency problem is of continuous interest and there are many discussions over phases of it, in the smoking-room and elsewhere. English gold is potential anywhere in the Far East. American gold is receivable, we are told, but a caution comes to us to be on our guard when the change is handed out. I heard today that English silver is

not popular in Bombay, information which seems strange when it is remembered that Bombay is one of the leading ports in the British Empire. The information is given that American gold certificates are likely to encounter difficulty ere they pass into rupees and annas.\* Roughly speaking, the rupee is worth about thirty-two cents and the anna two cents. Each is a silver coin. The anna is of such a size that a microscope is almost required to find it. It is smaller than the old-fashioned three-cent piece, once popularly known in the Connecticut Valley as a "shad scale."

Letters of credit seem to be in slender favor aboard the ship. Travelers' checks are popular here, and the purser is kept busy at certain times in cashing them. Aboardship English or American money of whatever kind is taken. The ship's post-office and the ship's barber shop are good receiving and distributing centers for English gold and silver and, to some extent, for German money and for small coins of the countries which we land in.

Once in a while a little thing happens which takes the conceit out of us and shows that, with all the equipment and foresight lavished on the ship, we are still insulated from some of the necessities of ordinary life. Today, in an unguarded moment, never mind how, I broke a lens in one of my glasses. It was any port in a storm and any shift for a repair, and so I went to the surgeon for surgeon's plaster. The plaster held the lens for just about two minutes; then went lopsy. Next I tried a postage stamp, and that was worse. Finally a good angel from Philadelphia came to the aid with sealing wax, and that held. It is easy to imagine the remarks made about the blood-red wax and the eye.†

*Ninth Day Out.* A ship like this, out of sight of land for days and days, a floating island, has its monotony and

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\* This proved to be the case, in a number of instances, at least.

† The repair was made in an optician's shop in Bombay immediately after our landing in that port.

has its variety. It is a life unto itself, as the captain would be a law unto himself, were attempt to be made at mutiny. The religious gravitate together, as the travelers who are born children of wanderlust find out one another, and as the card players and the dancers and the flirtatious and the athletes and passengers of one preference and another find out one another.

All this is laying a foundation for a very simple statement: A sunrise prayer meeting was held this morning by the Cleveland Christian Endeavor Society, in the ladies' after parlor.

The first landfall since passing Aden was made at nine o'clock this morning, an island off the coast of northern India. At noon we came to anchor. I am writing this just as we are making ready for the landing. We are to stay in Bombay for four days. A portion of the party will journey to Agra to attend the fourth biennial world's convention of the Christian Endeavor Society. Another section is to travel across India and rejoin the ship in Calcutta. From what I hear about the heat and the hardship, I don't envy the members of that section.





## CHAPTER VI.

### BOMBAY AND AGRA.

**I**T was on a Sunday morning that Bombay made its bow to us of the ship; a November morning, but warm as is New York City when the dog star reigns.

Our first glimpse of the place brought to our eyes a low rise of land with a peculiar row of curious palms. In the distance the trees appeared not unlike arboreal peacock feather tips, or, if you please to prefer a military simile, like the old-fashioned disc markers in use at many of the old-time rifle-ranges to this day.

Tenders came alongside to convey us to the landing place. Also a flotilla of small native boats came as near to the gangway as the oarsmen dared to pull. In one of these was a fakir, a man of snakes and magic. The Hindu had a cobra de capello in a circular basket, in which the semi-dormant reptile lay in coil. As soon as a score of passengers had descended into the first tender the man of magic whisked off the cover of the basket and rapped the head of the repulsive cobra with a wand, whereupon the ugly thing raised its head in sinister defiance. Its fangs had been extracted, but this was not known to the women who viewed the exhibition. The swarthy Hindu started to give an exhibition, but just then the deckman of the tender cast off, and the bow turned landward.

The gee whiz led the tourists in victorias to five hotels, chief among which was the splendid Taj Mahal, which fronts the Apollo Bunder and the harbor. The hotels were not very dissimilar to those in Cairo, except that the Cairo average was considerably better. The bedrooms were large and the bedsteads were enshrined in mosquito-net canopies. In several of the hotels some of the sanitary

arrangements were much inferior to those of even the third-rate hostelries in New York City.

The name of the servants in the hotels was legion. For the tables in the establishment where the writer held the fort, a table seating the four of his family and two more of the noble army of martyrs, there were four waiters, not counting the head individual or the wine waiter. Each was an artist when it came to the detail of tips and fees. Lucky was it for the head of the family that a tip of two annas per meal per member of the family was perfectly satisfac-



APOLLO BUNDER, IN BOMBAY

tory to the swarm. You can easily figure that this meant some sixty-four cents a meal. It did not come to that sum every meal, but the average was not very far below. Few of the repasts figured less than a half dollar. When the sad time of parting came, there were rupee tips for the head waiter and the wine artist. Please do not for a moment suppose that wine is here meant literally. The word is used figuratively for lemon squash and like drinks, which came in bottles and which took the place of tropical drinking water, about which we were in a state of dubiety, having heard that it might contain germs of cholera. We

were informed that the water in the squash and similar concoctions was distilled and therefore innocuous.

The hotel in which we sheltered ourselves claimed, and justly, the respect due to antiquity. It enclosed a court, where grew noble palms and where benches were placed in the shade. Writing and wine tables were extending their invitation. It must also be chronicled that scarcely were we washed and at leisure before a human hellbender (your Webster will tell you that a hellbender is a salamander "which is very voracious and very tenacious") descended and made it evident that he was canvassing for a tailor whose shop was next door. I finally ordered, for eight and a half rupees, a linen suit which he had at first insisted was cheap at twelve. Later, I was informed that another of the party had ordered a like suit for seven rupees. When the suit came, it proved to be made of some kind of crash, or mysterious fabric like crash; it was a two-piece affair, with a tough character, and there were some of the party good enough to say that it made a symphony with the wearer of the triumph.

Most of the tourists who had omitted to buy topees in Cairo made a purchase of such headgear in Bombay. It was a contribution to the gayety of the excursionists to discover grave clergymen and dignified captains of trade and luminaries of medicine and blazing lights of the law topped with those constructions of fiber and pith. It must also be recorded that at first not a few of the purchasers inadvertently wore the topees wrong end before.

Bombay was a paradise for shoppers from the party and for the keepers of shops. It is figured that the six hundred and fifty passengers expended in Bombay and Agra during the four days that they were ashore something like twenty thousand dollars. This may be an exaggeration, but it seems to be reasonably safe to estimate that they spent about twelve or fifteen thousand. This would call for an average expenditure of about five dollars a person a day, and as some spent for jewelry alone in the Taj Mahal Hotel



fifty dollars in one day and some a hundred dollars, the estimate would seem to be more or less conservative. If to the sum which the tourists parted with be added the money which the officers and crew spent, a total of twelve thousand dollars at least is probably very close to the truth. The sum might have exceeded fifteen thousand dollars.

In many a way Bombay is like Cairo. It is even hotter than the Egyptian capital; it is picturesque, full of tropical and strange life; it is full of color and lavish with glitter and blaze. It is, too, a city of business and commercial dignity, and its Taj Mahal is one of the finest hotels in Asia, outside of Singapore and Tokyo.

The "Taj" is named after the splendid memorial in Agra erected by Shah Jehann after the untimely death of his favorite wife. It stands face to the water, its lavish Oriental architecture in full, unobstructed view. Near by are buildings in styles rarely seen in American cities. The lavish and ornate façades and elevations, the decorated cornices and quaint Oriental roofs are bewildering to a lay eye from the West. An architect could probably spend a fat week in the Indian city, luxuriating among the buildings which rise in Saracenic, Oriental, and modern styles, about which the author must cheerfully acknowledge that he knows little or less than that.

It is cheerful information which tells us that a large part of capital employed in the building of the tramways here came from the Far West. I took a ride in one of the cars, and journeyed what seemed to me to be about four or five miles and the tariff was only an anna, two and one-thirty-second cents! In any part of New England with which I am familiar the fare is at least five cents, and in some parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut



HEAD WAITER



it is six cents. The cars in Bombay have forward and after platforms and two gangways, amidships.

Somehow the tram reminds me of the policeman of Bombay. In my innocence the first whom I beheld appeared to me like a toy. Charcoal would have made a white mark on him. Up to his knee he was as bare as Old Father Adam before the fall of man. Garish blue knickerbockers, a blue tunic with a canary facing, and a yellow turban made up his uniform. He weighed something like a hundred and a quarter. His legs were as fat as bean-poles. I have no pride of opinion as to my own, and prefer the swimming tank when its crowd is small; but mine are like the pillars at the east front of the Connecticut State Capitol, compared with his. The guardian of the law in Bombay was about five feet five inches in height. An ordinary Irish policeman in New York City could have eaten him alive before breakfast and then would have come back for more.

Early in the course of our first walk I saw a wet red blotch on the pavement. The next moment a Hindu spat a scarlet stream on the sidewalk. A vision of hemorrhage flashed to my mind, as I turned my eyes carefully on the thin, anæmic creature, but it soon came to us that the native was chewing betel leaf and some other growths which induce a ready stream of saliva and color it with a brilliant scarlet.

On the esplanade near the boat landing a fakir was giving an exhibition. From the typical fakir circular basket he lifted out an ugly cobra. At first the reptile raised its hideous head and spread the hood with the two elliptical spots which an observer has likened to the lenses of a pair of spectacles. Its crimson forked tongue slit the air viciously for a few moments and then the cobra gradually lapsed into inertness and lay torpid over the Hindu's shoulders.

The fakir continued the entertainment with a sleight-of-hand performance which mystified some of our subsection of the party. With a display of pain he coughed out

an onion, and with more of such display produced another which was scorched between his teeth, the smoke appearing to come from his throat. Several of the spectators explained the sight by declaring that it was a piece of wholesale hypnotism; others were certain that it was merely a bit of clever legerdermain. Some few were obviously impressed and remained silent.

The Hindu next took a collection. From a certain member of the section he extracted a rupee, to my mind more of a miracle than any part of the exhibition. Most of the contributions were annas and pies, the latter Indian copper coins worth a fraction of a cent each.

Near the boat landing we ran across a group of British men'o'-warships, jackies from His Majesty's ship *Hyacinth*, which rode at anchor out in the harbor and opposite the Taj Mahal Hotel. The men were sturdy lads and were in a white uniform, which resembles the "whites" of the United States Navy, excepting that the collar was a light blue with three white stripes and that the hats were of straw with wide brims and lettered cap ribbons, instead of the jaunty cloth hat with the stiff stitched brims, up-turned, which our men-o'-warships wear. The aloofness which characterizes many of the Englishmen ashore who are not making money out of us was little apparent in the lusty lads of the sea. They accepted our friendly advances without the pained astonishment which ordinary English residents in the city, and, more especially in Ceylon, later, showed.

Guide-books there are of Bombay, but they are as scarce in the ordinary American city as pearls dissolved in angels' tears. For that reason and the further reason that the city is out of the traveled track of the expeditions of tourists from the States, I now proceed to solid information.

"Bombay" is an English contraction for the early Portuguese Bom Bahia, or Good Haven; but how in the world the English navigators of Century No. 16 syncopated the good Portugee into the dissyllable is a mystery which

a philologist would enjoy solving. Whatever the processes, the resultant is here to stay, as an Irish friend of mine said about the occupants of Mt. St. Benedict cemetery. The Portuguese sailors visited the city in 1509, and Portugal acquired the sometime island a few years later.

The city has nearly a million inhabitants, of about every human shade from black through chocolate, bronze, chrome, canary, olive, mauve, coffee, tan, leather, tea rose, and oyster stew, to white. Continuing the solid information, I would say that Bombay has representatives of nearly every great religion, unless it be President Eliot's. Lovers of Tom Moore and Lalla Rookh might enjoy talking to some of the queer Parsees, descendants of the old followers of Zoroaster, and now so-called, but misunderstood, worshippers of fire.

Bombay lies on what was formerly a narrow island, but is now a peninsula, with the western shore facing the warm Arabian Sea and the eastern a harbor and the hot Indian mainland. Its southern part is called, after the manner of the English in cities of theirs in this part of the world, the Fort. The upper part is the native section, or old Bombay. Cotton, shawls, coffee, pepper, ivory, and gums are among the leading exports.

Victoria station in the modern city is stated to be the finest railroad station ever built. It cost a good fat million and a half, and that in a country where the labor bill is next to nothing. The building is of Italian Gothic architecture, in some details modified by an Oriental style.

The municipal building is not far away, and has a tower two hundred and fifty-five feet in height. Among the charitable institutions are the Royal Alfred Sailor's Home, near the water, the Jamshidji Jijibhai's Parsee Benevolent Institution, and the Jamshidji Dharmasala, which, if I may be excused for explaining it, cures sickness as well as breaks jaws.

Still extending the solid information, I would say that among the educational buildings are Elphinstone College,



endowed by a rich Parsee, and the new Elphinstone High School.

The *Times of India* is a finely equipped and well conducted daily, published in Bombay. It came out with a special edition on the day of our arrival, and gave nearly two pages to news about "Americans Abroad." Its handling of news is along English lines, and appears to our Occidental minds to be conservative to the point of slowness, but the extreme is certainly preferable to the other. The paper was good enough to call attention to the "nasal twang" of the party, and the reporter — a reporter on that paper is called a "pressman," — who boarded the ship in harbor kindly printed that he would give all that he had to imitate the American pronunciation of "Clark." I learned that his attitude toward the name was "Clauwk." I tried a bit of jest, but desisted on discerning his resistentia to a joke. The paper had, along with a really able and discriminating news story, one with the avowed purpose of humor and that nobody might fail to perceive the humor, it struggled desperately with each point. Subsequently, in Rangoon, we ran across a local sheet which made like heroic effort. We could not fail to extend sympathy to brave men ready to strain every nerve in a cause which they could not understand.

One morning we embarked in victorias, here called gharries, and went in state to the Victoria Gardens, a beautiful park. Near the gate was a giant elephant, his feet heavily chained and with bars and irons between him and freedom. He was a noble, splendid brute, and Little Joe gazed at him in wide-eyed sympathy and admiration. Children are allowed to ride on the beast at certain times, but at that moment he was out of commission, to Joe's sorrow. In the garden are also lions, magnificent tigers, and "cat-animals," as the circus hand would call them, and monkeys aplenty. Pauline records in her diary a visit to a "monkey temple." She has it:

"Worship is held by the Hindus in honor of these beasts, who contain their ancestors' spirits."

Sometimes Pauline's pronouns puzzle me as much as Anglo-Saxon humor does.

In the afternoon we were taken in a gharry to Malabar Hill and to the Towers of Silence, grim and grewsome resting places for the Parsee dead. A winding walk leads by bowers of tropical vines and growths to the crest of a ridge commanding a panorama of the city. Walls and streets, minarets, spires, and roofs, shipping and harbor stretch away to the blue outer water and the horizon, where the quiet Arabian Sea fades into the distant dreamy haze. It is in one of the most entrancing places in Central India that one of the strangest and, as it seems to us, most revolting, methods of disposal of the dead is practiced.

As told to us, the Parsee believes that earth is sacred, and that a corpse is one of the most unclean of unclean objects; therefore they do not bury their dead. They believe that fire is an emblem or manifestation of a sacred force; and therefore they do not cremate. They turn to the air to dispose of the dead.

A circular tower is erected and equipped with a framework or arrangement on which the bodies are exposed after the funeral ceremony in the chapel near by. Then, from the air descend "heaven sent birds," as the Parsees call the vultures. In a few hours little is left in the troughs in the big cylinders but bones, and on them the tropical sun acts fast. On the cylinder bed are laid chalk, quicklime, and absorbents, which prevent any liquids entering the earth.

As corpses are taken to the troughs the birds from a distance set up a discordant and raucous cawing, and to the Occidental mind the scene is a ghastly picture. As the custom was described to a section of our party by a venerable priest of the Parsees in the chapel, a shadow fell over us, cast by this weird and ghastly practice. Below stretched away to the hazy horizon one of the fairest pictures painted by Nature in India. The sun shone bright on brilliant green and peaceful blue, but the grewsome horror of the moment was nearer. The spell was cast on all but one, a

jejune youth from a New England State. To him it occurred to ask:

“ Say, can you pull off a funeral for us this afternoon? ”

#### AGRA.

Agra is situated in the north of India, hundreds of miles to the northeast of Bombay. It was the convention city of the fourth biennial world's gathering of the Christian Endeavor Society. It has nearly a quarter of a million inhabitants, and to these were added for several November days thousands and thousands of delegates and converts who made the pilgrimage to the city.

Two miles of dusty road led from the railroad station to the white city of the convention camp. A bracing nip in the air was grateful after the heat back in Bombay. Over three hundred tents were pitched in lines not unlike the company streets of a military encampment. Two canvas halls rose in an open space in the center and were decorated with flags. The lieutenant-governor of the province had contributed the use of the land, and the viceroy and the commander-in-chief had donated the use of the tents.

It was figured that twenty-nine languages were spoken as their home tongues by one and another of the delegates, and that the delegates represented some three millions of Christian worshipers. But the principal facts about the great gathering would occupy pages, and they are familiar to those mostly interested.

It was within a short distance of the wonderful Taj Mahal, “ the one absolutely perfect building in all the world, the despair of all architects and builders,” as Doctor Clark justly describes it, that the camp was pitched. This extraordinary mausoleum was built by Shah Jehan for his favorite wife. It is chronicled that twenty thousand men were employed on the Taj Mahal for twenty-two years in the middle of the seventeenth century, and that it cost fifteen million dollars.

An outer court is surrounded by arcades and is adorned





*Your Friend Francis E. Clark.*

*[ By Special Permission ].*

with four gateways. The tomb stands on a large raised platform or terrace, at each corner of which is a minaret of perfect proportion. The splendid tomb is surmounted with a dome of white marble seventy feet in diameter and adorned on the interior surface with cornelian, lapis lazuli, and jasper. After giving a description in mathematical terms of the building, Fergusson's History of Architecture proceeds with:

"It is the most beautiful and most impressive of the sepulchres of the world. This building is an early example of that system of inlaying with precious stones which became the great characteristic of the Mughuls after the death of Akbar. All the spandrels of the Taj, all the angles and more important architectural details, are heightened by being inlaid with precious stones, such as agates, bloodstones, jaspers, and the like. These are combined in wreaths, scrolls, frets, as exquisite in design as they are beautiful in color, and, relieved by the pure white marble in which they are inlaid, they form the most beautiful and precious style of ornament ever adopted in architecture."

Those of the party who went to Agra will ever carry with them the memory of the greatest convention held by one of the mightiest and most active of the Christian forces, and the memory of one of the most beautiful works of man. It was not the good fortune of the writer to travel to the inland city. His tastes held him true to a seacoast city.

#### DOWN THE COAST.

From Bombay the ship steamed her way down the west coast of India toward the Island of Ceylon. Again the log-diary is called on for a record.

*First Day Out.* The meeting of the Travelers' Club, which was held for a discussion of Bombay and Agra, convened this morning on the port side of the promenade deck, the old faithful forward dining-room being a trifle warm for the feast of reason. The port side was away from the sun, and the deck stewards were on hand to refresh with cold tea. It was the Taj which was the backbone of the hour. One talented lady who draws word pictures lavished on the building the utmost adjectives of admira-

tion, but with such taste and discrimination that the picture was roundly applauded.

It is on a sleeping sea that the ship is sailing southward. Scarcely a cloud is seen; no air stirs save the languid headway breeze. Awnings are spread over the open deck spaces. Screen cloths are laced to the rails. Windsails lead from the boat deck down the hatches to the lower cabins. Electric fans are running. Windscoops are in most of the port holes. Cold tea is served by deck stewards from rime-covered tanks on the promenade deck. Ladies are in white and open-work, and men are in two-piece linen suits, sometimes with their coats elsewhere. Wellington prayed for night and Blücher; men on this ship pray (those who are experts in prayer) for night and thunder. It is thus that we are sailing for Colombo, the port of Ceylon. Thus ends this day.

*Second Day Out.* At four this morning I crawled from my berth and climbed stairs till I landed on the forecastle deck. Rain was falling. The drops made a restful patter on the awning, except when a flurry of wind caused them to beat a rataplan. It was the darkness next before dawn. The night had a rich damp odor from its salt moisture. A sea was running. Occasionally the ship wallowed, occasionally spray came to the waterway. Leaning over the rail, I peered down into the dark to hear the distant rhythm of the screw, and to feel the comradeship of the waters. I could imagine vague murmurings from the summer night, voices from the Arabian Sea.

But for the sailor at the wheel far above me, the officer on the bridge, the lookout watch, and the stokers far down below decks who fed the fires and kept ward over the engine-room guages and valves, the ship was asleep.

Minute after minute wore by. In a quarter of an hour from a sailor in a hammock over the fore hatch came the first notes of the awakening. Then from spaces down in the forecastle other notes rose. The darkness was thinning to the gray which preludes dawn. A few minutes



brought the ship to consciousness. Cabin stewards flitted up from below. The Cerberus of the swimming pool connected the hose for the tank. In half an hour the earliest of the bathers came from their berths in bathrobes and Chinese heelless slippers. The starboard horizon now lay miles away. The bugler sounded his reveille. The ship was officially awake, and just then the last drops of rain fell.

The forenoon was one of lassitude, the unambition which latitude twelve spells for men who have spent their lives twenty-five to thirty degrees farther away from the equator.

A steamer chair in some shady corner which the headway breeze reaches, the cold tea brought by a ministering angel in a steward's uniform, the cold maraschino soup, and the tutti frutti ice-cream at dinner,—these and the family were the only things which made life worth living till the ship drops her hook by the breakwater at Colombo.

. *Third Day Out (and First Day In)*. She has just dropped her hook.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PARADISE OF THE WORLD.

**D**OWN where the Arabian Sea merges into the Indian Ocean, some six degrees above the blazing equator, is the Summer Isle of Eden, in which, as writers and artists agree, is situated the island Paradise of the Earth, the most exquisitely lovely scene in all creation. Far-famed in song and story, in poetry, and on the canvas, Ceylon stands for the last word in beauty of scenery. In those low latitudes our good Mother Nature is a fond and partial lover, rather than the cool philosopher which she is in our own temperate state. In Ceylon she has exhausted her fairest and fondest gifts. She has poured out with yearning love the most glorious wealth of color and foliage, of landscape and mountain view, of jungle, forest, and woodland, till, if there be an earthly paradise which may suggest that reserved for the pure in heart, it is in the interior of that splendid island.

Mark me, I said the interior of Ceylon, for the introduction to the island, the seaport, Colombo, is modest, a town of beauty, but not of surpassing loveliness.

Landing, our party faced a view down a wide colonnade lined with splendid shade trees of noble height, overarching a smooth roadbed of terra cotta hue. Natives in gaily-hued costumes, with turban or fez or bare bronze head, with coal-black hair hanging half-way to their shoulders, took our passengers in rickshaws. We drove along broad, shaded streets and then narrow thoroughfares with doors and walls on the street line, thresholds flush with the pavement. Palms and palmettos, banana trees and strange growths made an unfamiliar setting for one-story

houses with roofs of red tile or thatches of bamboo and dried palm fronds. All along the drive were signs in Tamil or other characters, telling their tales in tongues unknown to any of our party.

Back in Bombay we had seen miserable thin-legged men and ill-nourished women. In Colombo we saw finely-proportioned men with sturdy naked shoulders and brawny biceps of which a Yale oarsman might be proud. Many of the men were athletes in appearance, pictures in living mahogany. The women were comely and well nourished, plump lasses in costumes gorgeous in hue. The children welcomed us in open wide-eyed wonder, and waved a delighted greeting.

Soon we entered a path, a slit or blaze of red clay.

In a letter written to a friend at home I described this in the following words:

"It runs between masses of dark green growths. Overhead, the arching limbs of acacias and the lofty fronds of palms shut out the sun. The path led into a twilight which nearly became a gloom. A little clearing was reached, a tiny Hindu village, with a store, in which bunches of red and yellow bananas were hanging and where bread fruit was displayed.

"Into the cool and grateful twilight the path plunged again, with strange tropical vegetation on either hand. A few minutes later a small Christian church came in sight, with a façade of brilliant white and a lawn of heavy grass. White-clad worshipers could be seen on benches in the interior, and an overflow congregation extended out to the roadside. Beyond, the path led away from the river bank, and by a native bungalow with whitewashed wall and lattice window.

"Then with turns and windings the foray progressed till the party arrived in front of high terraces culminating in a temple, where a grotesque image of "wood and stone" rested. We were told that this was not an idol, but that it represents an ideal, a spirit of goodness in the world. It is all in the angle of view, possibly. Such, too, may be the case in regard to a certain incident occurring in the journey. The party passed at the beginning a number of children whose clothing was more emblematic than liberal. Finally it came upon a jolly, pot-bellied little rascal with a mere cord passed around the waist.

"'The cunnings!' murmured a Connecticut lady, all affection."

The letter continues with the following:

"Colombo has a population of about 200,000, and the city an area of about ten square miles. It has admitted in turn Brahmin



and Tamil invaders in times long past. In succession it has been the capital of Portuguese, Dutch, and British domination. The Galle Face Hotel is a remarkably fine hostelry, equal to the best in India. Tea is exported in large quantities, and Sir Thomas Lipton's tea business at Colombo is among the most important industries of the city. Rubber and rice are also handled here. But all of this information and more, too, can be obtained in any late encyclopedia.

"The Galle Face Hotel is shaded by giant palms reaching far above its roof. It is heated by the cool breeze which comes in from the sea, indigo from the horizon to a mile from the beach, where it begins to lighten, changing by subtle gradations to a brilliant, almost glossy emerald till it rears and creams in mighty breakers, which crash and pound on one of the smoothest beaches in the East. For well over a quarter of a mile the beach extends with a retaining wall bounding an esplanade of red clay. The music of the ocean as pealed in the crash of the breakers never ceases.

"Part of one afternoon we spent at Mount Lavinia, a high headland with clumps of palms at the summit. A tiny gem of a beach lay at one side and drawn up back from the wet shingle were picturesque catamarans, long, narrow, deep canoes with two outriggers each reaching to a parallel log. The catamaran may not trace its lineage to Father Noah, but it traces far toward the dawn of Oriental history, back into the twilight centuries of the East, when all but a few of the islanders were barbaric. As we were gazing at a latter-day descendants of sires dead over three thousand years ago, one was sighted several miles off the beach. Hull down, it was seen as a blot of brown canvas. Its progress inshore was followed with keen interest, and as it neared the outermost breakers the skill which the brown men showed was applauded. In a moment it was riding a swell and in another it was balancing over into the trough. In succession, it rode or conquered the curling crests. Then it came down easily in a foot or two of water, and in another minute was being hauled toward dry sand and the shade of the ocean palms.

"Somehow the fancy liked to range to other days, before steam invaded the ocean back in years long gone by, when the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George were rarely seen from the masthead or the peak of warship. Back in those adventurous days this headland might have been a pirate's lookout. On this beach a boat might have landed. In the shadow of the palms near the border of the jungle the bearded captain might have buried his brass-bound chest, filled with doubloons, pieces of eight, moidores, pearls, jewels, silver, and gold. By that rock he may have leaned on a flintlock gun, sword or cutlass at his side, and a pistol struck in his sash or belt.

"But this is the twentieth century, and the only pirates are hotel proprietors, who charge half a rupee for a glass of cold tea, or natives, who sell some silica mystery for moonstones.

"At the start, the railway trip to Khandy was modest, I might say tame. But in time there is a change. A small tea plantation comes into sight, and ere long the train begins to climb the Khandyan Mountain. In a few moments the eye looks down upon a deep gorge with palms in clusters along the bottom

land. The train continues its ascent, and from another height the tourist looks upon a slender river flowing through a fertile, narrow valley.

"All down the steep mountain sides are terrace upon terrace upon terrace, banked at the outer edges with tiny rims which retain the shallow, life-giving water for use in the warm days to come. In places are cascades of greenery, vines in festoons from crags or from tree to tree. The eye reaches across to the green-clad slope of the companion hill, defending the valley on its further side.

"In a few minutes the train reaches Sensation Rock. From the steel ribbons, the travelers gaze down a sheer precipice a thousand feet and more upon what might be called the Garden of God, masses of luxuriant green, terraces and rice fields, flowering creepers, crag above and rich lands below, with a thread of river shadowed by clustering groves of palms.

"At another time the eye rests upon a wayside station and masses of flowers of yellow and scarlet under domes of vivid green, with the high fronds of cocoanuts rising beyond.

"We breathe pure mountain air and see the highest peak grow dim in a hazy white. But soon the mist lifts, and the peak once more stands out boldly on the sky.

#### "CONDENSED CEYLON.

"In time the engine pulled into a station, and the party embarked in victorias and rickshaws for the Royal Botanic Gardens of Perideniya. These are condensed Ceylon, a lovely wonderland with the flora of the island arranged and developed by scientific hands. Traversing firm roadbeds and in the shade of noble centurions of palms and unfamiliar trees, we reached plots where orchids were in bloom.

"Then we started on the drive to Khandy. It was along a twilight lane which almost seemed to have been cut through the vegetation that we traveled. A wild and tangled riot of greenery rose on each side. Branches and fronds interlaced and inter-arched over our heads. At one point masses of blooms of vivid scarlet and blazing yellow burned in the woodland, tropical flowers unknown to us.

"As we drove along, we met a native leading an elephant. A little lad in our contingent halted the native who was perspiring between the shafts of his rickshaw. Out the little lad hurried. He made a bargain with the Tamil, and in a trice the elephant was kneeling. With lugubrious eyes the pachyderm waited till the boy ascended its shoulder, with the Tamil's assistance. While the boy held on for dear life, the pachyderm lumbered up into a standing posture, and then a lady with a camera took a photograph.

"On arrival at Khandy we went to the Queen's Hotel for tiffin, or lunch, which was served by dusky waiters, here, as in every place which we have visited in the East, bare-footed and in native costume.

"Khandy is another of Ceylon's bowers, a city encircling a tiny lake and expanding into the sides of wooded mountains. Cocoanut trees shade it. The fronds of royal palms wave over it.

Glorious gardens embosom quaint or beautiful bungalows. Sinuous drives lead to villas islanded in green, vivid with the painting of the tropics and fresh with the mountain breath.

"In that paradise of tropical beauty, what was it that most caused our pulses to thrill? It was a sight which is seen every day in the Charter Oak City. Rounding a turn in the lake drive, we discerned against the vine-shrouded balcony of a bungalow a banner too little encountered in the Orient, the ensign of the republic. The leading carriage halted. There was a wild scramble up the terrace and along a flower-lined walk to the piazza, where a pleasant-faced lady courteously received the invaders as graciously as if they were long-expected guests, instead of intruders whose emotions had conquered their manners. A family coming from Pennsylvania occupied the cottage, and had spread 'Old Glory' in honor of the American invasion.

"BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

"Flanking the lake, the party approached one of the most venerable temples in Ceylon, in fact, in the East. It was Dalada



DALADA MALIGAWA  
(Temple of the Tooth of Buddha)

Maligawa, or temple of the tooth of Buddha. Ancient tradition has it that the good Princess Kalinga brought it to Ceylon in the third century, concealing it in the long folds of her raven hair. In the fourteenth century the Malabars carried it back to India, where a Portuguese archbishop burned it. Then a new tooth was made, and here it is.



"The relic is the great Buddhist palladium, and is revered by nearly 300,000,000 of living men and women. Some of our party visited the temple in the early evening and witnessed a spectacle different from any they had ever seen, the worship of the relic by the beating of tomtoms and the offering of flowers.

"IN THE MOONLIGHT.

"A ride of three hours by train brought the invaders back to Colombo. It was a memorable journey. At the start the rails led along the side of Mistland. An argent moon shone on the higher peaks and into the valley, illuminating the heavy curls of vapor from the river and the bottoms. Its silver softened the crags, and made a fairyland of the mountain sides, an elfland for the light feet of Titania and her court.

"THREE TINY TADS.

"On the morning of the next day two of our own party drove to Borella and passed out into the country. They wandered far afield in the woodland till they entered a cool nook in a thick cluster of palms. Above the meeting fronds the air was rife with warm sunlight, but below the groined green arch of the woodland aisle was comfort. The voices of happy little children at play had lured us on. In a few moments we saw the sparkling eyes of three of the tiny tads gazing at us with the frank curiosity of childhood the wide world over. One innocent little fellow, whose raiment was barely even emblematic, came bravely to us, his lips parted in a smile and disclosing teeth which gleamed like snow. For a moment I expected the appeal "baksheesh," but I was glad to find that my American suspicion was undeserved. The little tyke gave a wave of his small black hand and then reached it out to me. A companion came forward and proudly exhibited a toy boat which he had been making.

"It is true that here in Ceylon 'every prospect pleases,' but as to whether 'only man is vile,'—let some man older and wiser than I am sit in judgment.

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"But, 'Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder,' and fondly let me turn to the hour of our departure from Colombo. Passengers were clustered along the landward rails, taking their last look at the port, oriental architecture along the shore, graceful palms rising in the distance and wooded heights far inland. For three days they have visited one of the favored gardens of the earth, a paradise where loving Mother Nature with fond and lavish hand has showered her most entrancing gifts, as if exhausting her treasures in final generosity.

"In the opinion of veteran travelers in two hemispheres, of men who have seen the rarest gifts of Nature in warm latitudes, where she is a passionate lover rather than the cold-blooded philosopher of our own temperate clime, earth has no more exquisitely entrancing pictures than those painted with forest and flower, mountain, rock, and river, field and valley, jungle and beach and cloud-flecked sky, than here in the green island of Ceylon.



"As our anchor rose a young girl's fingers touched the keys of a piano and several young voices joined in the lines of a song. I listened with spirit attuned to the music:

"'In the beautiful isle of dreams, dear,  
There is never a sorrow or tear.'

"'Well,' says Denison, who is nothing if not practical, 'Ceylon has Naples beaten to a frazzle.'

"'To pulp,' Barbour says, 'but I hear that Java has something nearly equal to this.'

"That is heresy."

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"What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle  
And every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows to wood and stone."

Every Christian worker familiar with the English language should recognize these lines, the second verse in one of the most popular of missionary hymns. In the verse Ceylon is pictured as an earthly paradise, where live heathens to be converted to the true faith. We who have seen the garden of Perideniya and the Vale of Khandy, and wondered at that marvelously beautiful railroad ride, are ready to testify that Ceylon is a bower of tropical beauty, a paradise of entrancing loveliness, where every prospect pleases which Nature opens. But whether man is vile — that must be according to the angle of view.

At any rate, some of us who have been charmed when hearing the mighty, sonorous hymn, a battle cry of the church militant, pealed forth in majestic notes and bars from a full-volumed organ, and sung in its martial harmonies by choir and congregation, who turned to it as expressing in music one of the leading teachings of the Christian church, some of us, I believe, have now a new memory. Here in the heart of heathendom, if our grandfathers were instructed aright, occurs an attempt on the part of heathen missionaries to turn the tables.

At intervals during the three days that the ship lay off

the island, disciples of Buddha distributed tracts and catechisms to numbers of tourists.

It was turning the tables. And not only that. It was turning the tables by using ammunition provided by princes of reason, some of the men of mightiest intellect in the Western world, thought-sovereigns, some of them, of the Caucasian race.

At first the tracts were looked upon as a kind of strange joke. In a short time a number of serious-minded observers came to consider them with wonder, and on reading them more carefully, with respect. The change was due, in part, to the character of the reasoners quoted, in part to the unstinted commendation which the reasoners gave to Buddhism.

Here are some of the quotations:

MAX MULLER.

"The greatest religion in the world, built on a foundation which can never be shaken."

BISHOP BRIGANDET.

"This religion \* \* \* in its high moral character \* \* \* is unparalleled in the history of mankind."

FIELDING-HALL.

"In accepting the conceptions of Buddhism we are opening to ourselves a new world of unimaginable progress."

SOPHIA EGOROFF.

"Buddhism, the highest religion that is in full harmony with modern science, \* \* \* that alone can unite all, \* \* \* bringing peace, welfare, health, and happiness to mankind."

DR. PAUL CARUS.

"Buddhism is a religious mythology explained in scientific terms \* \* \*. It is the skeleton key which in its abstract simplicity fits all locks. \* \* \* Buddhism dispenses with miracles; it assumes no authority except the illumination of a right comprehension of the facts of existence."

DR. DAHLKE.

"Buddhism is not only the highest of all religions, but also the highest conceivable system. \* \* \* Alone among world religions it stands in no *a priori* contradiction to science \* \* \*. Buddhism knows nothing of that attitude of arrogant aversion that belongs to other religions."

Little groups on the ship from time to time discussed points in the tracts. Some of the well-read made quotations from Sir Edwin Arnold and Mrs. Besant, and it was agreed, with a certain kind of strange respect, that a religion which had three hundred million worshipers contained something fundamental in its appeal to the human head and the human heart. The visit of Baba Bharati to the United States and his epigram "Though blood is thicker than water, love is thicker than blood," were talked over.

The copies of the Buddhist catechism distributed were presented, as an inserted leaf showed,

"To members of the American Tourist party in commemoration of their visit to our thrice sacred island, Lanka, 'the resplendent,' by the Maha-Bodhi Society, 21st November, 2453 Buddhist Era."

In the preface it is stated:

"The Christian Church is far-seeing enough to observe that from no quarter is its supremacy menaced so strongly as from the teaching of the Indian Prince of the tribe of the Sakyos. Even the German Emperor was moved to call all Christendom to a united battle against Buddhism in an allegorical painting wherein he depicts it as a disastrous, destructive power. But the truth promulgated by the Buddha is not destructive to the civilization of Europe, as the Emperor imagines; it is a destroyer only of error, delusion, superstition, and of mental and moral bondage; and only those have occasion to become alarmed to whose advantage it is when darkness reigns instead of light."

It was stated in the preface that the first German edition of the catechism appeared in 1888, and that the copies distributed were from a translation of the eighth edition; and that the work had been translated into French, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Russian, and Japanese.

But I turn for a moment or two to an incident which occurred at Mount Lavinia, the picturesque and palm-crowned headland told about in the newspaper letter. Callow English youths were seated at a table in the hotel, and with the sufficient air which distinguishes many Englishmen in the Far East, bent supercilious looks as groups of the American party entered. Although the day



was extremely warm even for Mount Lavinia, they were drinking whiskey and "brandy-and-sodas." From glances they progressed to stares, and finally to remarks which were caustic, but without wit, remarks made in a stage aside. Finally one cub made a clumsy and labored observation about "Americans" which was intolerable. Quick as a flash one of our section shaded his eyes with one hand and stretched the other seaward:

"Ryder," said he to a companion, "that is the Bay of Bengal. It's big enough for three Englishmen to go wading in it at the same time."

It was an inelegant and rather cheap hit, but if circumstances could justify the whack, it was certainly justified. At any rate the members of the party within earshot smiled broadly, and the thick-witted and large-pedaled cub had no response ready.

A story might be told about Little Joe's experience immediately after leaving the Garden of Perideniya, "Condensed Ceylon." It was stated in the newspaper letter that the boy clambered to a position on an elephant's shoulder and was photographed. As he was sitting astride the pachyderm's neck he looked across the lane and in the twilight saw a Hindu, who was kneeling at the edge and was bowing his head toward a small receptacle in which some of the passers-by dropped small coins. The native was bald, and as he bowed the crown of his head touched the can.

With memories of humorous illustrations fresh in his mind, Little Joe shrilled out with:

"Popper, is that Happy Houlihan and his tomato can?"



## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

THREE days carried us up the Bay of Bengal, into the Hooghly River, and to Calcutta, capital city of India. The first of these days taught us a new lesson, one of interest to a family traveling on a three months' trip on the same ship. It was Guenther, along with Mikkarie, who taught us the lesson.

Guenther was the patient, plodding draft-horse who was our cabin steward. Everybody stepped on him, and you used a chisel and mallet to get a joke into his poor patient cerebellum. It seemed that the whereabouts of a white sailor blouse of Little Joe's which went to the laundry over a fortnight before we reached Ceylon was shrouded in mystery. The wash had come back to us in a wrapping-paper package and had been paid for. It was not till after the package was opened that the absence was discovered. Guenther was astonished; pained; said he would speak to Mikkarie. Several days went by, and Guenther said Mikkarie was looking for the garment. Several more dragged along, and Guenther then said that Mikkarie was "excited" and that he could do nodding with Mikkarie. At this juncture Pretty Mamma drew me into the complication. I was mystified as to the identity of Mikkarie, but in due season learned that I was to deal with McCarty, foreman of the laundry.

McCarty was very sorry, sir, but the Dutchman had got him that riled that he had told the Dutchman to go — never mind about that, sir. A heart-to-heart talk with McCarty and a good cigar led to the resurrection of the blouse. You may think that this is a trivial matter to

immortalize here, but if you were taking a family around the world you would recognize its domestic importance.

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Near the mouth of the Hooghly River we transferred to a river steamboat, not unlike one of the pilot days of Mark Twain. As sailors in the Far East explain it, the Hooghly River shallows and bars make fast. Occasionally a week or two will witness the foundation of a bar, and pilots are unwilling to take a vessel of deep draft up to Calcutta. Some of the bars have a property resembling that of a quicksand, and, all in all, the captains of sea-going vessels are well content to anchor some seventy-five or eighty-five miles below the city.

Scarcely had our section of the party reached port in the Grand Continental Hotel in Calcutta when two American women, residents of Dhurumtolla Road, called on several of the members. They were field workers of the Woman's Restoration League, an organization engaged in the uplifting of women in India.

India is a land of swollen wealth, with famine and suffering at the side of immense riches; a land of ancient customs, one of the strangest of which is the practice of child marriage. Centuries ago, as Mohammedan warriors were conquering the peninsula, the brute, unbridled passion of the invaders led them to excesses in all lines of violence, but married native women were immune. To secure protection for the young girls, Hindus gave their daughters in betrothal at the age of ten, and the age in a short time in many instances was made five or six. It was quickly found that little girls to secure the protection wished should be sent to the homes of their prospective parents-in-law. From such a start has grown a custom which has outlived the original necessity, and which is now interwoven with the Hindu religion, a custom which at first is almost inconceivable to the American mind, is later disputed as a mistake in statement, and finally accepted with horror and repulsion.



Child marriages are, according to native economists, to the missionaries, and to officials of the British administration, a social scourge to India. The evil stunts the physical growth of the young mothers,—girls from ten to twelve years of age,—checks their spiritual development, and makes home education next to impossible. It leads on to unspeakable cruelty and to desertion and suicide.



WIFE, *Nine*. HUSBAND, *Forty-five*

When the matter is taken up with a man not familiar with the evil, he supposes that mere betrothal is meant. It is that which is meant, and much more, complete marriage, with the full intent of the institution. The marriage of a girl of nine or ten years of age is no novelty in Calcutta, or in nearly any Indian city where the ancient faith of the Hindus has numerous followers. A teaching of the Hindu religion requires a girl to be married at

twelve, at the latest; otherwise she is thought to be unmarried, and is in danger of losing caste. Her parents are disgraced, and they, too, are in danger of losing caste.

Tourists from the ship were told of specific instances of marriages of girls at the age of ten and eleven, and with their own eyes they saw on sidewalks in the native quarters girls who were still children who were wearing in the median parting of their hair the scarlet line which is the sign of wifehood. I saw a girl with the slim physique of childhood who was pointed out as nine years who wore the scarlet stain; she was described as the wife of the man whose store she tended by day and whose home she occupied.

Some of the husbands are boys of nineteen or twenty, but some are forty-five or more. I was told of a man of sixty-five who was married to a girl of ten.

An American woman told of an experience of a child-wife which the woman saw and investigated. The child had been taken to her new home, across a creek from that of her birth. The pain which she endured led her to return to her old home. She was escorted back to her husband's, and on the next day again sought her parents. Her husband then led her to the creek and plunged her head under the water, repeatedly pressing it below the surface and covering it on emergence with a small chicken coop.

When the American woman interfered, the man declared that the girl was possessed of a devil, and that it was his duty to drive the devil out. Many a story like this is told. Other stories are told which are not for print.

A dozen years ago some of the American missionaries assaulted this monstrous and cruel evil, but their work is wide, and the child marriage evil is but one of their many targets. In other directions the missionaries appear to have made splendid progress, but in this they have made little, if any, headway.

Speaking in a broad way, a British administration rarely interferes with, directly by law, with the natives' religion.

On account of these and other reasons there was but

slight improvement in the situation until 1901, when some American women organized the Woman's Restoration League of India. Two women from Los Angeles who had traveled in India and seen some of the hideous details of the child-wives' servitude were instrumental in the forming of the league.

By a woman who is a field worker for the league, I was



NORRENDONATH SEN

taken to the home of Norrendo Nath Sen, owner and editor of the *Indian Mirror*, a leading publication in the city, who is active among the small body of natives who are combatting the evil. I was told by the Indian gentleman that there was an increasing feeling among numbers of the Hindus that the custom was weakening the race. The best aid for any improvement lay, so I was told, in any change for the better in the Hindu public opinion.

The field workers to whom I have referred are Miss



Carrie A. Tennant, vice-president of the league, and Mrs. Caroline P. Wallace. Miss Mary Garbutt of Los Angeles is the president.

Justice Ashutosh Muskeiji is one of the leaders of the reform movement. He is a Brahmin of the Brahmins. He was born in Calcutta and is a son of a prominent physician. He graduated from College with great honor and entered the High Court of Calcutta. The justice is vice-chancellor of Calcutta University. Until a short time ago he was known as a genuine orthodox Hindu, but when he allowed the remarrying of his young daughter his standing as a genuine follower of the orthodox view was lost. The marriage of a widow is looked upon as one of the most flagrant offenses against the faith.

Justice Muskeiji opposes child marriage because of the intolerable misery which child widows are called on to endure. His reputation as a jurist is secure, but it is probable that he will be more widely known as an enlightened reformer and social worker, than for his labor on the bench. His attitude toward his daughter's remarriage has done more to advance the remedy of the monstrous evil than the work which any other Hindu has done in many a year.

Most of the work for the cure of the evil is carried along lines largely or entirely apart from the missionary work. It is recognized that the religious opposition is much less when the change is advocated from the inside than is pressed by foreigners and a different religion. The legislation which would be necessary is desired to be gained on Hindu initiative.

The evil elicited considerable interest among numbers of the tourists who looked into the situation. Some who felt scanty interest in the missionary movement were more disposed to aid in the campaign than in the missionary work. Miss Tennant received encouragement of a substantial nature, and names and address were given for her future use.

Christian work in the city is much in evidence when an

observer looks for it. There are two Y. M. C. A. buildings. There are cathedrals, churches, and religious institutions. The Bishop's College was erected by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The Jesuit's College is another Christian building. But the number of Hindu temples is far greater than that of Christian buildings and institutions of whatever description. There are many mosques.

We were taken in gharries to the site of The Black Hole of Calcutta, and saw the slab and the tablet which mark the crime of the Nawab of Bengal, who captured Fort William in 1756. The story was new to some of the party, who listened with horror as they were told of the crowding of one hundred and forty-six Europeans into a guardroom scarcely twenty-one feet square, where the prisoners were confined overnight. In the morning but twenty-three were breathing.

We saw, too, the noble banyan tree, which has now a spread nearly equal to half a city square. It was grateful to pass into its shade, and rest.

From an afternoon of sight-seeing, we returned to the Grand Continental Hotel, to find posted in the corridor a notice that in the theatre nearby a performance would be given, that evening, of "The Merry Widow." Truly, either the world is small, or Calcutta is not a nook for a simon pure child of Wanderlust. At any rate I economize space for a city which is aside from the highway of the East and bestow it on the capital of Burmah.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE PARADISE OF THE MISSIONARY.

A SHIP has a sea routine. We of this ship are now familiar with the sea routine from the time the bugler sounds reveille to the time certain stewards turn down or out lights in the smoking-rooms and the social hall. We recognize that we are divorced from life ashore and are ten thousand miles away from New York. Ours is a life that was at first new to



BLESSINGS IN A BUNCH

most but the world-belters; it is now routine to the great mass.

It is probably the first time that any large number of families with children have traveled around the planet on purely a pleasure trip. I have told about some of the experiences, happy and sad, which we have met with on the ship, and to these permit me to add an account which many a sadly pestered father will appreciate.



All of the day after leaving Calcutta Little Joe misbehaved. The fact is, that he equaled his record for naughtiness. At dinner his conduct was that reprehensible that it devolved on me to check him, and at once. But how to check the lad? That was the rub. Family life on a ship like the *Cleveland* is so new that no benevolent John Habberton has formulated advice as to emergency of such a nature. The little fellow, with the wisdom of children (who know much more than the average grown-up gives credit for), counted on his mother's aversion to a scene, and he ran riot until father was in the logic of matters forced to intervene.

And so it was that with a lusty and vociferous Joe under my wing I navigated from the extreme forward port corner of the after dining-room around to the starboard side with nearly a hundred diners in amazement and not a few of them making audible observation as to my cruelty. The journey continued forward to the forward dining-room. Pretty Mamma was by that time full of ruth and consumed with alarm for the boy. I discovered her in my wake, and in a jiffy heard her beg me to put Joe down, the very worst thing which I could have done. No; the thing now was to teach the lad that his sire was stern and must be obeyed. So it was down to the middle deck and into the stateroom.

By that time the boy was discerning that he had made a mistake and when the first preparations were being made for further correction he was really, and for sufficient reason, penitent. But the correction was made, and I had the consolation of hearing a voice in the next room say: "It was high time. That kid has been intolerable all day."

I dwell on this incident for the reason that many a father is likely to take young hopefuls around the world in the next five or six years, and to suggest that, while everything depends on the individual, there are individuals who require heroic treatment,—and the sooner the better. We had no further trouble with Joe till we went ashore in

Manila, where well intending people interfered with discipline, and it became necessary to restore regulation, even in the Hotel de France, in the Filipino capital.

While I am touching on family life on a steamship on a trip let me explain a trait which is fast developing among our tourists. Clerks and porters in nearly every hotel in the Far East appear to have for their institutions an esprit du corps or some other feeling which impels them to distribute hotel labels and to offer to paste these on suit-cases. By the time we departed from Calcutta several hundred of the suit-cases were growing resplendent with gorgeous "stickers," as the more frivolous called them. In most instances the owners of the cases aided and abetted the hotel people in decorating.

Some of the conveniences of home must be missing on a trip to the Far East. It is difficult or impossible to obtain mucilage, for instance. Against that, numbers of the passengers gave to their cabin stewards retainers to find paste and to stick on labels which the travelers had secured at hotel office desks.

Large and important as it is, Rangoon is still an out-of-the-way place, as far as travel from America is concerned. The stream which comes from the West dwindles to a rill by the time it reaches Calcutta. That which travels to the West comes nearly to a full stop at Manila and Hong Kong. The around the world travelers touch at Singapore and either Calcutta or Colombo, but few of them turn aside to see Rangoon.

Accordingly Rangoon possessed nearly the same novel charm to the great body of our passengers that Labuan possessed, later on, for the real thing among globe-trotters. It was a port which was new and therefore interesting, whatever its own real merits.

Rangoon is the capital and chief port of Burmah. It is situated on the east branch of the Irrawaddy River, and has a fine location for internal, as well as foreign transportation. It has a population of well over a quarter of a

million. The main industrial plants are lumber, rice, and oil mills. Tea and rice are the main exports.

On the float at the landing, as our tenders approached,



*Courtesy of Thomas A. Peabody.*

#### JAIN TEMPLE, IN CALCUTTA

an old friend from the homeland was standing, topee in hand, and eyeing the tourists in search for his lang syne companion. He was the Reverend Jesse F. Smith, pro-



fessor of the Pali language in the Rangoon Baptist College, a son of a fine old comrade of the Grand Army back in "The States."

I climbed over the rail of the tender and caught Jesse's eye, and if you ever saw a delighted man, it was he. As the family went across the gangplank and onto the jetty our old friend swooped down on us.

Ere long we were on our way toward the beautiful Shway Dagon pagoda, perhaps the most gorgeous and beautiful Buddhist temple in the world. Ancient tradition gravely figures that the foundation was laid in 588 B. C. The temple rises to imposing height, and is visible for miles around; seaward it is to be seen even from the Bay of Bengal, and that morning we had feasted our eyes on its effulgent golden dome long before the ship tied up at her mooring buoy.

From a high terrace the pagoda rises and fines down to a narrow shaft and curves in slender grace to a tip some three hundred and seventy-five feet above the base line.

Leaving our gharry, we walked along a wide street lined with distinctive Oriental buildings toward a broad flight covered by an elaborately carved canopy of teakwood resting on stone pillars.

A little child ran toward us with roses in its small hand, and reached out the fragrant nosegay, with a salaam. In a moment the flowers were in my hand and an anna was in the little fist. Professor Smith then told me that the flowers were supposed to be an offering for a Buddhistic shrine. The tiny tad had more clothing than some of his cousins wore back in Ceylon and Calcutta. He was a Burmese, and his complexion! Imagine mixing copper and light drab and keeping the resultant clear and true and fresh, and you might have the tint of Burman childhood cheeks.

Then we passed over a well-shaded landing and traversed farther heavenward up another wide flight protected by a teakwood hood, arriving at another landing,

where small booths were found. Brilliant flowers made the booths gay. Happy, innocent tykes smiled at us from the counters, and made the inevitable salaams.

Little Joe gazed at the Burmese boys with delighted astonishment, and the Burmese boys gazed on him with delighted astonishment. A freckly-faced paleface boy with carrot hair was as amusing a novelty to them as little lumps of living copper were to Joe.

Ascending with patience worthy the patient Guenther we gained the terrace platform in time and were informed that we were some one hundred and seventy-five feet above the base. We advanced from the garish tropical sunlight outside to the shadowy interior of a shrine where we discerned a priest with a shaven head and bare feet who was clad in a yellow robe. The votary was on his knees, reciting in a strange tongue, which Professor Smith said was the Pali. The professor stated that the recital was in the nature of a confession, varied by prayer. Small candles were burning on an altar. Devotees from the laity were kneeling in the shadows. They were men of earnest and absorbed mien, clad in the humblest clothing. As we stood near the line of sunlight a priest came in his yellow robe, worn with the pride with which a Senator of Cicero's time might have worn a toga. He knelt reverently with bare knee on the hard stone. In the twilight of the depths of the shrine amid the dark shadows rose the unshapely mass of a figure of Buddha, cross-legged, and with the fingers of equal length. Offerings of rice and roses were at irregular intervals on the floor.

It was a strange scene. From the gloom we of the Western world emerged with a mixture of feelings, and for the time were subdued in spirit and expression. Some of us termed the scene weird, but that is not the word to picture the sight in that temple. The worship was to the Burmese there a vital worship, and they derived spiritual stimulus and undoubtedly went forth into that garish sunshine and the heat of the city, morally refreshed.

In the gloom and the mystery some of the voyagers saw reverence, and others saw only idolatry and misbegotten fanaticism. But all saw devotion and earnestness of a strange kind.

Around the base of the high central pagoda we saw shrine after shrine, many of them miniature pagodas. In one spot was a line of small temples, representing the seven days of the week; a devout Buddhist coming to the line is to select the one which stands for his natal day.

In another spot rose a glittering shrine with a portico of great height with columns of dark-colored glass, and back under the roof was the figure of Buddha cast in gleaming brass. One of the small temples is specialized with figures of elephants. In another a tiny banyan tree is starting to spread its aerial roots. In a corner of the high city wall is a much larger banyan, and between two of its buttress roots some devotee has built a shrine, in a spirit not unlike, perhaps, that of an old-time Greek who worshiped a naiad of the forest.

It was a fascinating stroll, that trip around the great central pagoda in the morning, with Rangoon's panorama below, spires, minarets, mosques, churches, and Oriental architecture stretching away from the foreground to the yellow river with its green islands and the buoyant tropical greenery beyond the middle distance merging into hazy horizon.

High overhead in a golden cone, slender and blazing, gleamed and glistened that pagoda shaft, tapering to its three hundred and seventy feet toward mid-air, a dazzling spectacle. In the brilliant tropical sunlight it was the one central and supreme object for the whole of the range of the eye.

A slim iron spire is the final culmination of the great tribute to Buddha, and supports a crown of gems reputed to be worth eighty thousand pounds.

Portions of the shaft where the gold leaf were washing or disintegrating were being redecorated with leaf when we



were in Rangoon, and a bamboo staging was slowly ascending the lower curve toward the disturbed bents. Somehow the work reminded me of a like sight when similar repairs were being made to the gold leaf on the dome of the State Capitol of Connecticut some years ago.



MRS. ALICE J. HARRIS  
In Charge of Ship Entertainments

We had seen bamboo staging in different places in India. In fact we were informed that it was seldom that hammer and nails were used in the building of any aerial platform in the Far East.

In the tour around the terrace we stopped to purchase

fruit and some of the seed\* we saved with the intention of giving it to a friend at home who has a greenhouse. Popaya seed were stowed in a pocket against our return to the ship, where they were placed in a toy case of Joe's. From the terrace we loitered down the almost interminable steps, casting lingering looks at the buoyant, living leafage and the low-roofed town, and at the uninviting creek which Kipling has described in "Mandalay." Near the base we entered a native bazaar and found the *salesmen* to be women!

And now permit me a digression, an intermezzo, if you please. The Burman is good-natured and amiable and indolent,—all of which is diplomatic for lazy and shif'les', as we say in dear old New England. Mrs. Burman is also good-natured, but she is full of business. If a bit of jade is worth eight rupees, she asks twenty, and is liable to get eighteen for it, unless you comprehend the situation, and even then she is certain to get a good, fat fifteen, for she is a born bargainer, and can cut circles around even a good, old-fashioned Congregational deacon.

Mrs. and Miss Burman have teeth like ivory, hair like ebony, and eyes of some Mongolian cast which bring to your memory romantic lines by Byron and songs of Tom Moore. They have complexions without ever a blemish and of a tint which we may have seen on Oriental china and costumes which mere man can only admire and describe as dreams in pink and mauve or ecru.

Miss Burman may wear her feet bare, but frequently she is shod in marvelous sandals, sometimes in slippers which Queen Titania may have used when she drew her court in the moonlight of midsummer.

Miss Burman is a living cameo and your eyes feast on daintiness and beauty and you are fully content when she shows that it requires fifteen rupees to do the duty of eight. That is, you are content, unless Wife is at hand the next moment.

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\* The seeds were turned over to Clarence R. Sadd, of Burnside, Connecticut, on our return to God's country; they were planted in a greenhouse, but, alas! never germinated.

But to terminate the intermezzo and come back to earth, we purchased temple brasses, jade, toys, and knick-knacks of Miss Burman ere we fared forth into the sunlight and down a few hundred more steps and entered the gharry which conveyed us to Professor Smith's home at the Baptist College. There we were welcomed by Mrs. Smith and her two young children. In a large, high-ceilinged dining-room tiffin was served, beginning with black rice and advancing through courses of native or English dishes to popaya and coffee. For the benefit of the uninitiated I might say that popaya is some wonderful kind of improved melon, armed and equipped with seeds which are in a class with pepper.

Professor Smith showed to us a number of the buildings of the Rangoon Baptist College, beginning with the Cushing Memorial Hall, just completed, erected to the memory of the Reverend Doctor J. N. Cushing, a former president of the college.

The site of the college is along a part of a broad laterite ridge, about fifty feet higher than the Rangoon River, in Athlone, a residential section of the city. Fine old trees rise around several of the buildings. A highway running through the grounds divides them into the west and the east compound. The land includes some twenty-seven acres.

Cushing Hall is in the east compound. Its style is the English Renaissance modified to meet the Rangoon climate. Brick is used, with light red facings and cement dressings; the ceilings are of asbestos, the girders and pillars are of the finest steel, and the floors are in reinforced concrete. The roof is laid in red Marseilles tile. It is equipped throughout with electric lights and the auditorium has electric fans, a very present blessing, as we joyfully admitted when we attended a rally there later in the day. The building has an entire frontage of three hundred and thirty-six feet, of which the memorial hall or auditorium has a frontage of one hundred. On either side of the hall is a classroom, and beyond either of these is a wing separated



from the main structure by an arched driveway. One wing contains four lecture-rooms, the college library and reading-room, and the offices of the president and the treasurer. The other wing contains dormitories, a dining-room, and a social room for the use of day scholars when not in the classrooms.

The furniture is of teakwood, and is from American patterns followed by the Chinese who made the furniture. The cost of the articles was nearly 10,000 rupees. The land is worth three times that and the cost of the building was 160,000 rupees.

I have entered into some detail, because the college is a direct result of the work of missionaries past and present in Rangoon. Christian work in Burmah's capital has met with its ups and downs; it has in the long run been wonderfully successful, and the growth of the work is shown by the establishment of a college which would be a credit to some of our own states at home, and by the numbers and the enthusiasm and standing of the converts. It would not be going too far to name Rangoon a Paradise of the Missionary.

The money for the Cushing building was raised in part by native Christians, in part by gifts from Baptists in the United States, and in part by grants of educational money from the government of India.

The start of early mission work for Rangoon may be said to trace back to February 6, 1812, and to Salem in the Old Bay State. On that day one Adoniram Judson was ordained as a Congregational minister. Becoming a Baptist, Judson thrilled with the missionary spirit, and sailed for Burmah, while it was still a wild, strange, and unknown land of savage tribes, ruled by a half-barbaric king who was hostile to all white foreigners. It was in such unpromising environment that young Judson began a work destined to immortalize his name and to lead on through shadow and storm and distress to golden results.

Soon after his arrival trouble arose with the English, who were encroaching, and Judson was, like early mis-

sionaries in the apostolic times, cast into prison. The missionaries were at work translating the Bible in Burman. At one time the manuscript was in danger, and it was hidden in a pillow and thus saved from destruction.

When Judson started his work, Ko Thah Byu was the leader of a wild robber band of Karens back in the forest region. He was converted, and was baptized in 1828, becoming a remarkable evangelist.

Later days in the mission history of Burmah also contain much that is savage and cruel. One of the thrilling stories deals with a tribe in the remote northern mountains, near the Chinese boundary, to which caravans in those times paid tribute. It was a half-barbaric tribe with fastnesses among the almost inaccessible summits, and it thrived in its lawless and primitive way. It is related that one of the wild chiefs heard of the medical skill of a missionary and sent down a band with coolies and ponies to escort him to the hills for a short stay. The missionary made good. He cured a favorite retainer of the chief, bringing him back to health and strength when pneumonia was making a strong bid for the man. After that the missionaries had a square deal as far as that chief was concerned.

In 1878 the Reverend W. H. Roberts went to the hills as a permanent missionary. On his journey inland he was informed that King Thebaw had just put to death some eighty-four of the royal brothers and sisters. The missionary's journey up the Irrawaddy River was made in a small steamboat. Before fifty miles were made the steamer grounded on a bar, and after bucking the sand for three days the craft gave it up, and then Mr. Roberts made the remainder of the distance in a native boat.

For twelve years he labored in northern Burmah amid discouragement and hardship, but in the main achieving success. At one time his compound, which was just outside the east gate of Bhamo, was captured by Chinese invaders, but the men with yellow faces spared the family with the white faces, in consequence of which clemency he

was looked on by some of the Burmese as a traitor. At another period in the troubled times he was frequently fired upon, and one night his house was burned. In the course of his labors two of the schoolhouses which he built were burned by lawless opponents of the faith. It was amid scenes and contentions such as these that the early missions in northern Burmah were established. But at the end of the twelve years Mr. Roberts had at his home station seventy members and property valued at twenty thousand rupees. This was back in 1891.

From beginnings such as these, the Baptists of Burmah have gone forward with faith and courage till they have divided their field in the ancient kingdom into eighteen districts. They have in their churches some seventy thousand members and in the Sunday Schools nearly twenty-five thousand children. The baptisms in 1908 were 3,314 in number, and the work is reaching over into the kingdom of Siam. What wonder that Rangoon is called a Missionary's Paradise?

It is a pleasure to hark back for a moment to the college. The institution is an outgrowth of a mission high school. In the high school stage it was qualified to present candidates for the entrance examinations of the University of Calcutta. In 1894 it obtained affiliation with the university as a First Arts College. In 1909 it advanced to full college rank, and it teaches a four years' curriculum and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. When we visited it the registered students were fifty-eight in number, and the indications for the next year promised a much larger registration. Two American scholarships are offered, one by William Jennings Bryan and the other by a Christian Endeavor Society in Berkeley, California.

On a Sunday afternoon we were driven in a gharry to the Cushing assembly hall to attend a Christian Endeavor rally, at which delegations were present from every Baptist church in Rangoon. Soon after our arrival every seat in the hall was occupied, dark-tinted young men and women



began lining up along the walls. As the service started a delegation of Burmese schoolboys arrived, entering in columns of twos, raven-haired little copper-hued fellows with sparkling eyes, most of them wearing short jackets, trousers, and slippers, but a few of them being bare-footed.

Every seat was pre-empted, and for a moment consternation reigned among the little lads, but in the twinkling of an eye a businesslike Chinaman with a cue appeared from nowhere in particular and whisked down a roll of matting which he spread on the floor in the lee of the reading desk. And there, double the number of Eugene Aram's "four and twenty happy boys" squatted with legs crossed in the shadow of the platform. Back of them, tier upon tier upon tier of girls and boys ascended in the amphitheatre, children from the dark mahogany of the Hindu and the even darker mahogany of the melancholy Tamil, some of which race we had seen in Ceylon, to the bronze of Karen and the clean, clear Mongolian copper of the gay-hearted Burman. On our drive we had passed one of the many delegations, a band of little girls in gay costumes, pretty pink and mauve, and short half-sandals, somewhat like sandals which we later saw in Japan, except that they were closer to the ground.

In that sea of shining dark faces and bared heads little clusters of white topees and straw hats showed the presence of ladies from the ship. They were not unlike surf in a dark sea.

Among the speakers who addressed the gathering was Miss Alice Judson of Stratford, Connecticut, a granddaughter of Adoniram Judson, who was to serve in a mission in Japan. The Reverend Francis E. Clark was another. The addresses of these speakers were in English, and their words were translated sentence by sentence by an interpreter whose father was Chinese and whose mother was Burmese.

A Tamil orchestra sat at one end of the platform. Three of the grave, quiet, dark men had strange looking

instruments. Imagine bass viols crossed with guitars and you may have an idea of the instruments on which these Tamil brothers played. Another of the musicians had a violin. In front of this orchestra sat little boys and girls of the Tamil lineage, with sombre visages of deep mahogany and mien of melancholy. The dark musicians played a weird and yet tuneful chant, and the children sang a plaintive rendering of the eighty-third psalm. The service included the reading of a chapter of the Old Testament in Burmese and a prayer in another native language. To conclude the service the Doxology was sung in English, Karen, Burmese, Tamil, and Talegu, concurrently. It was a picturesque termination to a worship which was even more novel and interesting than that which had been witnessed in the Methodist church in Madeira.

In the course of our stay in Rangoon we drove out in a gharry to a timberyard on a muddy, dismal creek, and marveled at the sight of an elephant as a hauler of wood. A huge pachyderm with one of his tusks broken bore on his back a little brown man with a big, bright steel hook, with which the directions were conveyed to the beast. Little Joe was completely delighted when he saw the great animal curve his trunk around a log or a teakwood plank and lift it to a carrier operated by machinery which transported it to a sawmill. Occasionally a plank was out of position or was wedged in between others, and then the beast used his full-length tusk as a lever and obtained a good purchase under it. To some of his admirers he seemed to have nearly as much gray matter as the man on his back.

Ere long came the hour in the late afternoon when we were to leave Rangoon. We drove slowly to the jetty, gazing at the wayside life, life in a strange out-of-the-way city on the morningside of the world, where the Aryan race was born. At one moment I was interested in a water-carrier with earthen jars slung from a bamboo pole balanced over his shoulder. Chinamen passed us in black skull caps, loose jackets, and zouave baggy trousers. A

flock of goats and kids straggled by. A sleek, small, cream-colored bullock was drawing a cart with one pair of wheels and a long, slatted body. Along the sidewalks were knots of Burmese men and women, of a reduced Mongolian type, cheek-bones less conspicuous than the original, and the eyes less slanting. Most of the men were in lungyis, or short



THE BEST STEWARDESS IN THE  
WORLD

skirts of colored silk, gathered in a queer way around the loins. The women were in jackets and lungyis or temaines, open skirts of richly figured or embroidered silk. Nearly every daughter of Eve wore jewelry to excess, but genuine jewelry, mainly jade, but with some silver and gold. Jade is found in quantity in Burmah, and is considered "lucky."

It was Rangoon's winter; yet that winter's day was such that most of the Burmese women were carrying fans.



The fans were of gay and bizarre, even grotesque patterns. Occasionally a parasol was hoisted, a gorgeous thing in a riotous medley of maudlin color.

It was a laughing, good-humored throng, living in the moment that passed. The people were in an indolent Mardi Gras spirit, the spirit without the energy, a spirit they carry from cradle to coffin. It is this contented, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care attitude toward life which has led some of the English to call them the Irish of the East.



## CHAPTER X.

### SIX HUNDRED BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATES.

**I**N the first dusk of a December evening the ship stood away from the city and down the Irrawaddy River. As night was shutting down she began to feel the swell from the Bay of Bengal. It was a memorable sail down the Malay coast, by night and in the broad tropical sunlight, toward Singapore, the strange and strangely beautiful city on the island at the tip of the Malay Peninsula.

Singapore lies where the courses of long voyaging ships in the Far East converge, as spokes meet in the hub. If you look at one of the maps which show ships' routes in those waters you might think of fashion pictures which were made in your grandmothers' time, when a pinched waist with radiating curves above and flaring lines below was the mold of form. Even so Singapore is the pinched strait whence arcs of great circles curve and flare away. Ships from every important maritime nation follow, out or in, those lines. Ships, too, from little nations in Asia and Oceanica, about which few but sailors and children of the Wanderlust know, enter and clear at Singapore.

Great steamships which cost millions of dollars, tramps and wildcats which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, brigs and brigantines and Occidental wind-jammers which mean lean tens of thousands, and junks which mean bare thousands, and sampans which mean scant hundreds are in the shifting, continuous play which crowds the stage of Singapore Roads. The latest on the stage may be flying the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, or the tri-color of France, or the black, white, and red of the German Empire, or the rising sun of imperial Japan, or any one of

twenty other flags. There is a charm in viewing the picture which the giant scene-shifter, Commerce, presents. It is a scene which has the fascination of uncertainty and the education which a real spectacle on a real stage offers.

What most interested observing travelers among the party as we neared the anchorage were the numbers of junks and sampans and the quantity of brigantines. In our home waters brigantines are almost a novelty, schooners having almost a prescriptive right for the carrying of our commerce, as far as sails are concerned. We were informed that a century ago the island was barely inhabited, and that in 1819 the first British factory in Singapore was established; that in 1824 the sultan of Johore sold the island for what in American money is some sixty-seven thousand dollars and a life annuity of twenty-seven thousand dollars. It would be interesting to see the figures which an actuary could evolve as to what the payment would produce now and here. At any rate the realty, alone, in Singapore means millions and many millions of dollars, many times over.

We were informed, too, about the climate, and were assured that it was "uniformly serene." It was told to us that the water was disturbed only by swells from distant tempests in the China Seas or the Bay of Bengal.

The city is about seventy-six miles from the equator. It has a sea front of about six miles, and a population somewhere about a quarter of a million, the exact number being difficult to obtain because of the unwillingness of the Chinese inhabitants to give correct information about themselves.

On the landing stage an American missionary met us and distributed slips containing a list of the Christian churches in the city and a small store of information about them and the Christian work in Singapore, information which no guide-book included. In fact, the encyclopedias, too, had little information about the city which was later than 1904.



We found the city to be well paved and well built, many of the buildings having been erected only five or six years. We went in carriages to the station, and then in special trains to the narrow water which separates the island from the tip of the peninsula. It was through a variety of scenery that the trains bore us, well-kept bungalows and lawns and grounds at first greeting the party, and the land then insensibly merging into matted forests and swampy woodland which were almost jungles.

A small steamer ferried us across the half mile of salt water and landed us in the territory of the sultan. Next came the inevitable gee whiz for the rickshaws which were in line along the esplanade, and after that the ride behind sweating coolies to the palace of the sultan, at the crest of a low hill, a mile away. The sultan was not visible to speak for himself, but we were told that he was the possessor of three wives and also had in the inventory some three hundred wives by the left hand.

Entraining, we returned to Singapore, and went in victorias to the Raffles Hotel, named after Sir Stamford Raffles, who, more than any one other person, caused the founding of the modern city.

Pardon me for a moment's digression about Sir Stamford. He was born at sea, off the Island of Jamaica, in 1781, and at the age of fourteen entered business in the East India House. He mastered the Malay language and gained the notice of Lord Minto, governor-general of India. Java having been taken from the Dutch, Raffles was appointed lieutenant-governor. On the restoration of the island, he returned to England and was knighted. Three years later he caused the founding of Singapore as an outpost of a commercial nature to counteract the influence of the Dutch in this part of the world. He set sail for home in 1824, but the ship caught fire, and a natural history collection, drawings, and notes valued at one hundred thousand dollars were lost.

A lady confided to me that she was disappointed in

Singapore as a shopping place; against that a man said that he was greatly impressed by the commercial activity of the city. It is my own view that each was right; that the dry-goods shops carry little that visitors value as souvenirs, and that the city deals in the more substantial and heavy articles and products which are needed for home use.

I find the following in Pauline's note-book and purloin it, speculating as to what will be her remark when she sees it in print:

"Although the sun's rays are so strong the women wear no hats. They work and walk unprotected from the heat, and do not so much as feel it."

In the afternoon we took another ride, and visited the botanical gardens, which are especially beautiful, but with the memory of the garden of Perideniya fresh with us the really splendid garden of Singapore made but little impression.

#### POSEIDON'S CALL.

As I have written, Singapore is but seventy-six miles from the equator, and when we sailed from the city in the evening it was figured that about midnight the good ship would cross the line. At two bells in the first watch there was a commotion on the fore-castle, and two strange-looking objects made their way to the port promenade deck, where the captain was conversing with ladies in the brilliant tropical moonlight. The visitors were in garb such as eye rarely chances upon. They addressed the burly and jovial mariner in German, and announced that they had been dispatched by the lord of the water to say that he, with royal train, would be pleased to call on the captain and the tourists at two o'clock in the afternoon, inasmuch as the hour of midnight was inconvenient, and that the rite of baptism would be observed for the benefit of all on board who had not gone that way before.

A number of the children who were still abroad as late as nine o'clock kept sharp eyes on the two heralds as they

retired, but just then the moon was buried behind flying wrack and the little fry did not discover where the men disappeared to.

Young couples went forward after the messengers from Poseidon left and remarked, ere they started, that they were to watch for the equator. It was commented upon that they were the same scientists who had searched for the Southern Cross when the ship was sailing the Red Sea; it will be remembered that one young son of science on that occasion hunted for half an hour, attempting to find the Southern Cross in the eye of his lovely companion.

All through the next morning the children on the Cleveland were in a flutter of excitement. The older children, those who had attained the mature years of eleven or twelve, were busy in making it evident to Little Joe and to the little fairy from Louisville, who were eight and six, respectively, that direful things were about to occur. The older ones, with the cruelty of children, filled the two little minds with apprehension, till Joe went to Mr. Clark, the organizer-in-chief of the tour, and begged protection. The little fellow had been assured by a lad of twelve that the sovereign of the sea would call for Joe and duck him in the water one minute for each year of Joe's age.

In like manner, the little fairy from Louisville was told that she was to be ducked till her hair ribbons would run. Joe and Mattalea were solemnly promised that they would be "drown-ded." At first the parents of the two tots paid little attention to these developments, but the good, benevolent grandmother of Mattalea was distressed at the girl's terror, and said that it was "a shame."

Joe is arriving at that age of iconoclasm when he grows skeptical about Santy Claus, and for a spell he was not indisposed to classify Poseidon in the same watch as Santy; and so I was ready to let him have a bit of a scare, that he might return to faith in the children's saint at the same time that he was learning by physical evidence of the existence of Poseidon.



Shortly before two o'clock the word was passed quietly aft to me that the King of the Line was arriving over the starboard bow and was asking for the youngest on board. I immediately informed Joe and Mattalea that it was his gracious royal will to receive them first of all the tourists. It must be confessed that Joe was unenthusiastic. He loitered, till I took his hand. The honored sire of Mattalea took the tiny fist of that little fairy and the two children went forward in tow of their fathers, followed by the photographer of the ship, Mr. Raven. The boy and the girl were each silent and inclined to commune with their own thoughts.

A screen cloth had been stretched across the forecastle deck, forward of the crew's galley, to shut off profane eyes from the robing quarters of Poseidon's royal train. It hung a few feet forward of the big forecastle breakwater, which is eighteen inches high. The children hung back and were loath to step over the breakwater, but step they did when urged. They balked at progressing beyond the canvas curtain of mystery, but finally consented, but scarcely in that mental attitude which makes a virtue of necessity. They moseyed slowly around the edge of the screen in tow of their fathers.

The selfsame moment Joe emitted a yell of terror and Mattalea a scream. Joe turned to flee, but his father's grasp was like iron at his wrist. Mattalea, scared half to death, yet stood her ground bravely.

"Why, Joe!" Mr. Raven exclaimed to the little lad. "What's the matter? I'm ashamed of you. Did you ever see a sailor cry?"

This was a sore point with Joe, for he had been ambitious to be a sailor or a motorman when he grew up, and he had been taught that a sailor was brave and the noblest work of God.

"Yes," said he between his yells, "and he was twice as big as you."

Partly led and partly dragged, Joe was conducted to the royal knee, and in a moment he had regained his composure.

"That isn't Poseidon," he declared. "That's the quartermaster and that's Mike behind him."

You can't trick Joe about Mike, for Mike is the steward of the swimming pool.

The Lord of the Seven Seas was six feet three inches tall, and was bristling with immense mustachios of fierce rope yarn nearly a foot long. A beard of fully four feet in length made a warlike shield for his immense chest and enormous corporation; it was made of frazzled rope. In



BAPTISMAL FONT

one mighty hand he grasped a trident with a shaft eight feet long, a flaming red socket another foot in length, and its three teeth gilded in brilliant chrome. A belligerent tunic of blood-red flannel descended to the royal thighs. At his right hand his queen stood in piratical black with a crown as assertive as a half-peck measure, and serrated with cruel golden teeth. Two black slaves were at the king's left, with gleaming bared knives in their hands, blood-red putty stuck on the knife points.

What wonder that Joe was apprehensive?

The photographer led Joe to the Lord of the Ocean.

He placed Joe's hand in the royal fist, which was the size of a Westphalia ham. In a jiffy Mattalea was smiling up into the royal face. Then the camera clicked. For a spell I wondered whether a stewardess was assuming the part of Poseidon's queen. The complexion had feminine color and there was certainly buxomness to the figure; but when my glance fell to the feet all doubt vanished. She was a man!

The first officer formed the procession for the march aft from the forecastle head. The right of the column was taken by the ship's band, tricked out in a maudlin, errant mixture which made the street of Cairo seem a monastery. Scarlet skirts with ermine facings and canary buttons of heroic size were merely a starter. One apostle of music was radiant in a white spiketail with angel sleeves puffed in black and lapels of vermilion decorated with diagonal bands of copper paint. Take a manufacturer of kaleidoscopes out to a midnight lunch, and to mince pie, sliced tomatoes, and lobster salad, add Neapolitan ice-cream, and you might hope, if you were lucky, that when he was at the height of his nightmare his dream would give him a faint idea of the jumbled medley of the band's raiment.

But the band was only the prelude to the parade. Two Nubian slaves with silver armbands of pure sheet tin and gold nose rings of virgin brass and palm-fiber ballet skirts of true rope yarn were an introduction to valiant soldiers, the like of whom were never seen before on that or any other equator. Two of these warriors were gorgeous in Prussian Uhlan helmets with nodding plumes; sailor's raincoats faced with green and painted in copper were a small part of the rest of the uniform. Their arms were papier-maché swords. Two other soldiers were tribesmen from Thibet and they bore bows and arrows. Yet another warrior was resplendent in a rainbow busby, which out-rivaled the double bow which signalized our departure from Madeira. Auto goggles and raincoats completed his uniform.



Short and squat, with a side elevation like that of a Bartlett pear, the boatswain helped your digestion the moment you cast eyes on him. His pot belly was a poem. The jolly bos'n wore with great dignity a "choker" which might fit a bull calf. He wore it as a woman alights from a trolley car, 'hind side before. With it was a tie of Chinese vermilion, a yard long. A spiketail of Canton flannel concluded the costume, for the rotund bos'n was bare-legged and bare-footed.

Now, what is that word which comes next after pentagonal, when you are advancing in plane geometry? It would describe the six-sided mortar-board which the chaplain supported. The cap was black and all of the chaplain's rig was black, fit color for such a pirate. Black, too, was the color of the book which the chaplain carried, a book a cloth yard square and sprent with Malay and German characters.

Tamils and Hindus followed, armored with tin shields and horrid with grave-bones and skulls. Egyptians, spearmen, and head-hunters did not exhaust the jumbled medley.

The officer gave an order in jaw-cracking German, and the band crashed out with a will in a blare which jarred the equator. The feet, shod and bare, marked time, and then the column blazed its path aft, the colors endangering hundreds of optic nerves and bidding fair to make business for the opticians in Batavia, the next port.

The procession threaded the main deck, dived below the poop, circumnavigated the grill room, and came out on the waist, to the throb of the war drum and the brave crash and bang of the hard-worked instruments. In due season it emerged on the after hatch cover, where the captain welcomed the royal visitor.

Poseidon shot guttural Teutonic thunder at the captain, and proceeded to decorate him with a gorgeous cross and order. Then he presented to officers, for whom he called by name, similar orders and badges of marvelous size.

One of the tourists, a popular lady, was called to the

coign of the hatch cover, two of the soldiers escorting her up the steps to the chair in such case made and provided. A minion with a long, lank, lean stovepipe hat advanced with an atomizer of the size of a three-gallon bottle, from which he lightly shot a spray into the dainty lady's face. The recipient made an amused grimace of wry dismay, but



THE TRIAL

appeared to enjoy the comedy. She coyly turned her face the other way, while the stovepipe barber continued the initiation. Then the band split the air and her ladyship, wife of a New York physician, escaped. A stream of ladies ascended the steps, sat in the chair, and were similarly initiated. Pauline was in the stream.

In time a sailor was invited to the hatch. He was

escorted to the rail and the kitchen pipe barber dipped a scrubbing brush in a big bucket and lathered the tar's phiz with soap-suds of low degree. Next the barber scraped and scraped with a papier maché razor. That for a beginning, for next he grabbed a pair of scissors and snipped at the tar's blond hair. Encouraging himself, he combed the hair with a rake. As this toilet was advancing, the two Nubian slaves with ballet skirts quietly slid into the tank of shallow water beneath the rail. As the combing concluded two black bucks on the hatch garroted the sailor and whirled him heels over head into the pool. As his head rose they ducked him blithely, and as he staggered to his feet, sputtering and dazed, a hellion turned a deck hose on him, with the aid of the Nubians.

All of this was to the liking of the spectators, who sat to the number of nearly six hundred on stools and steamer chairs, or stood on different overlooking decks or on awnings and timberheads and woodwork. Some of the young men had ascended far up the shrouds of the masts near by and were standing on the ratlines.

For a quarter of an hour it was the crew's period. Many were called and all were shaved. One husky young fellow came with open breast, hirsute, and him the barber lathered far down his chest and half-way down his back, the spectators applauding in paroxysms of laughter and the young Teuton sparring the lather from his eyes and sputtering it from his mouth.

Then came the time for men from the passenger list. A young fellow came up in a white drill suit. Lather was plastered over his collar and his natty silk tie, and he was capsized into the pool. As he rose a stream from the deck hose smote him full in the face. He shook his head and wiped the water. Then he nodded gaily to a girl in the gallery who was gazing at him in two minds.

A popular clergyman was called and he inadvertently ascended to the guillotine with his watch in his pocket. Into the tank went he, with the watch, the garroters being no clairvoyants.



A little girl was called by name and tripped up the short ladder to the hatch cover. She was sprayed. Then, the consent of her father having been obtained, she was gently lowered into the pool. First she yelled and then she giggled, and the spectators went wild in amusement. The baptism made the little girl a heroine for all time to come.

While the merrymaking was at its height a few light drops began to fall and some of the passengers raised umbrellas. They saw an unclouded sky and fell to wondering whether a rainbow was to appear. Then the drops came thick and fast and sharp-eyed observers saw a line of sailors far up in the shrouds at work with a line of hose with a reducer at the nozzle. As they dodged this stream, a stream came from another line from another mast.

With riotous screams of pure, unalloyed joy the crowd broke for protection from the ratline birds. Majors and colonels of trade with names of power in their home towns yelled as if at a football game. Unbended financial terrors grew twenty years younger. Dowagers were as kittenish as a high school girl. They lifted up their skirts and fled for the grill or even the smoking-room, any refuge in a storm. Ancient virgins relaxed and laughed in unmaidenly screams. Young girls pealed out more music than temple bells in Rangoon made in a week. Young fellows turned their livers over, and the children shouted for dear life. It was a carnival of wild laughter gone crazy in a pandemonium of sport and enjoyment.

The pool was meant for the few exemplars and the deck hose was reserved for the body general, was the baptismal font for the general mass. Some who were dry at first went out into the open, on learning the symbolic meaning, and received consecrating showers on their linen or drill or flannels.

When the sport was completed and sailors were removing the tank, the purser served out from his office baptismal certificates in the shape of elaborately illuminated sheets

with a startling picture of Poseidon rising from the briny blue. The German conveyed the following meaning:

We, Poseidon, the only son of Chronos, Prince Trident, lawful ruler of the violet high seas, earth-girdler and earth-shaker, have most graciously permitted the earth-born \* \* \* \* on board of our friendly Cleveland to pass carefully over our equator. This, in our sea law, declared equator-christening, is appropriately done. The christened child bears in this region, according to custom, the sea name of \_\_\_\_\_, which he or she much bear in joy or sorrow in our reign.

POSEIDON.

Little Joe's name which he must bear in joy or sorrow (let us hope in joy) in the reign of the good giant Poseidon is Seekalb.



## CHAPTER XI.

### DUTCH TREATMENT.

**J**AVA was our next destination, Java the peerless, "The Pearl of the Orient." At the throat of the island we came across a reminder of the Homeland, an islet named Onrust in the same year in which was built the tiny Onrust, first of all decked crafts to be launched by white hand in what is now New York, built and launched by fine old Adraien Block, one of the most adventurous and daring of the Dutch explorers who visited the Western world in the opening years of the seventeenth century, the Onrust, "Untiring," germ of the shipping of New York.

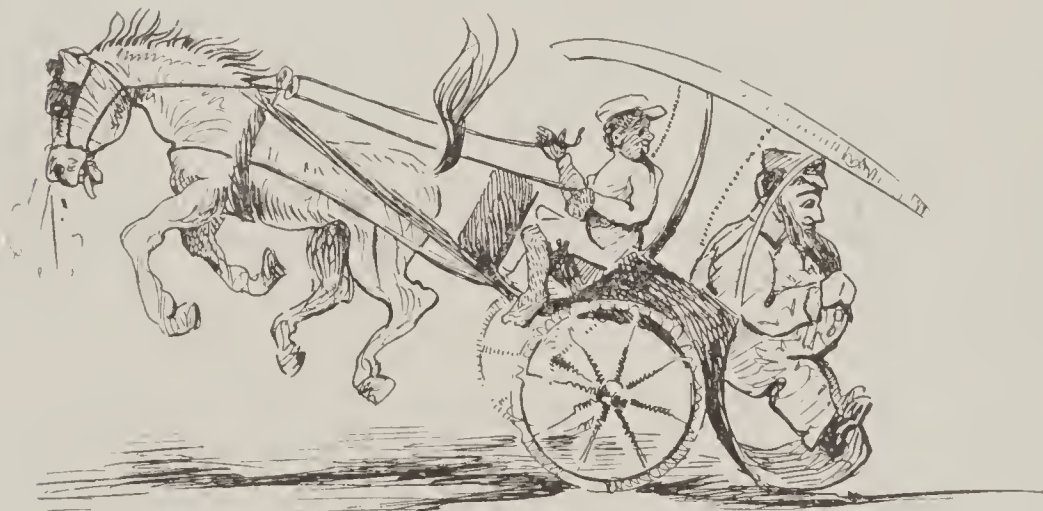
Passing the islet the ship anchored in the harbor of Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, capital of the island and of the colony. In the harbor we saw the horizontal red, white, and blue of the mother country, the Netherlands, Holland, flying from staff and masthead.

Special trains conveyed us from the port to Weltevreden, the upper town of the capital, landing us at the Koning-splein station. The station platform was crowded with a friendly and curious throng, children making over half the number welcoming the Americans on detraining. It seemed as if on every lip were the words "good morning," which we subsequently were told had been taught to the children in the Batavian schools. There were children big, children small, children white, brown, yellow, and ivory black, and somehow the "good morning" had a quaint as well as hospitable ring from lips used to good old Dutch or Malay or Chinese or Javanese.

Of course there was a gee whiz,—from the cars to the



carriages awaiting us in the squares on the other side of the station. Mr. Globe Trotter, Mrs. Trotter, and the little T's made out into the open as if the devil were hot on their trail. We found a few victorias, a few small barges, and nearly two hundred vehicles of the dos-a-dos construction. The dos-a-dos is a small two-wheeled gharry, slightly larger than two rickshaws, were they to be telescoped. It is drawn by a toy pony of perhaps five hundred and fifty pounds avoidupois and perhaps the size of a yearling heifer. The driver faces forward and the tourists face sideways or aft.



THE LAW OF GRAVITY

A tale was told about one of our party, a goodly physician, who, like General Hancock, was a good man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. His driver regarded him with much dubiety, and was minded to secure a different fare, but the beloved physician sidled edgewise into the dos-a-dos, and the Javanese cracked his whip and the pony started with a tremendous upward strain on the belly girth. At the first thank-you-marm the physician jounced up, and his rebound jounced the pony in such a wise that the center of gravity went the physician's way. The shafts pointed like two telescopes upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. The pony was suspended in mid-air with his legs wriggling; pointed ears, starting eyes, and protesting muzzle conveying

equine disapproval of the indignity. Thereafter the physician rode on the driver's seat and the driver on the tourist's seat.

At every corner were knots of Dutch colonists, sturdy, large-limbed, and large-trunked men with friendly and rotund faces, smiling little, but gravely respectful. With them were little children who tossed their tiny hands and waved American flags or caps or handkerchiefs, and yelled "good morning!" as if the word were a hurrah. Some of the serious fathers would occasionally unbend and gravely wave handkerchiefs for a fleeting moment.

It was an ovation given in a manner which was new to us, and all the more pleasant because of its individuality. To tell the plain, unvarnished truth, little attention had been paid to us at any port thus far in our trip, with the possible exception of Funchal, where a number of American flags had been displayed in honor of our advent. In the British ports the Englishmen had bent on us coolly aloof stares and in Colombo some had shown semi-hostile feeling. But once out of British soil and in hospitable Batavia we were made to feel welcome, and doubly welcome. The reception then and later in the day warmed the cockles of our hearts.

We rode along the streets of a Spotless Town, over pavements nearly clean enough for the spreading of table linen for tiffin. Some of the streets I might liken to billiard tables for their smoothness. It was a semi-suburban, or at any rate, a residential section, if urban, along which we fared. Beautiful bungalows and villas stood back from the streets, embowered amid palms and dense, tropical foliage, with many buoyant specimens of an unfamiliar tree with blazing scarlet blooms of imperial size islanded in the spreading sea of green. It was a scene which brought to memory Miss Scidmore's description of Java as "the peerless gem in that splendid empire of Insulinde which winds about the equator like a garland of emeralds."

Most of the dwellings are of two-story height, or a

story and a half, with a wide second-story piazza over a broad driveway and great jalousies shading the piazza or, more properly, veranda. The walls are painted a brilliant and oftentimes glossy white. Palms nod over the roofs; masses of well-ordered greenery are at each side. Usually there are broad intervals between the dwellings.

The drive led along one side of the Koningsplein, where Malay boys were at play. One of the games was a curious kind of football. It was a small wickerwork ball which the youngsters toed. Among the onlookers were Dutch girls, lasses born, we were told, in the city, children of the first generation of settlers from Rotterdam. They were fine looking lasses, broad of beam, of liberal height and gracious avoirdupois. Their waist lines were indeterminate, for they wore a kind of glorified Mother Hubbard. Their complexions were marvels, not unlike molasses candy. They were good to see, and kindly, but discreet, in their manner.

We were conveyed to what in our own section of the Homeland would rank as a species of trolley park, but was described to us as the special garden of the Hotel Nederlanden, the Kebon Binatang.

Alighting from our dos-a-dos we saw at the garden gate a knot of male Javanese dancers, who were hard at work at a wonderful act and, withal, were dignified as senators, and barely blinked when a battery of cameras was turned upon them.

Beyond, was a bamboo booth with a stage on which eight luscious Javanese girls in native costumes were giving a picturesque dance. Those costumes! They were ample, but not excessive. One girl was gay in a scarlet bodice and a black and gold skirt, or, at least, drapery. Other costumes were similar. From the hips of each dancer depended wide strips of orange gauze. The girls were giving a dance describing the deadly cobra, his graceful glide, the coil and his hiss, and there were art and grace in the dancing. At the moment I first saw them each girl was rotating an elbow joint till it seemed as if she would



dislocate it. She was curving forearm and slim fingers to represent the coil and was emitting a hiss which was a true reproduction of the cobra's warning.

Outside the booth native musicians sat cross-legged on the ground. Some banged at tom-toms. Some biffed wooden drums; scalp a watermelon at each end, disembowel it, transmute the rind into a hard wood, and stretch sheepskin over the opening and you might achieve a resultant which would resemble one of the drums.

Back of the booth was a merry-go-round for the children of the party, and Little Joe made a sprint as soon as he cast eyes on it.

Farther in the grove was another booth. Instead of dancers, actors held the stage in this, a company which was giving an old-time Javanese play in highly exaggerated costume. The company enjoyed the best reputation in the Thespian line in the island, and had played before the viceroy of India, when he visited Java recently. Each actor was in mask and was equipped with a grotesque extension supposed to be the tail of a dragon. Again the battery of cameras unlimbered and snapped.

Tiffin was served in a giant, open-air pavilion with a floor nearly as large as Madison Square Garden. Stanchions, pillars, and beams were decorated with Old Glory and with the red, white, and blue of Holland. The orange of the old country was also displayed in the decorations.

As the party went for the seats a band of twenty-seven pieces played "The Star Spangled Banner," and in a moment tourists were waving topees, handkerchiefs, and tempestuous napkins, and the air was rent with cheers. The band played the national air of Holland and the crowd again went wild. A gentleman from Reading mounted a chair and a hush came for a moment over the six hundred and odd tourists.

"Three cheers for Queen Wilhelmina and Holland!" he shouted, and in unison with the swing of his handkerchief twelve hundred lungs sent vibrations jarring the

rafters. Many a vocal chord was strained and hoarse when its owner turned in that evening, because of those cheers and of the cheers given immediately afterward for President Taft.

The entertainment and the services of the band had been provided by the municipality and the decorations by the Hotel Nerderlanden.

In the city the governor-general's palace was shown, situated on the north side of the plain. The Waterloo-



*Courtesy of Thomas A. Peabody*

IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION, KEBON BINATANG

plein was seen and a visit was paid to the Museum of the Batavian Society, containing an interesting display of ancient Javanese art work, weapons, implements, and ornaments.

Not far from Weltevreden is Buitenzorg, a town some six hundred to nine hundred feet above the sea, affording a sweeping view over expanses of tropic jungles, over volcanoes, river and intervale, barely less entrancing than the splendid view at Sensation Rock on the ride to the interior of Ceylon. The botanical gardens in Buitenzorg rank at least equal with, and possibly ahead of the famous garden in Perideniya in Ceylon. They are

said to have nearly ten thousand trees and plants. An artificial lake is fairly covered with beautiful lotos and the *Victoria Regis*, declared to surpass anything in the line, even in Japan.

A king among children of Wanderlust has written that Java "is the best of all the Malay Islands." I can only believe that his judgment is correct and hope to live long enough to have enough of time, money, and health — for it will require not a little of each — to revisit the island. Our stay of two brief, broken days but whetted the appetite.





## CHAPTER XII.

### A STRAY NOOK IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA.

“VICTIMS of Wanderlust are now enjoying the fine passion of their obsession.” That is an entry which a genuine world-belter, one who has sailed around the Horn in good old days long gone by, in a square-rigger, and more than once, showed to me in his diary the morning of the day we were approaching Labuan.

Now, where and what is Labuan?

It is an island off the west coast of Borneo and has an area of some thirty miles. It is separated from the main island by a rocky but navigable channel, and is about half way between Manila to the northeast and Singapore to the southwest. In times of trouble it is a kind of hospitable half-way inn for ships sailing between Straits Settlements and the Philippines, and it is furthermore a kind of tavern for a part of the commerce of Cambodia and Java, when chandlery of a minor species is needed in a hurry, or when a hurricane makes a lot of botheration.

The island is mountainous and has a rich soil, but somehow in the freakiness of development in this isolated quarter of the world it has not pressed forward with the activity which its location and its resources warrant. It possesses a fine harbor and a second harbor which is nothing extra, but is serviceable. Its water supply is good, and there are abundant mines of coal. The sultan of Borneo ceded the island to Great Britain in 1846, and early in the 'nineties the island passed under the commercial control of the British North Borneo Company. The population is about ten or eleven thousand, mostly Malays and Chinese.

It is chronicled that in 1891 there were only twenty-one souls of English extraction on the island.

From all of which it can be seen that Labuan has theoretic advantages which should bring it toward the front when the time is ripe. For the present it is marooned in the sea of commerce, and with Dyaks and head-hunters at its back and a wild country not far distant in the main island, it is a spot to appeal to the children of Wanderlust.



BEWARE OF HIM!  
One of the Wild Men of Borneo, as a caricaturist  
saw him

Sailing from Java, the ship made her way along the tropical coast of Borneo. She was in the lower waters of the South China Sea, rarely traversed except by traders. Her course lay along islets vivid with riotous masses of greenery under waving fronds of graceful palms,

“Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.”

It had been supposed that the tourists would make the landing in the ship's small boats, and for a day sailors had

been at work stowing the covers and releasing the gripes and laying out the oars and the coxswain's chests, and doing other things which were mysterious to most of the passengers. The ship carried fourteen pulling boats, and it was easy to see that the handling of some six hundred and fifty men, women, and children, unfamiliar, nearly every soul, with small boat work, would be a task not to be coveted. As we entered the harbor word came that the passengers would land in tenders. As we were coming to anchor the tenders put away from the shore.



*Courtesy of Colonel C. H. Case*

A CLOSED BAROUCHE IN BORNEO

The island is named Labuan; the harbor is Victoria Harbor, and the town at its head is Victoria.

Three large weather-beaten docks thrust themselves from the land well out into the water, and at one of these we made our landing. Loose planks and occasionally a missing one showed that something was amiss. At the landward termini low open sheds with corrugated roofs were sprawling; they appeared to be well stocked. Behind them we struck the main commercial street of the town. For over half a mile this stretched away parallel to the water. At first the street is lined on the seaward side by



warehouses and then it leads along a slender grove of palms which fringe a narrow beach. In the other direction, beyond the docks, is a long coal shed, and behind it were many hundreds, probably thousands of tons of coal, a broad band of black, a tone color rarely seen in these low latitudes. Beyond the coal an inlet showed with native huts of bamboo poles and banana leaves and thatched with palmetto leaves and fibre. Still farther away was woodland, and beyond that the jungle.

I enter into some detail, for I have never been able to discover more than three lines in print\* describing the town. And I may say that what little there is in the encyclopedias about the island of Labuan dates back to 1904, at the latest; in another encyclopedia to 1893; and that little is conflictory.

The street is grass-grown. It boasts what most of the English cities in this part of the world have — and to their credit — a narrow, deep, and neat gutter laid in concrete, a model of the kind and an improvement which would be acceptable in many an American town.

Opposite the warehouses were the principal shops of the town. Several of these did a semi-wholesale business in dried fish and groceries of a kind popular with sea-going captains. At first the shoppers from the ship sustained a chill of horror, for they believed that for them was not the joy of barter in that town, but hope returned when they found just beyond the grocery and chandlery houses a line of Chinese and Malay booths and shops, in which they expended shillings and guilders, and received souvenirs. They acquired tom-toms, spear-heads, sumpitans, creases, Chinese cuff buttons, silver bracelets, and, as always, post-cards. I watched one youth buy a pair of Chinese sandals; then, in some manner, I was moved to joke with the Chinese woman who had sold the pair, and revealed that I wished to buy her baby, which was riding

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\* Not even a hotel leaflet came our way. In fact, we heard of no hotel in the town.

astride of the mother's hip, after the fashion of all the world Labuan. The mother believed me to be in earnest and regarded me with horror. A moment later a burly Chinaman emerged from somewhere in the bowels of the shop and there was a bit of a conversation, ending with:

"You talkee allee samee like clazy man."



WILD MEN OF BORNEO

But this was not the only adventure which I had that morning in Labuan. A very discreet and sociable parrot looked on me with favor, after I had presented him or her with a cracker, and I began bargaining for a conveyance of the bird to me, but Pretty Mamma intervened and forbade the purchase.

"It would teach Joe to swear," said she.

Near the post-office is a little green and there I ran

across an Englishman who was inclined to accept friendly advances, a phenomenon among Englishmen in the Far East. From him I learned that the tenders on which our people had come ashore were offered by the Coalfields Company, Limited, and that a narrow-gauge railway which I saw leads some six miles to the coal mines. I was told that in days gone by there had been many noble camphor trees on the island. Factories had been built on the island for preparing sago flour. Among the exports were birds' nests and pearls, but in small quantities. It was the Englishman's belief that the place should advance, and the mystery was that the advance was so slow.

Neither rickshaws nor victorias were to be chartered. The only vehicles which were obtainable were a species of buffalo or bullock cart, open, or with an oval-shaped thatched covering. The buffaloes were sedate and regarded us with mild, wide-eyed astonishment mingled with disfavor.

Among members of the party who have the fever poison of travel in their veins is a young gentleman from Yonkers. He is a natural victim of Wanderlust, and nothing pleases him more than to wander afield, seeing what he can see and admiring nature. In Labuan he struck off for an idle stroll into the back country. He wandered along shady roads, past thatched huts, and out to a district where few, if indeed any, American feet have trodden. He reached a railroad crossing just as a train hove in sight. As the train, with Borneo indolence, drew by, the athletic youth swung aboard a coal car. He worked his way forward to a platform outside of a car which resembled one used for cattle, but which carried Malay women and children, who were, as he tells the tale, highly amused at having a white man "in their midst" and were still more amused at the manner of his advent.

From the post-office, which was a Mecca for all hands, we traversed the remainder of the street to the fair-ground, where field-day sports were offered for our entertainment, as, to a smaller extent, athletic games were offered for our pleasure a month later in a Japanese city.



First on the programme was a head-hunters' dance, given by two Dyaks, who, as the card declared, had been "especially escorted from the interior." From a dressing-room under a building of the kind used in some of our American tracks as a judges' stand, two brown brothers came out in silk breech clouts and gaudy yellow scarfs, each protected by a bark shield and an evil looking spear. An orchestra of natives sat cross-legged on the turf and banged tom-toms and crashed hollow cymbals and played on instruments to, the author unknown. The two dancers circled and pranced and cavorted, one making bad, naughty faces and the other glaring back bold defiance. This they did for some minutes, while the spectators baked and baked in the sunlight. Next the two brown brothers drew their creases and stuck their spears in the turf. They called out once in a queer squeak and fell to shouting. In a minute or two the tumult and the shouting died, and the Dyaks faded away into the crowd.

This was first cousin, once removed, to the next number on the programme, a dance by a brace of Malays who followed the curtain raiser with a war dance, at which timid ladies from the ship gazed with alarm.

The next thriller in the *al fresco* vaudeville was a Chinese devil dance, in which a Celestial cousin came into the tourney bearing a hollow dragon's head made of paper and about the size of half a barrel. Cloth of a brilliant vermilion which massacred the eye reached from the dragon head to another Chinaman and hung toward the ground to simulate the belly of a beast whose head was the paper contraption and whose tail was the second Chinaman. Both of the men crouched and the dragon was supposed to be in position, belly to the ground. The head was rigged with a hinge for the lips and with platter lips painted scarlet along the gums and lined with wicked-looking teeth. The first Celestial cleverly juggled a sprig into the gaping mouth and a tongue of Canton flannel lapped around the morsel. Then the trouble began to brew, for the weed disagreed with the sacred stomach.

The dragon's eyes rolled in their sockets and ere long the beast was rolling on the ground. Then the sprig was ejected from the lips and came to light in masticated sections.

Buffalo races were on the card. Native boys mounted three clumsy beasts and urged them down a course about a hundred yards long, the animals from time to time colliding and interfering. It was a comical sight and the spectators were well pleased.



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#### WAR DANCE

A sport at which the visitors marveled was the native game of football. A dream of two elevens with a gridiron and signals and line bucking came to some of the on-lookers as the announcement of football was made, but the players proved to be bare-footed Malays and the ball an open-work wicker affair suitable for a lady's workbasket. The game was a desultory and helter-skelter proceeding, about as much like the real thing as a five o'clock tea is.

But the sumpitan contest was more convincing. Hollow reeds, about seven or eight feet in length, having

trowel-shaped spear-heads lashed to the sides of the muzzles, were handed to the contestants, each of whom had provided himself with slim darts. A dart has a cork, against which the marksman blows, after aiming at the target. In the exhibition the targets were circles of brown paper about as large as a silver dollar. They were stuck on envelopes at a measured distance of forty-six feet. Eight natives competed and each had seven darts to use, no sighting shot. Out of the fifty-six darts nearly half landed in the envelopes and three in the target.

The field sports over, the picnickers from the ship were bidden to a cluster of trees which marked the boundary of the beach, and stewards from the ship were busy for an hour breaking out lunch boxes from large dunnage bags and serving them out to the hungry. Apollinaris was served, to wash down the sandwiches and the hard-boiled eggs. Imagine these and cold bread veal cutlets eaten in the shade of palms and conceive of buxom Malay lasses looking at you and your pickles in open-eyed wonder, and you have a faint idea of that lunch.

Lunch over, the party trooped back to the dock. On the way I saw the pig-tailed Chinaman who had perspired copiously in enacting the part of the dragon's head. He was enjoying a bowl of tea, and he grinned in a sociable way. At the dock I saw several scores of barrels of a fibrous material which resembled pulp plaster, but did not have the time to investigate and to find what it was.

As the ship weighed anchor a steamer flying the black, white, and red of the German Empire passed inside the harbor mouth.

For some reason I have distinct memories of little Labuan. I have a feeling that the place may some year loom large in the theatre of the Far East. Whether or not the port comes into the lime light, it is a spot which appeals to true children of Wanderlust, a remote corner which is barely known even to sailors in the East Indian Archipelago, yet which may well come into its own in a decade or two.



## BOSTON TEA PARTY.

From Borneo to Boston is a long cry. The interval was jumped by Cleveland Chapter, No. 1, Daughters of the American Revolution, a few hours after we left the dent in the Bornean coast in which we had spent the afternoon.

I may remark about the chapter that, like Aphrodite, it was born at sea, that it had thirty-four members, and that it represented twenty-four states. A lady from Brookline, Massachusetts, was godmother, and one from Detroit was the regent.

The chapter observed the anniversary of the Boston Tea Party by a celebration in the forward dining-room. "Old Glory" and the German colors were intertwined back of the regent's chair. Electric fans circled and every porthole was gaping wide to catch the headway breeze. Ladies were in full evening dress and the men were in spiketails or dinner coats, in spite of the intense heat of the evening.

Mrs. Teunis Hamlin of Washington told about the national organization and the hall which it is building. A former regent of Old South Chapter in Boston read a paper on "The Day We Celebrate." A passenger from Norfolk gave a short sketch of the East India Company. The wonderful lady lecturer talked about the tea party, declaring that King George preferred his tea hot and with fresh water and that the Boston patriots preferred theirs cold and with salt water.

Doctor Clark handled the topic "Ancestry" and the ship's orchestra played "The Watch on the Rhine." A letter was read which had been written in Calcutta by Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of the former vice-president, in which a greeting was sent to the chapter. Passengers who were members of other patriotic societies extended congratulations.

Hands were reached back to Boston across two oceans and a century and a third of time.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MANILA.

**A**T the same early hour on the same week day that one George Dewey steamed by Corregidor, our ship, nearly three times the size of the Olympia, sailed by the same island. When abreast of Cavite, she was met by whistling launches, and the remainder of her progress to Manila was an ovation marked by salutes from everything afloat from Cavite to the pier. Our reception in Batavia had been kindly; our reception in Manila was tempestuous. Guide-books had been sent on to meet us in Labuan and were distributed the day after we sailed from that port, a courtesy which was a forerunner of many another which was extended during the memorable days that we were in the Filipino capital.

When the pilot boarded the Cleveland, somewhere near Corregidor, he brought with him a package of envelopes, each marked with the name of a state and destined to be handed to a passenger from that state who would distribute the contents, which were found to be ribbon badges, printed with place and date and the name of the state. And thereby hangs a tale.

For a fortnight Manila papers had been filled with the ship's progress. The passenger list had been printed and a municipal committee had rearranged the names, by states and alphabetically, for the purpose of greeting the visitors according to their residences. We were to be welcomed by "state-mates," if I may be permitted to coin such a word. The committee had ordered the badges, which were distributed, as I have written, in the course of the run from Corregidor to Manila.

Whistling steamers and launches and playing bands, afloat and ashore, gave glad greeting to the voyagers, as the ship was tying up at a government pier. All along the string-piece military uniforms glittered, handkerchiefs flaunted, and hands waved. Cheerful young fellows stood on cleats, bitts, and timber heads, and Filipinos sat on the tops of dolphins of spiles. It was the glad hand which was extended and it was extended to the wrist. And then we trooped down the gang-plank, welcomed at its dock end by members of the committee who gave to each tourist a lettered silk badge which entitled the recipient to free riding at any and all times for three days on the Manila tramways.

Identified by a state ribbon, each tourist was directed to a part of the pier reserved for world-belters from his or her state, indicated by a huge placard, there to receive salutation from a Manila "state-mate."

And then it was entertainment in variety. Some of the visitors were taken to the Masonic Temple, some to the Elks' lodge room, some were royally cared for by Knights Templars, some were conveyed to one church or another to attend worship, some to a succession of churches as objects of history and architecture, some to the trolley for a general ride, some to special "state" trolley cars, some to automobiles, some to the University Club, some to the Luneta, and some to carriages for a general tour of the city. It was diversity, and yet one factor was common, as Pauline said, who struggles with algebra and quadratics. That factor? No guest was allowed to spend money that morning.

It was our good fortune to have a ride with a tanned young gentleman from the Nutmeg State and first we were conveyed to the old walled city, Intramuros. Founded in 1571, half a century after the discovery of the island by the far-famed navigator Magellan, Manila has its ancient lore, stories of the sleepy Spanish rule. It is chronicled that the first effort of the men from the Western world of that



time was given to building a fort to protect the settlement from savages from Mindanao, who made forays on the more peaceful natives of Luzon. It was Fort Santiago which the settlers built, and parts of it remain, relics of a troubled day long gone by.

In place of native palisades the Spanish built thick walls. They built the church of San Augustine, starting it toward the end of the sixteenth century, a building still standing, under whose altar lie the remains of Legaspi and Salcedo, one a brave warrior and explorer and the other a missionary. It was not long after the adventurous band of Spaniards located near the Pasig that the walls were built. Many a strange story might the giant bastions and parapets tell, could they speak! Chinese pirates had plundered the early town, but the later walls bade defiance to the yellow devils outside with the black flag or the yellow dragon. Inside the city, Chinese residents early rose in murderous revolt, but they were quelled with severity. Later on, but ere the walls saw their first century, British cannon thundered against the stout gates, and the men behind them forced their way and sacked the city.

But the gateway through which we drove was framed now in peace. Yet, there was something strange in its atmosphere. Gray and stained and massive, it carried its air of mystery and romance, and the fancy went ranging back to the days when the waters of this part of the world were scarcely charted. Passing through the time-honored gate we reached the Roman Catholic cathedral, a stately and beautiful building, one of the most imposing in that quarter of the globe. We visited other Catholic churches also.

Next we went to the government building, in which the Philippine assembly convenes, and viewed a large painting, the work of a native, representing an allegorical Columbia and a daughter of the island.

We rode along the Escolta and streets in the heart of the city, clean streets, some of them paved with Belgian

blocks, the first blocks of the kind which I had seen, if I remember aright, since leaving Naples.

Boarding a trolley car and displaying the ribbon pass, at which the conductor gave a gracious grin, we traversed a section in which streets are named after states in the north and the west of the homeland. The conductor pointed out at one time a Presbyterian church, an inviting little building on Dakota Street. In time we came to the Cathedral of St. John and St. Mary, that of Bishop Brent, who had been at the head of the Protestant Episcopal church in the Philippines for seven



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN MANILA

years. The bishop was absent on a trip in the north part of the group and Dean Murray Bartlett conducted the service, which opened with a processional hymn by a vested choir, the girls in white caps and gowns. In the prayer which mentions the president of the United States, the governor-general of the Philippine Islands was included. The thanksgiving for a safe return from sea was also read. The sermon was from the text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." Perhaps because a large part of the congregation is made up of military officers and enlisted men who attend in uniform, the sermon laid emphasis on the duty and the value of a soldier. It gave

as an illustration the triumph of John Sobieski over an army of Turks beneath the walls of Vienna, which was commemorated by the archbishop of that city in a sermon preached from the same text. I was minded to think also of "Jack" Phillip and the battle with Cervera.

Later on, we were told that Bishop Brent's diocese had twelve Episcopal clergymen, five lay readers, and two candidates for holy orders, and that in 1908 the number of baptisms was three hundred and thirty-two.

I was told, too, that the Presbyterian church in Manila had two hundred members and a Sunday School of one hundred children. The Presbyterian church in the islands had over twelve thousand members and the Methodists over thirty thousand adherents. The Baptists had several churches for whites and forty-five churches and missions for natives, it was said, with a membership of three thousand. The United Brethren were credited with twelve churches and a membership of two thousand. There were also Congregational churches, and the Disciples of Christ and the Peniel mission were at work.

I made inquiry about the Aglipay movement, but gained little real information beyond the statement that it was existing, that the claim had been made for it that it was advancing. The directory gave a list of names and churches.

The tourists had luncheon in different hotels, our own section being assigned to the Hotel Continental. In the early afternoon I took a short walk to the famous bridge of Spain, built nearly three hundred years ago by old de Tabora, a bridge which has weathered floods, typhoons, and earthquakes. The office of the *Manila Times* is not far away, in fact, overlooks the bridge and the Pasig.

An hour later I was on the famed and beautiful Malecon drive, protected by triple ranks of martialled palms. The Luneta was another object of admiration, the noted Luneta of Manila, the driveway of oval shape by the shore enclosing two bandstands, which are surrounded by a splendid green lawn. In the meantime some of the



tourists repaired to the University Club and others to the baseball diamond. There were whispers that a secret few found the way to a cock fight, but these rumors I did not verify.

On the day after our arrival the *Manila Times* printed a cablegram from Hong Kong, in which it was stated that apprehensions existed in Canton as to the visit which our party was to make in that teeming and turbulent urban hive. There had recently been disorder in Canton, and a number of executions for disturbances in the heart of the city. The reputation which the American around-the-world party had in several quarters of Canton was a peculiar one, as we subsequently learned. It had spread among numbers of the unruly in the city that most of the men on the ship wore money-belts and carried quantities of gold and silver, and that most of the women had rings and like jewelry of great value. The on-coming of the rich Americans was awaited by thieves in the crowded and troubled Chinese city with eager anticipation.

A part of this was printed in the cablegram and a part developed in a few days. In the meantime Consul Bergholtz had forwarded a letter of instructions which was posted on the main bulletin board of the ship. The letter suggested that when the strangers entered the city they should avoid patting the heads or noticing in like manner any of the Chinese children. For a time we were mystified by the suggestion, but soon a traveler explained that he had heard that some of the more superstitious Chinese had a belief that white foreigners had the power of bewitching children if they touched their heads. Another suggestion in the consul's letter intimated that coins should not be tossed to natives on the street; the reason for this was not hard to find, for a scramble for the money could easily screen a rush or an assault. A third suggestion directed the passengers to continue their ride or walk in the city unconcernedly, in case any occurrence of a disturbing or suspicious nature was observed. These directions occa-

sioned considerable comment at the time that they were posted on the bulletin board. Subsequently they were remembered, and with cause.

In the meantime the tourists were being fêted in Manila. One afternoon Governor-General Forbes gave a reception to the entire expedition in the palace in Malacanan, a spacious and beautiful building overlooking the Pasig. The governor-general was assisted by Mrs. Conrad Hatheway, the wife of his secretary, and by Martin Egan, editor of the *Manila Times* and chairman of the general reception committee. The guests had free access to the greater part of the palace, in the same manner that they had opportunity to inspect one of the mikado's palaces in Kioto less than a month later. A high balcony afforded a fine view of country beyond the river, including a hamlet in which a skirmish between some of Uncle Sam's soldiers and a company of the little brown brothers had taken place in the first days of the occupation. Beyond the hamlet was country which had been debatable ground for several months after Aguinaldo had attacked the defenses and before Wheaton attacked and occupied Pasig. In several of the apartments were excellent oil paintings of men who had been prominent in the history of Manila or Luzon.

Evening began to close in while the reception was in progress, and in the dusk scores of tiny incandescent electric lamps appeared in the luxuriant tropical garden of the palace. As the shadows gathered more lights glittered till the thick boscage was agleam with jets of red, white, and blue. Music was played by the Philippine Constabulary band, which had returned a short time before from a trip to the mainland. The band is among the finest in the world, and the playing on the afternoon of the reception was admired by men and women who heard some of the most famous bands in the leading European capitals. The fifty little brown musicians rendered difficult selections with marvelous accuracy and gingersome dash and artistic enjoyment of the work.

Among the Filipinos who were guests was the famous general, Villamor, sometime a fighter under Aguinaldo and now a supporter of the American government. He was a short man with a squat figure and the jaw and the nose of a tenacious fighter; but his conversation was of the five o'clock tea variety. Other guests were Major-Generals Duval and Carter of the United States Army. It was a gay and brilliant throng which passed the early evening in the palace. In it were ecclesiastics of high standing in the Roman Catholic church and clergymen of different Protestant denominations and civil officials of rank and importance. A luncheon was served by Chinese waiters, one of extra attractiveness.

When the reception was concluded segments of the party from the ship were taken in hand by Manila Knights Templars and by local Elks, and were again fêted. A ball was given by the Knights, and it was midnight ere some of the young people were back in their berths on the ship.

One of the most pleasant of the memories of the stay in the Filipino capital centers around a trolley ride in the early morning air to Fort McKinley and a review of the soldiers at the post. The fort is situated on high land, a short distance from the city, and the air is sensibly fresher and more stimulating than that at the mouth of the Pasig. The spectators collected on the broad verandas and the lawn of the headquarters and the sidewalk near by while the Seventh and the Twelfth Regiments of Infantry, three batteries of the Fifth Artillery, and the Twelfth Cavalry marched past. It was a simple spectacle, merely a passage in review, General Potts and his staff, mounted, surveying the boys as they swung by in column of squads. The soldiers were in a kind of khaki, and were husky, tanned young chaps, fully nineteen-twentieths of them clean shaven. An old Grand Army man from Pennsylvania, who had fought under Sherman, complimented them with the word "fit." The lads appeared to my eyes to be equal in soldierly quality to even the Gordon Highlanders whom,



in tartan and kilt, we had seen in Calcutta. They fully held their own with the neat and soldierly British infantry that we saw a few days later on the peak at Hong Kong.

After the passage in review the spectators from the ship were taken to the special trolley cars in carriages, automobiles, and quartermasters' wagons.

Another of the memories of those days in Manila is that of a trip in a small river steamer for several miles up the Pasig, along by low banks and former skirmish grounds. In days not so very far away the author had acted as coxswain of a steam whaleboat, and he reveled for a spell when he held the wheel in his hand again and Little Joe was permitted to man the whistle cord.

I like to hark back to the walls of the old town, Intramuros. The great gray masses are now obsolete, but once they were the last word of military science in the Spanish colony. Their construction cost lives and blood, as well as treasure,—doubloons and moidores, and pieces-of-eight in the old romantic times three centuries gone by. The waters which once flooded their moat hid many a crime. In the dense chambers which once were in use many a horror occurred of which there is now scant record. In some, have been found bolts and strange looking instruments which were only too often used in the days of old-time Spanish misrule.

In the opening days of the American occupation the walls played their part, and when the insurrection broke out the Americans gave sanctuary to unarmed Filipinos who came inside the old town. But the walls are broken-down dogs of war for all of that. Decrepit, encrusted with moss and lichen, they are an anachronism, standing as an object lesson in history. Useless though they are, it would be a shame to raze landmarks so romantic.

It is stimulating to turn from the spell of the past to the wonderful story of the throbbing present. A Yale graduate who is employed in the Philippine Bureau of Forestry informed the author that the pacifying of the

island is complete, that an American can live anywhere in the civilized section in entire safety. The sonnolent Spaniard, inert, cruel, and corrupt, has given way to the energetic American, master of machinery. The American settlers are distinguished by intelligence and liberality, and by a love for electricity. When Dewey entered, the only tram was a horse railroad barely half a mile long. The streets had been for centuries filthy; there had been no sanitary arrangements worthy of the name. But since the sons of Uncle Sam had waved their magic wand over the city, Manila has changed from one of the most unclean towns in the Far East to one of the most sanitary. Costly water and sewer systems have been installed. The streets are clean. Parks and boulevards have been laid out. The spavin tram has given way to an up-to-the-minute trolley which traverses all parts of the city and most of the suburbs. Splendid police and fire departments have been organized. The harbor has been dredged; steel docks have been built. A fine public library is patronized by hundreds each day. There is a fully equipped public market. Freedom of worship is taken as a matter of course. Newspapers are printed in English and Spanish. American capital is extensively engaged in the city, and, for that matter, in many parts of Luzon and some parts of other Philippine Islands.

The information given by the forestry employee was verified in chats which I had with numerous officials, several business men, and some intelligent young Filipinos. I was further told that, were a small part of the expense of the army to be deducted or charged off, the colony was practically self-supporting.

I was told that the city's progress since the Sunday morning that Montojo fought Dewey had been too rapid to be measured. I was assured that labor was better paid, and that all classes were better clothed and fed.

When our ship left the city it seem as if half of white Manila and his wife were at the pier to speed the parting

guest. From the landward end of the string-piece to the water boundary, men, women, and children were waving hands, handkerchiefs, and American flags. In the midst of the throng the Constabulary band was playing patriotic airs. The tourists and a fair fraction of the crew were along the landward rails or in the shrouds. When the order came to cast off, the band blared out with "Home, Sweet Home," and then pandemonium broke loose on the rails and along the pier. Cheer after cheer rose in wild waves from the planks below and swept up the ship to the masthead. It actually seemed as if shreds of mucous membrane were rasping out from the throat of more than one half-frantic, exiled home-lover on the sun-seamed planks of the pier. A tempest of yells and cheers burst from the throng and flooded the decks. Waves of tossing handkerchiefs danced and broke. An answering tempest swept down from the voyagers along the rails and on the ratlines.

"Three cheers for Manila," boomed a leather-lunged megaphone of human flesh and blood from the promenade deck rail, and the hoarse salute went out toward the old walled city. They were responded to by the crowd on the pier with a wild flutter of umbrellas and handkerchiefs.

By this time the ship was backing out into the stream. In a few moments the Filipino band was discovered to be descending into a tender and when the ship's bow began to swing, with that majestic slowness which marks an ocean steamship, the tender came by the port side, crashing out "Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean." Over on the receding pier a Filipino boy had climbed a timber-head, and was methodically waving an American flag. The last glimpse which we caught of the city showed the small Filipino boy and the great flag in the foreground. Was it prophetic?

In the meantime the tender with the Constabulary band was accompanying the ship down Manila Bay. In nearly every minute of the escort time the band crashed and banged out patriotic music. Yes, and when the little brown musicians turned, not a mile distant from Cavite, it was



“The Star Spangled Banner” which came pealing over the water to the ship.

Then the voyagers turned their eyes on bold Corregidor, and wondered at the sight which the dark rocks discovered on the fateful first of May, when the Olympia slid by in the darkness and stood down toward Cavite. The island is rugged and high, almost an ideal place for a fortification, and we easily believed it, when we were told that a disappearing gun near the summit has a range nearly to Cavite.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

FROM the excitement of Manila's valedictory, we of the ship turned with a rather uncertain feeling to the possible adventures awaiting us in Canton, teeming, turgescient, insubordinate Canton, where over a hundred thousand souls spend half of their lives in sampans, where river pirates flourish, where the executioner beheads for two dollars, where narrow lanes invite riot and breed ambush, where a million Celestials still look on whites as foreign devils, and where there are yet recesses unknown to the tread of American feet; Canton, city of turbulence and mystery, the least known to the Western world of the great ports of Asia.

As we were coming to Hong Kong, news arrived that the viceroy of southern China had issued a proclamation promising death for any of the Cantonese who should be implicated in violence toward any of the American party. This we learned subsequently to be correct, and we were assured that the proclamation was to be found in Chinese characters on every dead wall in the city.

In the meantime we were at a mooring buoy in the harbor at Hong Kong, and the six hundred and fifty men, women, and children had been told off into five sections, each to visit the up-river city on a different day.

It was on Christmas Day that our section made the trip, a day which began early for the writer, for he it said that he returned from a trip to Hong Kong a few minutes before midnight, arriving at the gangway on the last tender from the shore. Pinned on the curtain of the stateroom was the stocking of Little Joe, filled with nothing but cold

air. The two other members of the family lay in their curtained berths, snoring the snore of the just. A picture of a wistful and disappointed little face came into Father's mind, were that stocking to remain unfilled. And so it was that Popper descended on a marveling steward far aft in the after galley. At first the steward was unenthusiastic, but when the magic name of Joe was mentioned, ah! then it was different. It was noddings, no trouble, sir, at all, and the Ganymede explored among his cups and pots and pans. I contrived to acquire two oranges and a cold-storage apple. Then I confiscated two chrysanthemums from a vase in the after dining-room and induced a belated angel, whose husband was elsewhere, to contribute some cough drops. Returning to the cabin I drew out from a suit-case a Siamese flag with a fine big elephant in the center, which had been reserved among the little fellow's presents for the next day. Then I sat down on a steamer trunk and stuffed the gaunt stocking with the fruit and the other slender gifts. In such manner was the stocking filled, while Joe lay fast in Dreamland.

But, now to get back to where I was before getting astray in the intermezzo. Christmas Day began early for some two hundred and twenty-five of the world-travelers of the ship. At 4:15 the patient Guenther switched on the stateroom light, and Popper awoke and dressed for the trip up the Pearl River to Canton. The little lad still lay sound asleep in his pajamas, dreaming of the ride of Santy in an airship from Pearyville down the funnel of the ship. It had been decided in family council that Popper and Big Sister should be the only members of the family to take the trip, so that, in case of danger, two of the family should not be exposed. Father had strenuously combatted the wish of Pauline to see the city, but Pauline is at that age when Father must obey, not order.

Biscuits and coffee were served in the forward dining-room, and a few minutes before five o'clock the section trooped over the forward port gang-plank to the Kinshan,



a river steamer bound for the city of mystery, seventy-eight miles up the Pearl River. The lights along the waterfront of Hong Kong were beginning to pale, and the thin night mists were curling away from the harbor. Two bells struck from an American man-o'-war, as we stood away against the tide.

Talk on the sail was mostly about the experience of the section which had seen Canton on the day preceding. That section returned at midnight, and little opportunity had been afforded to hear of its adventures, yet one of our own segment had conversed in the smoking-room with two of the men who had traversed the city. He heard that the members of the earlier section had been taken to the execution ground, and had there seen the body of a Chinese woman who had poisoned her husband with laudanum in the family rice. The woman had obtained short shrift in the Chinese trial and the day after the accusation she was strangled by the executioner. Men in the earlier section saw the body, with the double cord passed around the neck, and told about the bulging eyes and the hang of the heavy-haired head, as it lolled on one side of the neck. But the woman was not the only criminal executed on the grounds. Six Chinamen who had been guilty of river piracy had been beheaded, and the section had seen the severed corpses lying near the feet of the woman. A Chinese law requires the bodies of executed criminals to remain in the public eye for a day.

It came out, too, in the sail up the Pearl, that a British gunboat had proceeded to Canton and had sent ashore a landing party with a field-piece to be on hand in case of trouble. It was told that the viceroy had sent word to the captain of each police precinct that disorder in his precinct spelled reduction for the captain; and, in case the disorder meant bloodshed, it spelled the captain's dismissal.

With stories such as these going the rounds of the Kinshan, we neared the landing place. Every eye was strained toward the dingy planks. Along the string-piece

we discerned a double rank of Chinese soldiers and, back of them, white faces and employees of the steamer company.

It was a circumspect section which soberly passed up the gangplank and onto the landing. The suggestions of the consul and the tales told had a quieting influence on the men, and the women were, a few of them, at any rate, willing to allow the men to make the conversation.



AN EXILE FROM HARTFORD

As the van of the visitors struck out from the landing, a detail of Chinese soldiers swung forward of the foremost and preceded it toward the Victoria Hotel. On either side walked lusty Chinese policemen with locusts in hand. It was through a living lane that the section fared. The onlookers were two and three deep, in some places five deep. Most of the natives had the stolid Celestial air which masks a capacity which few from the Western world recognize till experience brings knowledge. It was a stolid

throng, apparently not interested, not alert. An occasional black look or a scowl was caught, but, as a whole, the men along the way were orderly. Here and there were men with a quietly expectant air, men who seemed curious to learn whether something would break loose and to be willing to be on hand to see what they would see. It was a throng which impressed me as if stolid and yet under restraint, self-restraint, perhaps. Stolid and expectant are, perhaps, the best words to use to describe it.

A surprise was awaiting me as we left the landing. On the edge of the living lane was a young white, who was inquiring for the author. In a few moments he located me, and then introduced himself as Arthur Bowman of the Imperial custom house, sometime of Hartford, our home city. He recited an interesting story about his departure from Hartford in 1899, and his service for three years in the Fourth Cavalry, a part of the time in the Philippines in the dark days of the insurrection. Mr. Bowman said that on account of the precautions taken, the tourists would undoubtedly find the city to be safe. The proclamations which had been posted in Chinese declaring that violence would bring summary reprisal had made a strong impression.

Almost in silence we made our way through an open part of the city near the river, escorted by police on either flank, and followed by another detail of soldiers. In a small square by the side of the hotel we found a force of twenty-nine guides in waiting. We were apportioned out among these, and each guide led his convoy to a small squadron of sedan chairs.

For each sedan chair the motive power consisted of the muscles of three coolies, two for the forward shafts and one for the after. The men were barefooted, and carried the chair partly by a grasp on the shafts and partly by straps slung over their shoulders.

We crossed, on a queer open bridge, a curious kind of a small canal, and plunged into the native city. The first street which we entered was about nine or ten feet in width.



It was paved with large, solid stones and, contrary to what we had been expecting, was clean and not malodorous. As I afterward learned, the viceroy had caused a part of the city to be cleansed before our oncoming. Booths and stores were on each side of our chairs. Overhanging signs swung three feet above our heads. They were gorgeous boards in black and gilt, or in yellow and scarlet, over which sprawling Chinese characters reeled, curious nuclei from which lines strayed in a manner mysterious to the Western mind. Except for the dim light, the effect would have been dazzling; as it was, the picture was fantastic.

I have written that the light was dim. Buildings rose high on either hand, narrowing the sky to a slender blue slit, a pale ribbon above the walls and signs.

At once the street contracted from a lane to a path. The half light deepened into a dusk, then into a deeper gloom. The interior lay in dark shadow. All along the path stolid-eyed onlookers were lined, in places two deep, men and women with strange slanting eyes and grotesque children, who turned a curious gaze on the invaders. Of the men, some of the more intelligent regarded us with a look which was bland, yet passive, always expectant, never tense.

Along one path was a succession of butchers' stalls, in which bare-armed boys were mincing an unfamiliar flesh with small cleavers. Skinned rats were hanging in a number of the stalls, and jerked or dried rats were to be seen on all of the counters. Cat-flesh was exposed for sale in some of these markets. We were told that dog-flesh could be found in a few.

In another quarter were dozens of fish stalls, in which the dried fish exceeded the fresh. We saw dealers replenishing their stock of fresh from baskets' carried over the shoulders of arrivals from the river who transported supplies in huge wickers suspended at the ends of bamboo poles balanced as easily as if the weight were but a pound.

One lane led to the notorious execution ground, a

squalid and grewsome opening half filled with scattered crockery. The bodies which the earlier tourists had seen had been taken away, but I saw on the ground dark stains, which we heard were from the veins of the pirates slain the day before. The blood had begun to decompose. The framework used for the strangling of the woman was in place, an ugly reminder of a cruel and barbaric death.

The headsman lived near by, and in answer to a request, strengthened by a half dollar, he lounged into the foreground to be photographed. With a stolid indifference he struck a shambling attitude, his great knife uplifted in his unwashed hand. His unintelligent and brutally indifferent face was unshaven. It was unsavory with a dirty stubble of gray. At the moment the view was taken a sinister grin parted his thin lips, and gave to the face an aspect even more hideous and revolting.

From that sight the visitors returned to their sedan chairs, ready to forget the sight and ready to turn to new scenes. They passed in silence along a lane darker and more uninviting than any traversed previously. Suddenly a yell sounded from beyond an elbow in the path, a scream which told of pain and anger. My coolies gave subdued grunts, and I caught on the face of a Chinaman in a booth that look of expectancy which I had grown to await and to understand. I could feel a slight heave to the chair, caused by the unconscious tightening of the grasp of the coolies on the shaft, a telepathic signal of danger. What was the next moment to reveal?

Pauline was leaning forward in her chair, immediately in front of mine. For a second her face was directed to the turn in the lane. Then she slowly swung it around to the side, and gazed unconcernedly into the depths of a booth on the opposite side, where some silks were for sale.

In those few moments there was a headlong scurry of Chinamen toward the corner. A figure in uniform made a flying dive in front of the shafts of the girl's chair. The chair had by this time turned the elbow and mine was at the turn in the next second.

Two Chinamen were in the thick of a street brawl. Blood was pouring down the forehead of one from a



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"A SINISTER GRIN PARTED HIS THIN LIPS"

savage gash in his shaven crown. Blood was gushing, too, from a broken nose, smashed flat over his face. The wounded fighter was putting a strain on the cue of his



assailant with one hand and was groping under his blouse with his murderous other hand. While he was still reaching for the knife, the policeman who had sprung across the path ahead of Pauline's chair made his headlong tackle and plunged his body between the two men. A moment more and another policeman was at his hand, and the potential trouble which lurked in the brawl was over.

All of this time Pauline and her black picture hat were traveling farther into the dark lane. Not a scream rose from the young girl as the Chinese yells punctured the gloom and the assaulted thief spat and coughed blood. True to Consul Bergholtz's instructions, she had paid no attention to the occurrence.

Farther down the path we saw a teeming spot, where the population seemed to live five or six to a room. A tree trunk rose two feet distant from the lane and high over the pavement the roof of the dwelling was built flush to the trunk, where it forked, and flush to the limbs.

Pagodas and temples galore we saw in the ride of that afternoon. The Flowery Pagoda rose nearly two hundred feet in the air for our admiration, and the pagoda of the Queen of Heaven was less poetical than its name. The temple of the five hundred genii should have interested us more than it did. But the Five-Story Pagoda did interest us, and still more, a few months later on, when some of us heard that the trouble between Cantonese police and Manchu soldiers started at a point near the pagoda. There was wild work for a time, when that disturbance thrilled Canton, and blood was shed on each side.

We were carried in our chairs to booths where jade and jewelry were for sale, and to others where queer handiwork in feathered jewelry and silver were on the counters. Still other shops displayed bizarre things in sandalwood. In one spot I beheld a tiny silk-weaving factory, with toy looms over a dirt floor, the weaver's feet on the dingy and squalid board, and the really beautiful fabric but a foot above them. It was a contrast, the bare and sordid room

and the glowing webs with the gleam of the silk in many a fairy pattern. In an unknown cranny a stolid Chinaman and his boy were producing finery destined in the caprice of Fortune to deck a beauty on the further side of the earth as she swept down the middle aisle or received homage in the ballroom.

Yes, and later in that afternoon of strange memory we were taken to a shop where perfectly elegant bargains in



THE FIVE-STORY PAGODA

embroidered silk were the reason for existence. It was there possible to witness the spectacle of a man with whiskers who enjoyed shopping.

As that Christmas afternoon wore along, the dim lights in the canyons deepened, and the mystery of the uncanny city grew. From time to time we peered into houses in which grotesque idols or figures stood in small shrines, mute testimony to a faith ancient before Christ saw the star in Bethlehem. It took but little imagination to picture what might happen in that congested hive with fanatical

worshipers of a narrow belief, were some ugly brawl to brew. And yet, such was the moral effect of the viceroy's strong right arm that no violence was offered.

From the chill air of the narrow shafts, called streets, we journeyed, as the sun was fast westering, across the bridged canal to the Shameen, or foreign quarter, and the hotel square, from which we had started hours before, and there our coolies pestered us for cum shaw, or a gratuity, and there they melted away, satisfied with a few coins. There Mr. Bowman found us, and from the square we sauntered to the river front. It was with a sense of potential peril, and a memory of ribbons of gloom-shrouded lanes lined with a half-barbaric populace held back by the moral iron of the law, a memory of uncomprehended customs and strange merchandise, of strong-limbed coolies, of pagodas and temples, of gorgeous Chinese lanterns, of silver and jade and lacquer work, of jet-black cues and shaven foreheads, of chopsticks and drying orange peel and jerked rat flesh, and of many an unknown product, that we of the West tramped to the waterside.

In a few moments Mr. Bowman had us on a landing and was hailing a sampan. We boarded the clumsy, high-pooped craft and sat in the stern sheets, while John Chinaman poled in the bow and his amiable, chunky wife sculled in the stern. Mr. Bowman harked back over the years and the Pacific to the salad days when he played ball in the meadow of our town, in which he was more interested than in present-day Canton, but ere long I lured him to tell of river life on the Pearl, and he spun yarns about babies who are born in sampans and live out their lives in the small boats, and leave them only to enter Paradise.

In a space not so large as a cable car a family of five may live. In it all hands eat and sleep. They do their fishing, their housekeeping; they raise their children and ducks and pigs; they peddle flowers; they dance and play their music; they wash (sometimes) and gamble (always). The simple life is lived, save when it becomes



a strenuous life, if the father takes to piracy and is caught. It is a simple life in the open, for, barring a palmetto thatch, there is naught between the head and the heavens. Of all the swollen underworlds which turgid Canton has, that which is afloat is the most picturesque.

Now, it was farewell to Bowman, who grew sober and silent in the final minutes, and the start on the Kinshan for the return to the Cleveland. For six hours we sailed down the Pearl with interchange of story and chat and anecdote. A Christmas dinner was served by John, in pig-tail, trousers like meal sacks, and, of course, the bare feet, which are *de rigueur* anywhere east of Cairo. It was midnight when the tired excursionists trooped over the gang-plank to the ship.

I found Little Joe fast asleep with the spoils of the Christmas stocking in his hands, the elephant of the flag of Siam at his cheek on the pillow. And that was the most inspiring sight of all that memorable Christmas in China. It was a Christmas of a kind to keep on the chosen page in the album of memory. It was,—but this chapter is already too long.

Long though it be, a half page must be given to Hong Kong. You must know that Great Britain is the owner of the island of Hong Kong, and that the city which occupies nearly all of the island is named Victoria. The island was ceded in 1841, and became a colony two years later. From the water's edge the land rises precipitously to a height of two thousand feet, terrace on terrace, boulder, path, and summit. Streets are wide and clean,—on the other side of the diameter from the Canton idea.

We climbed on the funicular railroad till we seemed to be stabbing holes in the sky. At the terminus we left the thing of cogs and rails and started for the summit of the peak. On the way we passed a small barrack and had a short chat with a couple of Tommies, quiet, respectful, clean-shaven youths, of muscle, who are ready to defend

the British lion if anybody has the temerity to twist the animal's tail. From the crest we enjoyed a view which has few superiors in this quarter of the world. But the view was not the only enjoyment for the dear ladies, for Hong Kong has many shops, bad, indifferent, and good. Shopping began in nearly as much earnest as was the case in Japan less than a week later. Sandalwood, copper-ware, and souvenirs were the backbone of the purchases, and on the last day, camphor-wood chests. These last were among the most sensible of the articles bought. I became the possessor of a chest of fine camphor, tested by knife and auger, and have it now at home, ready to be of service when my grandsons are ninety years old. The next thing is the grandsons.



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

**B**ANZAI! glorious Japan, little land of lovely ladies, sturdy, comical men, and cameo children, the land where East becomes West, the country of the cherry and the chrysanthemum, of Oyama and Togo, of the fan and the kimono, of rickshaw men who care little for cum shaw, the land of the wooden sandal, the lantern, and the camphor tree, a land of quiet, untheatrical heroism, of thrift and courtesy and quaint efforts at English. Yes, banzai! "Ten thousand years," and *happy* years to you, fine little Toyland, where we meet the antithesis of France, for here the country's capital is men, not money. It would seem to us that the leading crop was children, future heroes for Dai Nippon.

It was Nagasaki, first of the Japanese towns which welcomed us. The harbor is a landlocked inlet, indented with coves. It is about three miles long and ranges in width from half a mile to a mile. Hills which would have appeared high to us, had we not just come from Hong Kong, shut it in. It has excellent holding ground at a depth of eight to ten fathoms.

The city is at its eastern shore, and has a population of 176,000. Its exports and imports for 1908 footed up to nearly forty millions. It is the capital of the prefecture of Nagasaki, and the Kiushiu railway has its western terminus there. It was in Nagasaki Harbor that the old Japan first received European vessels, back in 1578, and in the early times of European trade in the Far East it was Nagasaki that most felt the Occidental impulse. In the seventeenth



century it marked a bloody persecution of native Christian converts.

Barely had the ship made fast to a mooring buoy well out in the stream when a fleet of tiny tenders came puffing to the gangways. The commercial flag of Japan was flying from their sterns, the blood-red rising sun of imperial Japan, which we for the first time beheld in its homeland. Of course there was a gee whiz to find places in the boats. American parties in Japan have been few and small, and have traveled, as Pauline, who is in the high school, says, *otio cum dignitate*. And so it was that the very polite little



*Courtesy of Thomas A. Peabody*

#### UNDER THE SUN FLAG

Japs on the tenders and at the landing place were astonished when a frantic rush of heavy Occidentals swept down.

Once ashore, we piled down on the two lines of rickshaw men, one on one side of the street and the other on the other. We found the squat little fellows full of a quaint, industrious courtesy. I was received with a good-natured and ceremonious bow, and was carefully stowed on the seat and a rubber apron was spread, for there was a hint of drizzle. Then I was asked where it was my "honorable pleasure" to be taken. It was my honorable pleasure to be taken to the post-office, *yubinkiyoku*, according to a leaf-

let distributed at the landing by an enterprising merchant in the tortoise-shell line, who had printed on the cover page "With a small vocabulary for taking up at town." In the leaflet it was testified that "the distinguished peculiarities of tortoise-shell ware manufactured by Y. Sakata & Co." were "the latest fashion of style" and "the genuineness of material." It was Little Joe's honorable pleasure to be taken to the post-office, and he mailed a post-card to John Manion with great glee. Then he mailed one each to Dorothy and Phyllis.

In each rickshaw were two flags, an American and a Japanese. I grabbed mine and waved them to a Jap group on the sidewalk, and yelled a *banzai*.

The Japs responded cordially, with quaint, formal bows, formal, yet good-natured and warm, withal. The men knew more of English than I had given them credit for, and most of them called out "Hurrah!" in a ceremonious, Harry Snell, five o'clock tea manner. Joe had already learned "*banzai*," and when he shrilled it in his childish voice the polite Japs countered with "hurrah" with queer, but pleased formality.

It was "independent action" the first afternoon which we spent in dear, hospitable Nagasaki. The tourists told the rickshaw haulers to take them, some to banks, where the passengers changed gold into yen and sen; some to money changers; some to temples, some to parks, some to hotels, some to the Commercial Museum, some to the water front, and some to shops.

All along the way there were the two flags, the stars of the republic and the sun of Nippon. All along the way were beautiful women in the unfamiliar and gay costumes of the Land of the Rising Sun.

A Japanese woman is a work of art. She has glossy raven hair, dressed in an artistic and picturesque fashion, massed in a midnight curve, and stabbed with rakish pins with jewelled heads and piratical shafts. She has a low, broad forehead and high, plump cheeks, underlaid with a

dark rosy flush, like vermilion seen through sherry. She has eyes dark as night, framed in drooping, almond-shaped, languorous lids. Her lips are generous. Her teeth are ivory, except when, for some freak, they are stained. Her stature is short. Her figure is built in a queer kind of a roly-poly buxom outline, at which you marvel, and which captivates you.

She walks on cute wooden sandals having two high slats running athwartships under the ball of the foot. This curious footgear is called *chiyoda-zori*. (Half of the men bought *chiyodas* to take home.) The Jap woman wears a white sock with a pudgy pouch for the big toe, alongside of which the thong of the sandal passes.

All in all she is a dream of midnight. Some of the wives on the ship fell to speculating as to the cause, if their husbands went ashore alone. Some of them raised an awful pother when husbands came back to the ship one tender later than the schedule.

Late in the afternoon the American consul gave a reception to tourists in his residence, situated on a high rock and approached by a long and not facile ascent cut in the solid rock. He is from St. Louis, and a credit to that city. It was his honorable pleasure to stimulate us with tea and sandwiches, and he made a happy hit with the Clevelanders.

In the evening the passengers were guests of the vice-governor, and were taken to a native theatre, in which they saw a play depicting a mediæval Japanese feud. On Japanese fans at home we had seen costumes and poses which we considered not only grotesque, but impossible. Here we saw the original, and the fans were justified. The costumes equalled those in the fans, and the facial contortions rivalled the most extravagant phizes on paper. It was the same story with the attitudes. What the fans do not reproduce is the stringy nasal squeak which is the actor's singing voice, a cross between a mosquito's buzz and the tearing of silk.

The next morning we were taken to Suwa Park, an eminence laid out with walks and gardens. In the park we



paused before a stone tablet, in which was cut, in imitation of the original handwriting, the following:

“Nagasaki, Japan, June 25, 1879.

“At the request of Governor Utsumi Tadukevi, Mrs. Grant and I each planted a tree in the Nagasaki Park. I hope that both trees may prosper, grow larger and live long and in that growth, prosperity and long life be emblematic of the future of Japan.

“U. S. Grant.”

An entertainment was given for the tourists by a merchants' association. It was in the form of songs and poses by dancing girls, some of the far-famed Geisha girls, who gave an exhibition in brilliantly colored kimonos, and concluded with a theatrical flutter of Old Glory and the Sun Flag.

From the open-air theatre we were escorted to an open-air gymnasium, in which an exhibition of *jiu-jutsu* was presented, the tourists being this time guests of the municipality. The object of this particular style of wrestling is to enable a small man to cope with an assailant who is much larger. The curriculum includes five points or branches, throwing, holding, choking, dislocating joints, and striking. Lads of about fifteen or sixteen years gave the exhibition, in pairs. On appearing on the mats they knelt and made kotow. Then they went at it, hammer and tongs. Fencing followed the *jiu-jutsu*. The foils were bamboo rods some six feet long. The boys had it out to their hearts' content in the thrust and parry of such debate.

Evening brought a display of fireworks by the municipality, one especially Oriental in character, with dragons and palms and beasts of wondrous ugliness. It brought, too, a little later in the shank of the evening, a feast of lanterns. From the steep hillside came the distant globes, illuminating the streetside, and casting a mild radiance into the Japanese night. They passed in martial ranks along the water front, and turned into the interior of the city. The hues ranged from canary to deep, full orange. With the paper globes they cast a subdued, hazy light. Seen from the

ship's decks the bobbing blots of gay colors made a picturesque spectacle long to be remembered. The reflection in the harbor turned the surface into liquid fire, and for over a mile of the water front it glowed and gleamed with broken columns and points of dancing flame.

There are temples a-plenty in Nagasaki, and he is hard to please who fails to find something interesting in one or another. Old carvings which represent ancient industries are in the musically named Matsuno-Mori temple, which is situated near the park and in a pretty grove. The Sofukuji temple is a Buddhist building of the Zen sect, and is for Chinese services. The main gateway and the entrance gate are in pure old Chinese style, a variety seldom found in Japan. The Daionji temple is of particular interest to many Christians, as it was founded by the Tokugawa government long ago to draw Roman Catholic converts to Buddhism. It is a large building, and from it a convincing view of the city can be obtained. The religion here is an element which is rather mystifying for a time to men from the West. I was reminded of a saying which I heard, that the average Jap lived a Shintoist and died a Buddhist. Shintoism is the state religion, and it was defined to me as little more than a philosophy, a worship of the Mikado and of ancestors, whose spirits are believed at times to hover around some of the temples, more especially the spirits of men who have died for the Mikado and Nippon.

Most of all I was impressed in Nagasaki by the children, cunning little chunks of living cameo, tiny tads with ridiculous heads and merry little faces and squat figures, and it was my honorable pleasure to yearn to take one home and exhibit the little comical rascal to the Ladies' Aid Society. I saw them trudging around in bare feet on the stilt wooden shoes, saw their dark, little, wondering faces with that delicate ruddy glow under the satin skin, and marveled at the queer, pudgy figures in bright-hued blouses, and they marveled at me with innocent glee till I began to feel the miserable old sinner that I am. I would call out a

"*banzai!*" and they would laugh with the happy, innocent, trusting mirth of innocent childhood. What wonder is it that a mother in Israel leaned out from her rickshaw and waved her Jap flag, and asked of me: "Aren't they just the dearest little things you ever saw?"

One morning Little Joe was riding by a knot of children, and he waved his white flag with the red rising sun and hurrahed a treble "*banzai!*" The little tykes tossed their brown hands and yelled the word in pleased delight, admiring Joe's carrot hair and white skin just as much as he was "rubbering" at their stiff black stubble and almond eyes. Joe turned to bid them farewell with a "*sayonara,*" which he had early learned, and the little sons of midnight actually shrieked out their joy at his schooling.

The heroic battle which some of the Nagasaki merchants wage with the English language has its humors. A leaflet was distributed to tourists, headed, "The Letter of Invite of Mr. Y. Yezaki with Compliment." It started with: "On this honourable occasion to welcome your party's visiting here, for the first place, Mr. Y. Yezaki presents his compliments and earnestly desires to have your visit to his finely established galery at the first, hoping to interest you with details."

The merchant asked the question in print: "You would be expositor of Japanese gardening?" and immediately below he printed: "By inspecting Mr. Y. Yezaki's large confined garden with quaint the trees, scattered stones, &c."

He also asked this: "Do you know the meaning of 'Niwamise'?" and answered the conundrum with the sentence:

"The ceremonial showing of garden fully decorated at night for which no special chance to see was given to strangers, having its origin in the festival of Suwa shrine usually performed on the night of 3d September."

Then he proceeds to reveal a secret.

"How you should feel restful seclusion?" is the question, and the reply is:



"The entertainment of tea and cake in our ceremonial style."

The merchant calls attention to music and went on thus:

"Koto, our only musical instrument handed from our fore fathers played by my daughter and the chorus by a band of girls in the same music heard in the most charming manner."

In Nagasaki harbor we coaled ship, the task being performed by women, who carried sacks of bituminous coal on their heads or passed them by hand from one stage to another, and worked for long hours with cheerful faces and untiring arms. Many of the women brought with them babies of a few months' age, and either carried them for a time or stowed them in the boats or in nooks on the stages.

When the hour came for leaving hospitable Nagasaki, delegations from the merchants' association, from the municipality, from the Christian Endeavor Union of the city, and from other bodies came alongside the ship in launches and waved the American flags. It seemed as if every other Jap in the little boats had "Old Glory" in his hand. I saw more American banners in that last hour in Nagasaki than in the two days that I passed in San Francisco on our return. Bands played in two of the tenders, every air an American patriotic tune. When one of the bands rendered "The Star Spangled Banner" every Jap in the tender rose and waved his flag or his hat or a handkerchief, and some climbed to the rail and balanced by the funnel guys.

On the Cleveland hundreds of American ensigns fluttered and tossed. Dozens of Japanese banners were flaunted, for many of the tourists had already purchased the white fields with the sun.\* A dear lady from South Bend, Indiana, besought one of the men to ascend higher in the shrouds and wave his Japanese banner still harder. Then she smiled most graciously at the author when he bent on a

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\* At the next port scores of the passengers bought flags. I bought a Jap banner in nearly every port in Japan in which we came to anchor.

great flag of the Japanese navy to a bamboo pole and waved it with might and main and tore a shred of mucous membrane from his throat with a convincing "*Banzai gun kan no hata Nippon!*" The Japanese may not be according to



*Courtesy of Colonel C. H. Case*

GROUP IN NAGASAKI

Hoyle, but it was meant for "Ten thousand happy years for the Japanese warship flag!" And thus the Cleveland cast off, and thus we bade farewell to the Toyland Harbor and the hospitable people of the first port of call in the Land of the Cherry Blossom.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### YOKOHAMA and TOKYO; KAMAKURA.

MORNING found us in the inland Sea of Japan, one of the wonder spots of Nature. Heavily-wooded islets, many of them rocks of barely an acre or two in size studded the sea. Around some of these and between others the ship wormed and twisted, in some places so near that a biscuit could have been thrown from the hurricane deck to land. We saw two of our American warships, the West Virginia and the Maryland, in the course of the run to Kobe. We saw them turn and cavort among tiny islands, and could imagine the solicitude of the quartermasters or the helmsmen at their wheels.

Kobe is in the southern part of the large island of Hondo, and is on the western shore of the Bay of Osaka. It was open to foreign trade and residence in 1863, and it has a deep and safe harbor. It lies along a fine, sandy beach, and near the base of a high range of hills. The inhabitants number nearly three hundred thousand. The exports and the imports total over one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Near by are the Nunoniki Falls, the upper or "Male" fall being eighty-two feet in height, and the other, or "Female" cataract being forty-three feet.

The Christian Endeavor segment of our party was welcomed at a social gathering in Kobe College, a famous girls' school maintained by the American Board, and at a union meeting held in a Japanese church.

The stay in Kobe was short, barely long enough to allow the voyagers time to turn around and then take a train for Osaka.



Hitherto I have avoided the encyclopedic form, but for once allow me to nod:

O-sa-ka (contraction of *O-ye-sa-ka*) is a leading seaport of Japan. It is also an important manufacturing and trade city. It is in Lat.  $34^{\circ} 42' N.$  and Long.  $135^{\circ} 31' E.$ , 20 miles from Kobe and 27 m. S. W. from Kioto.

Osaka is built for the most part on low, level land and on both banks of the Yodo River and on the shore of Osaka Bay. Many canals run through the city, and it is



A JAPANESE SCENE

said that the bridges which span them are thirteen hundred in number. It was opened in 1868 for foreign residence and trade, and a foreign quarter was started on a river island. For years there were few in the quarter beyond the missionaries and officials.

The city is the headquarters of the Fourth Military District, and has a large garrison in Osaka Castle. I saw numbers of the brown soldiers in a kind of olive-drab uniform, and smart, snappy soldiers they were. They had the air of well-fed, contented men, with an esprit de corps, men who were loyal and were proud of the traditions of their service.

In Nagasaki our welcome had been such as to warm the very cockles of our hearts, but Osaka outdid even the cordiality of the Kiushiu city. As we passed from the station platform to the street we were met by the acting mayor and a delegation of city fathers and the metaphorical keys of the city were extended. A formal speech was made, and was responded to by a clergyman from North Sandwich, New Hampshire, in eloquent words, which spoke of the admiration which the tourists felt for Japan and their gratitude for the cordial greeting. The closing words of the response were taken by a listener, and were quoted oftentimes during the rest of the stay in the country. They were:

“And so may the friendship between our two great nations continue as long as the sun rises on your beautiful Land of the Cherry Blossom and the stars glitter in the banner of our Republic of the Free.”

Embarking in rickshaws, we went to Osaka Castle, cheered and welcomed all along the way by crowds with fluttering American and Japanese flags and waving hats or handkerchiefs. We were escorted into the great fortification, and one unreflecting youth began to take a series of photographs. He was discovered by a Japanese officer as he was taking the second snap, and was promptly squelched. The view from the platform, where once stood a five-storied donjon, commanded the land and the water for many miles around.

In early times the site of the town was known as *Naniwa no Kuni*, “rapid waves.” Old fables have it that when the first emperor approached the shore he met with a rough sea and high waves, and that the sight lingered in the imperial memory in such wise that the spot received its picturesque name. Later, in the fourth year of the Emperor Meiwo, a Buddhist priest built, on the hill where the castle now stands, a large temple and, still later, when his successor had become almost as powerful as feudal princes, walls were erected and moats were dug; thus the castle was started. Yet later the son of a peasant, who became known

in Japanese history as the great Hideyoshi, rose to power, and became the head of most of the feudal Japanese princes of his time. He felt that Kioto, which was then the capital of the empire, was too restricted, and he determined to remove the seat of the government to Osaka. He began to extend the castle, ordering feudal lords to contribute huge stones and timbers of enormous dimensions to the glorious work. It is chronicled that he caused thousands of workmen from a total of ten provinces to lend their labor to the undertaking. When the giant task was completed, the strength of the walls was unequalled in all the empire. So the story runs, and as we looked at the massive masonry and the miles of deep ditches and the great gates we could easily believe the castle to have been impregnable in those rude times, if defended by a force of resolute men. It is said that the castle is even now superior to any but the most powerful of modern guns.

According to the old-time story, many of the blocks were brought from far-distant quarries. With the patience of Guenther, little brown Japs with common iron tools cut out cubes of twenty feet, and with backbreaking, heart-wrenching toil pushed and hauled them for miles, foot by foot, on wooden rollers and reared these mighty walls.

Travelers who tell their tales of southern Europe say that nowhere have they seen stones larger than those here, whether in well-walled Roman forts or in citadels build by ancient Greeks.

Returning to the center of the city, we had a fine dinner in a hotel, and at each cover found a neat box containing artificial flowers and like souvenirs, presented by a local newspaper. In fact, in every place in which we tarried in Japan it was souvenir after souvenir, so many that a separate note-book would have been required to tabulate them properly. I regret to say that I failed to keep a list. Flowers, vocabulary leaflets, packages of tea, tea cups or saucers, hatpins,—these scarcely start the list, and nearly any member of the party can add to it from memory alone.



Those Japanese days were filled with incident and change of scene, and the memory grows confused, unless refreshed by memoranda.

Our next objective was Kioto, and for those who like that sort of thing here is something in the encyclopedic line about Kioto:

“One of the three *fu* cities of Japan, capital of the country from 794 to 1868, when the shogunate was abolished. Stands on the island of Hondo; Lat.  $35^{\circ}$  N., Long.  $135^{\circ} 30'$  E.; is 47 m. from Kobe, via Osaka. Temples and shrines abound. Silks, velvets, brocades, and cloisonne enameled ware are manufactured.”

It was evening when the train drew into the station. It was bitter chill when the family started in rickshaws for the Myako Hotel, and Joe was energetic in the flaunting of the flag and the shrilling out of his *banzai*'s, for the exercise warmed his congealing blood. Once in the hotel, we hastened to our rooms. It was the first hotel in the country in which we remained over night, and the arrangements were on that account interesting. The apartment was large and was partitioned into three compartments of convenient size by the use of sliding Japanese rice-paper screens, easily adjustable or removable. The chill was removed from the apartment by the use of a small portable stove or brazier, which contained rather more than three tablespoons of a soft coal. By an inducement I persuaded the guardian of the corridor to bring in another stove.

The next morning a number of the party gained admission into the imperial palace, a building in the Japanese style and, to our eyes, conspicuous for a lack of furniture. Sliding screens and partitions distinguished the building. Another of the sights of the city was the bell of the temple Chion-in, a monster in metal, measuring eleven feet in height and nine and one-half feet in diameter. We had seen temple bells of almost every manufactured size from the dimensions of a pea in Rangoon to that of the Chion-in and more than one of us understood the famous lines of Kipling.

But by the time the party reached Kioto, temples and shrines and architecture and nearly every sight but the people were becoming old tales to the noble army of women; either that, or the shopping was especially attractive. The unvarnished truth is that half of the women of the expedition developed in Kobe, Osaka, and Kioto a mania for the purchase of fabrics, cloisonné, and souvenirs of many a beautiful kind. It was scarcely to be wondered at, for the products were real, were ingenious, were dainty, and **were** also cheap. What appealed to the men more than to the women was the fact that in nearly every shop one price ruled. I have told the story of the sale of a sandalwood fan in Gibraltar for one shilling and of its mate for three shillings, and the attempted sale of that mate for six. Such experiences did not taint Japan. Prices were said by experts, both in and out of the party, to be reasonable, and scarcely ever did they vary.

At one time in our sojourn in Kioto Little Joe went afield, wandered off on a street, and then and there was a scuttling to find the explorer. When he was discovered he had purchased a kite and was taking a lesson from a couple of Jap boys. His Japanese was limited to "*ohayo*," "*banzai*," and "*sayonara*." The two Jap tads knew no English at all, but they already knew boy nature of a kind which rules the wide world over, and in the bounty of their hearts were assisting the carrot-haired lad from the Occident. Joe was astonished at the pother made over his exploration and assured his mother that he had been "puffec'ly safe." It may be said right here that thereafter Joe was armored with a tag around his neck containing his name and that of the ship and of the hotel at which we were housed for the time being. Thus our alarums were minimized.

My own shopping in Kioto was of a primitive kind. I parted with a few yen and acquired several flags. It was easy to buy the ordinary commercial one, that with the fiery-red ball in the center of a snow-white field, but to gain a large and really beautiful specimen of the naval flag

required a bit more of time and effort. I voyaged to two different shops and sat cross-legged on two or three different Jap platforms, and lightened life for two or three laughing Jap maidens thereby, ere the yens went from my pocket to the treasury of a shop-keeper, and ere I could swell the shop-keeper's surplus it was necessary to repeat the magic formula: "*Gun kan no hata Nippon.*" The repetition appeared to hearten the merchant even as the French of M. le Capitaine Curtiss appeared to rejoice the interpreter in Cairo. The flag is now in the museum of a high school in fine old Connecticut, and on fête days in the school tells the story of Togo and the fleet of the Rising Sun to children who see their Stars and Stripes floating from the school staff.

On the way back to Kobe, we made pause at Osaka long enough to receive a very welcome line of souvenirs in the shape of Japanese parasols, one for each voyager who tarried to take the gift.

Now, we lay tied to a mooring buoy in Yokohama Roads. In some respects the marine stage of Yokohama had the same setting as that in the roadstead of Singapore. Flags from many a nation, near and away, floated in the chill air which came down from the sacred summit of Fujiyama. The British banner was, as always, to be seen in plenitude; the tri-color of the Third Republic, the ensign of the German Empire, that of Holland, and the banner of nearly every important maritime country were fluttering from jack-staffs and mastheads at one time or another in the seven days that the ship rode to the buoy. The banner of our own country was,—the pity of it—scarcely to be seen afloat, except when Japanese tenders flew it as a courtesy.

Yet Yokohama is a port of lasting historical interest to patriotic Americans. It is the place where old Commodore Perry landed and executed, as far as he, himself, could, the first foreign treaty which the modern Japan has known. Brother of the winner of the battle of Lake Erie,



Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry reached Yokohama with a letter from Washington, authorizing him to open international relations, a direction which he followed to such good purpose in 1854 that an instrument was signed on a spot which was pointed out to us, a spot, in the year of the old commodore's advent, on the shore, but now, after the invasion of the water by "made" land, a short distance inland. When the treaty was made, Yokohama was barely more than a fishing village with a few hundred population. From that it has grown to three hundred and ten thousand inhabitants.

The ship was our base while we forayed in and from Yokohama. Most of our meals were obtained on the Cleveland, but the luncheons in Yokohama were served in the Grand Hotel, which is one of the most commodious hostelries in the Far East. The hotel is on the *kaigan dori*, and commands a perfect view of the bay with the shipping, steamships from every navigable part of the globe, picturesque junks, and queer fishing boats.

On the first afternoon a large fraction of the expedition availed itself of the squadron of chartered rickshaws, which was lined up in two ranks at the landing, and was taken to different points of interest in the city. The rickshaw men were delighted at our "*ohayo's*" and "*banzai's*" and were full of the quaint bows and queer, comical courtesy of their cousins in Nagasaki and Osaka. It was a cordial reception which Japan had accorded to us from the moment we set foot in Nagasaki, one on the opposite of the diameter from the cool and dismal aloofness which characterized Bombay and most of the earlier ports which we had visited. In little hospitable Japan municipality after municipality showered attention after attention and entertainments of one kind and another.

On the return from a foray around the city, we were ascending Noge Hill. As the climb began the occupant of the leading rickshaw observed that his cooley was puffing and straining.

"*Tomare,*" he called out to the man.

Astonished, the man came to a stop, thus obeying the order. Then the occupant alighted from the cart.

"*Yuke,*" he said to the little Jap, who now began to understand. The Jap lifted up the thills and resumed the ascent, with the cart empty and the passenger walking at his side. As he continued the climb, the occupant of the next rickshaw, less of a student of the leaflet vocabulary, used the sign language to give like orders, not aware that in that particular case the cooley knew a bit of English. The orders were followed, and in a couple of minutes the action proved to be infectious and all the tourists but two in the sub-section were descending from their conveyances. The two exceptions were lame, but in a few moments they, too, were afoot, soon, however, to return to their seats, as the effort was too severe in their cases.

In this manner the line made its way to the crest of the hill. The little brown men were pleased and grateful and the Americans continued afoot, seeing a long descent which would tax the rickshaw people nearly as much as the climb. About one-third of the way to the foot the line met a rickshaw coming toward the summit. A small Jap was hauling this. The occupant was a stalwart, heavy white man in a gray suit. He allowed himself to be drawn by the line, as men, women, and children were walking to save trouble for the haulers of their carts. I have a strong suspicion as to the nationality of that individual, but in the absence of certainty, I shall not proceed further.

On another afternoon a section of the party was at the railroad station on the return from a trip to Tokio. The passengers passed out from the waiting-room to the space in front of the station and joined in a stream of travel which was setting toward the center of the city. As I was proceeding along what appeared to be a sidewalk I heard a bicycle bell ring behind me and, turning, saw a husky six-footer white jingling away in a petulant manner. The tide of traffic was such that it was next to impossible for the

pedestrians to dodge as rapidly as the wheelman wished, but he made no allowance for the conditions, but continued in the saddle and grazed more than one of the women as he ploughed ahead. There was no moral doubt in my mind as to his nationality, when I saw the fashion of his clothes, but belief is not proof.

On the bluff is the temple of Fudomyoo, approached by two different sets of stone stairs. A set of steep, straight stairs is named otokazaka, or stairs for men. The other set, winding stairs, is named onnazaka, stairs for women. I could not but think that the onnazaka would be chosen by the individual whose honorable pleasure it was to keep to his rickshaw on Noge Hill, when our women were afoot.

From the front of the temple is obtained a splendid view of the bay, the portion here seen being called Mississippi Bay, after Commodore Perry's flagship.

One morning found us on our way to Kamakura, once, in the years before Cæsar invaded Britain, a large and powerful city, now a straggling country village. Long afterward, the city was, for two centuries and a half, the seat of government of the famous shoguns. The sleepy village nestles in a valley surrounded on three sides by picturesque hills, and it has the open Pacific on the east. Here and there are ancient temples, old gateways, and statues which tell of old-time glory and departed greatness. Traces, they are, of a splendor long since dead.

Foremost among the sights is the bronze Daibutsu, beyond doubt the most famous monument in Japan. This giant image is approached along a walk of hewn stone leading through the middle of a broad and shaded court. The colossus sits on a broad pedestal of cut stone, a rich, glorious Buddha, an image of the self-sacrificing Indian prince who left the world and sought Nirvana, the great philosopher and teacher before whom three hundred million heads are inclined in hope and prayer. The image is one of the finest displays of bronze work in all the world of art, and it was made by men whom we call heathen, and



was built over three centuries before America was discovered.

Would you apply a tape-line to the wonderful piece of art? It is forty-nine feet in height. Its circumference is ninety-eight feet. Across the eye is four feet. Measure an ear—it is six feet and six inches. We were told that the eyes were of pure gold, and that the silver boss weighed thirty pounds.



DAIBUTSU, IN KAMAKURA

With peacefully folded hands Daibutsu sits in deepest thought. Lafcadio Hearn writes:

“The gentleness, the dreamy passionlessness of these features,—the immense repose of the whole figure,—are full of beauty and charm. And, contrary to all expectation, the nearer you approach the giant Buddha the greater this charm becomes. You look up into the solemnly beautiful face—into the half-closed eyes that seem to watch you through their lids of bronze as gently as those of a child; and you feel that the image typifies all that is tender and calm in the Soul of the East.”

Space forbids more than a reference to the Hachiman temple, a Shinto building, reached from a long, broad causeway, with gates of stone and bronze; and to the legendary caves and temple gates on the island of Enoshima.

#### TOKYO.

And, now, it is on to the capital. Our fathers learned from old Peter Parley that Jeddo was the seat of the government of Japan. They learned little more from Peter, for before Perry, and in Peter's time, little was known about the city. In 1868 the city was made the eastern capital of Japan, actually the real capital of the island empire, as Kioto has barely more than an empty title, and in that year the name was changed to Tokyo.

Tokyo lies on the southeast side of the island of Hondo and on the Bay of Tokyo, and is divided into two unequal sections by the River Sumida. It is a number of large, sprawling towns, half fused, rather than a single city. It was opened to foreigners in 1869, and its population is somewhere or other about two millions, probably over that figure. Along the river and the bay the land is low and level; in the western part of the city the land rises into hills.

The city is about ten miles by eight, and has fine large parks, many temples and shrines and costly statues, and public fountains. It has the splendid Imperial Hotel and other hotels in the European style and any number of the native kind.

Owing to the size of the American party, it went to the capital in instalments, on successive days. One of the sections was invited to see the review of Imperial troops, and witnessed the passage in review of some twenty-five thousand men, the section having a block of the best seats on the reviewing stand. The Japs in uniform were smart and soldierly, and yet the main strength of the soldier is, all too few military men in the Occident know, their quiet, untheatrical patriotism, their readiness to do, dare, and die,

without fuss or display, for the sake of Dai Nippon and the emperor.

The Reverend Doctor Francis E. Clark, president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, was received by the emperor in the course of our stay in Japan. Since the presentation of former Vice-President Fairbanks no American had reached the imperial presence. Officials of Christian Endeavor Societies in the empire and numbers of missionaries had been exerting themselves to obtain the audience, and were exceedingly gratified when arrangements were completed. Etiquette forbids Doctor Clark's telling what occurred during the meeting.

His Imperial Majesty, Musuhito, has been for forty-three years the mikado of Japan, is fifty-eight years of age, a ruler not only born to the purple, but the natural possessor of kingly qualities. He is the one hundredth ruler of the empire, a representative of a dynasty of great antiquity, reaching back to the year 500. He ascended the throne at the age of sixteen. Since his accession the empire has rapidly chosen leading features of Occidental civilization. In less than sixteen years it has made itself felt as a power in the world, first in the conflict with China in 1895, and subsequently in the superb fight with Russia nine years later. It is believed that her advances in military surgery in the emperor's reign place her first in the world in that branch of science, as her general advance in military science places her well toward the forefront among the world powers. In sanitation her progress is almost equally conspicuous.

The movement which Doctor Clark represented in the audience with the emperor has twenty-three societies in Tokyo, banded in a union. The president and the vice-president are Japanese who were educated in American colleges. The rank and file of the societies are largely students in Japanese schools.

A reception was given by a nobleman to a section of the party which visited Tokyo on one of the days. On the day



following, the section which went up from Yokohama was entertained in a theatre by members of a school for acting. A play was produced in Japanese style, with make-up, costumes, and posturing in accordance with the teaching. An address of welcome by Baron Shubawaya of the Japanese party which had visited America a few months previous and had been received in many American cities, preluded the play. It was translated by the baron's stenographer. Luncheon was served after the entertainment.

Yet another section arriving on another afternoon was bidden to an open-air spectacle, in which acrobats and horsemen showed their agility and skill.

Tokyo newspapers are a credit to the craft. Just as our party reached Japan, Secretary of State Knox's overture in regard to the neutralization of railroads in Manchuria was made known. The proposition was exceedingly unwelcome to the newspapers in the capital, and was a maladroit piece of work, as a whole, but the press of the Japanese capital handled it with a dignity and self-restraint which were in sharp contrast to the secretary's headlong and mistaken diplomacy. The Tokyo press also treated the visiting Americans with the utmost friendliness and cordiality, and made the most flattering references to the visitors.

Women seem to be employed to a considerable extent on the staffs of leading newspapers in Japan. Several of the women writers boarded the ship at one time and another. One of them was a well educated girl, to whom I was introduced and who presented with her card, reading:

Miss Chiyo Yamazaki, Yurabucho, Kojomachi-hu, Tokyo, The Mainichi Demposha.
--

She informed me that her name meant "Thousand Years at Summit of the Mountain." We talked for a spell

about newspaper work and grew chummy, did Miss Summit of the Mountain and I. She asked me a question about some people over whom her tongue twisted and I asked her to write it out. Then Miss Summit wrote "suffragettes." She told me about Japanese print, did Miss Thousand Years, and explained that you must read from top to bottom and from right to left, that is, your right to your left, Thousand Years said. But if I keep on with her conversation I will be calling her Thous, and so, as a sailor would say, I will knock off.

Back once more in Yokohama, we were presented with souvenirs; this time hatpins of silver with Japanese ornaments for the women, and silver watch-charms for the men. We went to the *Benten Dori* for our last shopping before departing from the Land of the Rising Sun. On that street I ran across a trader called George Washington by sailors years before, because it was believed that he would not tell a lie. I purchased sandals and flags at his shop, and found that he deserved his name.

And all too soon came the time for sailing. The speeding of the parting guest which warmed us in Nagasaki found a repetition in Yokohama. From tenders and small boats in the roadstead, Japanese waved the two flags, and from the rails of the ship fluttered Old Glory and the sun flag. Cheers from the boats were answered with cheers from the ship, and then the great steamer headed out for the open Pacific.



“SAYONARA”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### YOKOHAMA TO HONOLULU.

**H**EADING out to sea, we passed the armored cruiser Tennessee and several hundred of our passengers who still were on deck cheered the dark gray bulldog, whose jackies responded in kind when word came to them from the officer of the deck. Just then the first bugle call for our dinner came, and the most ambitious of the tourists scurried to their cabins to get into evening dress, and the most sensible remained on deck to inhale whiffs of the condensed Pacific.

In the evening the weather grew thick. The Pacific developed a nasty temper. The ship rocked and half her timbers complained.

So ended the first day out of her run on her leg across the northwestern Pacific.

I present the "log" of succeeding days in abridged form.

*Second Day Out.* In the German language a bath is *bad* and women are *dam-men*, and it is not surprising to find that the Pacific is the *stiller* ocean. For water which is more than still it comports itself in an exceptional way. Waves bang the bow. The screws race. Winds are whistling and moaning. Spray flies up over the forecastle and frequently as high as the promenade deck. Racks are on dining-room tables for the first time since we sailed from New York.

It was computed today that five of the tourists are remaining in Yokohama.

*Third Day Out.* "*Was is los mit dem Stillen Ozean?*" Blucher inquired this morning, as a lemon, handed out with a German pancake, slid off the plate and raced down the



rack. The spelling is that of my accomplished German scholar Von Wedel, and ought to be irreproachable; at any rate Von is prepared to defend it against all comers. But to get back to the Pacific Ocean (which is getting back at us), it is on the rampage, still, and more so than before, which may be why it is called *Stiller*.

*Fourth Day Out.* The Stiller ocean is becoming stiller in spirit and in truth. It is easier to write and more passengers are writing. This Sunday morning saw a service in the forward dining-room, conducted by Doctor Clark, who took a double text: "The sea is His and He made it," and "And there was no more sea." His illustrations were timely and felicitous. From the line of his text he journeyed aside at one time to put in a word of regret and expostulation at the women who had insisted on shopping ashore on Sundays.

Voyagers have been experimenting with remedies for mal de mer, and one of the remedies appears to have merit, but it won't do to violate the advertising rule and to tell what it is. A man who was qualmish took two capsules three-quarters of an hour prior to lunch. In a quarter of an hour he was lively as a cricket, and when the bugle sounded for lunch he was the first at his table. He started with celery and consommé in cup and idled along to ham and eggs and roast beef with horse radish, and then turned to smoked ribs of pork with sauerkraut and purée of peas. Then he went on to complete a real nice little light lunch with potato salad, chocolate cream, American cheese, fruit, and coffee. The seasick remedy had nearly restored his appetite!

The ocean is in more mellow mood. Thus ends this day. Course, E. by S.; wind, N. E.; barometer, discreet; temperature, 74; clouds, cirrocumuli.

*Fifth Day Out.* The Pacific is fast getting over its pet. It is becoming smooth, and the sun shines fitfully between the flying scud.

At a meeting this morning of the Travelers' Club the

royal welcome given to the tourists was for a time the backbone for the talking. Most believed it to be an entirely spontaneous greeting from a friendly populace, but some hinted that it might be as much artificial as spontaneous,



#### SOME OF THE ELECT

Group on the port side of the boat deck

and that behind it was the fine Italian hand of statesmanship. A world-belter who was in Yokohama the day the news of the fall of Port Arthur arrived told the club how unconcernedly the inhabitants at first received the tidings. "But," said he, "that night a listening ear might detect

strange sounds. In the morning bunting and banners were flying. A demonstration was quietly organized, and the next day all Yokohama was pandemonium." It was condensed extract of a celebration over a football victory so you might infer from the description which the traveler gave.

Another speaker told of the decline of American merchant shipping, and said that even in San Francisco on merchant vessels of ocean-traversing size the Japanese flag was more common than "Old Glory." This led on to a discussion of the policy of subsidizing companies, which waxed warmish.

A Nippon tea was given in the afternoon by Cleveland Chapter, No. 1, Daughters of the American Revolution, in the faithful forward dining-room. Tables were decorated with the real thing in Japanese towels and spreads, and on them were Japanese teapots, wonders in the culinary kingdom, and quaint teacups with the double saucer and bottom of the Toyland of the Cherry Blossom. But the most cheerful sight was the dear ladies' costuming. Arrange the colors of a maudlin rainbow on quilted silk and satin, snip out a ravishing kimono, add Japanese sandals, and build up the hair in a pagoda kind of architecture, which a mere man can worship, but not understand, and you have a slight conception of that mysterious costuming. Tea was served with Japanese ceremony which is this:

"On this honourable occasion (three salaams) will your honourable self condescend to deign to accept from my unworthy hand, this auspicious tea brewed by my good-for-nothing wife (three bows) and intended to refresh your condescending self (three kotows) that we may always remember your exalted kindness (three bows?)"

This may strike a pragmatic reader as rubbing it in.

In the evening about a hundred of the tourists assembled in the forward dining-room to play "c-a-t," a parlor game, by completing printing names opening with those letters, a highly intellectual pastime.

Thus was the time slain in Lat. 32 N. and Long. 166 E.



Prizes were given to the most expert, articles which were interesting souvenirs of places visited early in the trip. I enter into detail as to this day in order to describe a bit of life on the Cleveland when she is 1,400 miles from land. But I do not refer to the ancient c-h-s-t-n-t, the posting of the ship's daily run.

One of the amusements of this part of the trip which the dear ladies delight in is the comparing of memory chains. This afternoon a wonder among memory chains was to be seen by the elect who had chairs on the port side of the promenade deck. It had fully forty articles in silver and ivory from some eighteen of the places visited in the course of the voyage.

Some of the old sea-going travelers are deep in chess and checkers in the smoking-room. Somehow chess is less played than checkers. In fact there are but two of the grizzled sea-dogs who play that game with regularity. One is a Grand Army man, the one who pronounced the infantry "fit" at Manila. The other is a fine old soul from Brooklyn, who is to remove to Connecticut on his return to the City of Churches.

*Sixth Day Out.* It is the opinion of a number on the ship that the Pacific is as capricious as a debutante. Yesterday it was smiles and sunlight. This morning it is drizzle and fog. A fog was overdue, for there are nearly a dozen sky pilots on board, counting a missionary who embarked in Yokohama.

Doctor Clark this morning gave a talk on his audience with the emperor, procured through the good offices of Ambassador O'Brien, to whom Doctor Clark paid a kindly compliment at the opening of his lecture. He explained that the title of Mikado was little used among most of the Japanese. Literally Mikado means "Honorable Gateway," a circumlocution signifying an approach to a presence which should not frequently be lightly referred to. The present emperor is the head of a peerage of 902 and an empire of 45,000,000 souls. It was in the old palace in Tokyo that

Doctor Clark was received, not the new palace, which is furnished in the French style. The emperor is slightly taller than the average Japanese, and wears a grizzled, sparsely-growing beard cut in the Japanese style. He was in brilliant military uniform. The walls of the reception apartment were hung with rich and picturesque paper decorations. Doctor Clark told about the elaborate court ceremonial in the approach to his majesty.

Previously Doctor Clark had been received in audiences by King Oscar of Sweden, King Haukon of Norway, and President Oom Paul Kruger.

From the Mikado to the gymnasium is a near cry today. One of the articles in the gymnasium is a triumph called "the camel" apparatus, operated by electricity, if you slide a lever to a correct notch. A dear old puddinghead who desired to be a world-belter and thoroughbred traveler, yet told about going "down stairs" to the "rear part" of the "boat," mounted the camel this morning and requested Joseph to start the machinery. From long experience, familiar with the lever, Joseph slipped it. Presently the dear old puddinghead invited Joseph to stop the camel, but such action was not on Joe's program at that moment. He kept the dear old fellow jouncing on the camel for five minutes before he slid the lever to its place. A better picture of righteous indignation than the old gentleman presented you would never wish to see. Such is life among little lads on a modern steamship.

Soon after the ship sailed from Bombay a playground was built for the nine little children who are in the party. It is located on a deck house on the boat deck, and is a small quadrilateral with boards on each side, enclosing a quantity of sea sand. There Jos whittles, and does wonderful things with his Japanese kite, with a dragon painted on it, which he purchased in Kioto.

One of his playmates is a little girl called Kat Kin. Today Joe and Kat Kin developed a divergency, which led on to a combat, but soon they negotiated a treaty.

"Your son and my daughter had a fight," said the little girl's mother, "and then they kissed and made up."

"They are setting a good Christian example to you and me, Madam," I commented, but the lady seemed to argue that I was illogical.

In the afternoon a notice was posted on a bulletin board announcing that on the next day the ship would pass the 180th meridian, and that there would be two days known as January 19th.

*Seventh Day Out.* This morning the Travelers' Club handled the question of the double day. A member from Staten Island proved to his own satisfaction that today was tomorrow, that there were two Wednesdays in the week and that the week had eight days. Another member demonstrated to marriageable young men that they were in peril, because this is a hidden leap year.

A gentleman from Yonkers told about a partial ascension of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, in which he climbed to within five hundred feet of the summit. A gentleman from Georgia talked about a visit to the Motomachi school in Yokohama. In one of the rooms he found boys singing a lively air about the greatness of Yokohama, in another a song about the beauty of Tokyo, and in a third he heard girls sing about heroes who battle for the country. He said that the little girls were filled with a firm and passionate enthusiasm in their nature. He wondered no longer that military patriotism was a consuming passion in the land of Japan.

This evening a story-telling bee put a premium on travelers' tales. One yarn dealt with seasickness, which has flourished but two of the ninety-six days of the trip, to date. A passenger who lay hors de combat in his steamer chair was accosted, so the story ran, by a good Samaritan, but in his languid state was unresponsive. Thereupon the good Samaritan flaunted a piece of raw pork seasoned with Worcestershire sauce.

"Take this," said he, "it's certain death."



The victim recovered animation for a moment.

"I'm seasick, he confessed, "but I'll get over it. You're an idiot, and you won't get over it."

*January 19th, the second one. Antipodes Day. Eighth Day Out.* Everybody is upside down and tangential over this double-day problem. One man shows beyond dispute that yesterday was (is) today, and that today is (will be) tomorrow. A lass who is anxious to put the date of the proposal on her engagement ring is in two minds, whether to engrave January 19th, or January 20th.

It is admitted that for one day (or is it two days) even the best men on board are living a double life.

At dinner the menu card bristled with allusions to the day and "international" ice-cream was served in the shade of confectionery simulating the "date" tree. This evening there is an antipodal dance on the port side of the promenade deck.

*Ninth Day Out.* This morning was marked by a lecture on the great pyramid. In the evening a literary contest attracted to the forward dining-room passengers who completed in locating in book or play fifty well known characters. Prizes were given to the two ladies best read, and to the men corresponding to them. A Josh Billings spelling bee followed. The two sides were spelled down by Josh's "disseaze."

*Tenth Day.* This morning a Canadian Methodist, who has been for twenty years a missionary in Japan, gave a talk on religious conditions in this country. He explained that modern Shintoism is largely taken up with ceremony connected with the worship of imperial ancestors. Shintoism is the state religion. Buddhism and Confucianism have produced many noble lives, but to a number of the leading public men of Japan the nation seems to be drifting away from Oriental religion. It may drift towards the Christian religion, Mr. Coates said.

This evening sees a progressive whist party, on the lines of a progressive five hundred party given a few evenings ago.

*Eleventh Day.* The Canadian missionary gave this morning a continuation of his talk on Japanese religions. He told about the Y. M. C. A. work in the empire, and said that a number of the Japs belonged at one and at the same time to two or three of prevailing religions, those of Confucius and Buddha and Shintoism.

This afternoon a wireless telegram came explaining that the old coastwise shipping law might interfere with the landing of passengers at Honolulu, a law operating in the case of a passenger who embarks from American ports and lands in another American port, if he sails on a ship under a foreign flag, and imposing a fine of two hundred dollars on the foreign company for each passenger making a final disembarkation. As eight passengers have filed declarations for Honolulu, and wish to stay several weeks, it would impose on the company a fine of \$1,600 in Honolulu. It would impose a fine of \$128,800 for the final disembarkation of the others in San Francisco. There is a lively interest in this unexpected development on board the ship.

This evening witnessed a fancy-dress ball, one of the most unique, perhaps, which the Pacific ever produced. A hundred dancers in costumes and mask met in the grill room and on the poop, and led by the ship's band marched to the port side of the promenade deck, the first officer in glittering full dress escorting a lady in dignified black. The band moved into a flag-bounded reservation, in which the American and German ensigns flaunted side by side in the Pacific wind. The first officer led the maskers in lines and curves before half a thousand eyes. A feature of the parade lay in the uncommon fact, call it a phenomenon, that each costume was the real thing, purchased in its own homeland by the wearer, himself or herself, of a dealer who guaranteed its accuracy.

Thus a night's sail from Honolulu men and maidens who have voyaged twenty thousand miles of salt water met, on the other side of the world from their homes, to represent a dozen nations. Young fellows put Occidental

blood and muscle inside Japanese fabrics. Young girls danced in costumes from Khandy. A young fellow footed it in the rig of a Nagasaki rickshaw coolie. There were two John Chinamans, or John Chinamen, or Johns Chinaman, in scarlet-buttoned black satin skull cap and cue. A little girl flitted out upon the paraffined deck in geisha costume down to high wooden sandals and tabi. Mandarin coats (the real thing) came out to the number of twenty-five. But what can mere man say about things such as these? Is it too much to repeat that the ball was one of the most unique, perhaps, which the Pacific ever produced?

*Twelfth Day.* We sailed into Honolulu harbor early this morning, and the ship was boarded by harbor officials. It was learned that the cable had been flashing, and that Uncle Sam, back in the treasury department and the attorney-general's office in Washington, had been studying over a new problem, a situation not contemplated by the fathers when they enacted a coastwise shipping law to discourage from traveling under a foreign banner American passengers who wished to sail from one American coast to another. It was said that San Francisco was not in the Union when this law was framed, and that Hawaii was a kingdom little better than barbaric, and that the state of affairs in which Americans would sail from New York to land from the same vessel in Honolulu and San Francisco, as American ports, was not then conceivable. And, so among the many new situations in this pioneer cruise is this, which may well come before congress in a short time.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.

OFF Diamond Head the ship was greeted by launches containing delegations from Honolulu Christian Endeavor Societies and from a local lodge of Elks, which had come sociably out almost side by side to welcome the world-belters. A choppy sea was running and it so happened that the Elks' launch fared ill. As the boat went hors du combat a Christian Endeavor launch steamed to the scene and began transferring the antlered herd on board. Then and there was witnessed a wonder of the deep, a phenomenon new, perhaps, to history, Endeavorers and Elks consorting on a Sunday morning and singing, the Endeavorers, hymns, and the Elks chants of their own kind. And ere long some of the Elks grew ill, not because of the new environment, but because of good living and the swell off Diamond Head.

For most of the tourists it was the first glance at the far-famed Kanakas, and many eyes rested curiously on the comely Hawaian lasses, broad of beam and stocky and dark hued. The girls might have had more beauty, but they had voices, and their hymns charmed even the sinners on the Cleveland.

The mayor and a delegation constituting a welcome committee came to meet the ship. A greeting like that in Manila and the welcome in Nagasaki warmed our hearts at the landing. From the pier flags were fluttered, hats tossed, handkerchiefs shaken, and hands waved. A Hawaiian band played. Visitors who had boarded the ship prior to the landing distributed "Aloha" buttons. As the gangplank was run out a small army of white and colored

brethren closed around its shoreward end, and as the world-trotters passed down, each was decorated with a lei, or garland of flowers. Fragrant carnations and strange tropical blooms made the leis odorous, as well as brilliant. Of the



OFFICERS ON THE BRIDGE  
Captain at the Marine Telegraph

leis, some were large and were placed over the heads and on the shoulders of the tourists and some were small and were dropped on men's hat crowns. It was the glad hand and a feast of flowers. In overhauling a little old well-worn note-book I found this about that scene:

"Our entry into Honolulu is like Bonaparte's into Milan."

The Elks took care of their own, convoying them to automobiles. Our Christian Endeavor people were also taken care of, and the main body of the trotters were conducted to trolley cars for a ride. Our spin took us into the residential section, a section not unlike what some of us later saw in that lovely city, Pasadena. It led us by little villas and charming bungalows, tropical sunshine overhead and masses of buoyant greenery beneath. The electric rickshaw carried us by open dwellings with broad verandas half smothered in a riot of green and illuminated by flaming blooms. Swaying palms with graceful fronds rose over many of the homes. A lawn as green and fresh as is found in the neatest New England town in June was at the side of each dwelling. The section was like one garden; what wonder that in song and romance Honolulu is known as the Paradise of the Pacific?

It might be claimed that but for the missionary it would be a question whether Honolulu would have its lawns in the perfect condition of today. The first missionaries found the island destitute of true grass, as we of New England look on grass. Grass seed would not catch, or at least did not. Then word went back to Massachusetts, and the next worker who sailed for "the Sandwich Islands" had in his kit a number of grass roots, which he carefully watered and tended on the voyage, which was made by the way of the Horn. When the missionary reached Diamond Head all but two roots had perished. That couple were the great grandparents of at least ten per cent. of the true grass in Honolulu, so the story goes. From that tale in nature the missionary takes a simile, and is encouraged in his work in the islands.

There is much of romance in those distant first days of the missionaries in Hawaii. I have at hand at this moment an old-time book, now rare, written by the widow of Asa Thurston, pioneer missionary to "the Sandwich Islands," and published in Ann Arbor, a fascinating volume made up of letters and sketches, grave and gay, giving lights and



shadows, some of the trials and some of the joys and some of the sorrows of the missionary life of that time. In the preface, written in Nuuanu Valley, Mrs. Thurston says:

"In the silence and solitude of night, with my study lamp, I took the writings of 1819; I read and re-read them. Thus engaged, I was lost in reverie. I was young again and saw my father's family surrounding me, loving and lovely."

The little book opens with a letter from the future Mrs. Thurston, then Lucy Goodale of Marlboro', West Parish, Massachusetts, to her favorite sister, Mrs. Persis G. Parkhurst of Plainfield, New Hampshire, in which a missionary spirit is shown. Then it progresses to an entry in the journal, telling of an unexpected call from a cousin, who led the way for the marriage to Mr. Thurston, then a senior in the Andover Theological Institution, soon to sail for the islands. The progress of the engagement, the marriage, and the start of the missionary party are told. On October 17, 1819, seventeen people, headed by Asa Thurston and his bride, were organized into a missionary church to be transplanted "to the Pagan Islands of the Pacific." In the party were a physician and his wife, a printer and his wife, and a farmer and his wife and five children. Three converted native youths were also among the voyagers.

Six days later the little band embarked on the brig *Thaddeus* from Boston for a dwelling place among (I quote from this quaint little book):

"barbarians, there to cope with a cruel priesthood of blood-loving deities and to place ourselves under the iron law of *kapus*, requiring men and women to eat separately. To break that law was death. It was death for women to eat of various kinds of food, such as pork, bananas, cocoanuts, etc. It was death for her to enter the eating house of her husband. The choicest of animal and vegetable products were reserved for the male child; for the female, the poorest. From birth to death, a female child was allowed no food that had touched her father's plate. It was death for a woman to be caught looking at an idol's temple. When she passed one, she was required to turn her face another way."

One letter tells of the voyage, startlingly different from the trip on the comfortable *Cleveland*. It tells about a

deck sprent with a boat, hogsheads, barrels, tubs, cables, and ropes, and alive with a dog, cats, hens, ducks, pigs, and men, women, and children. The brig passed around Cape Horn, and after a voyage of one hundred and fifty days from Boston the little band saw Hawaii looming on the horizon. Thenceforth the book is filled with descriptions and stories of romantic interest.

The mist of history enshrouds the early story of these remote islands. The Hawaiian race is of original Polynesian extraction, of some far type which ethnologists can only conjecture. Its tongue is a cousin to the language spoken in Stevenson's Samoa and to that in Tahiti. It is a strangely musical language, with five vowels and only seven consonants, one which adapts itself to the sad and simple melodies of the music of the islands.

Out of the mistland of early time it seems to be established that, in the thirteenth century, a tempest-tossed Japanese junk touched at the island of Maui. Three centuries later the survivors of a wrecked Spanish ship bound from Mexico to the Philippines landed in the southern part of Hawaii. They were for a time regarded as some strange species of demi-god, and they intermarried with some of the natives, starting a strain that is still discernible in a lighter complexion and in more carefully chiseled features, distinct in some cases, at least, from the broad head and low brow of the native stock. Later in the century Gaetano sighted one of the islands, and twenty-five years after him old Mendena located the island of Kauai. Then for over two centuries Father Time left these beautiful stray children of Mother Nature alone in the waste of waters, far from the trail of the few explorers who ventured into the Western Ocean. It was reserved for that adventurer of good and evil fame, Captain Cook, to really discover the islands in good truth. That son of a Yorkshire farm laborer spent the greater part of two years, off and on, in the Pacific; and in his third Pacific voyage made the islands and took a number of notes and observations. He ranged

far to the north and, returning, became involved in a squabble over a stolen boat and was killed in Hawaii. He named the group after John Montague, the fourth earl of Sandwich, who had aided him in several ways, a noble who was desperately attached to the festive tiger of the gaming table and counted as lost the moments spent in eating, and



*Courtesy of John P. Davidson*

#### FANCY DRESS BALL

consequently split buns and meated them, for the sake of economizing time, thus becoming the sire of the sandwich.

Peopled from distant South Sea islands in far distant time, the islands were but little developed when Cook lost his life. The natives had passed through the stage of savagery and were in that of a queer feudalism. The land was held in a military tenure. A dozen years after Cook's death an able chieftain named Kamehameha warred against



other chiefs and gradually extended his rule, aided by American whalers who brought firearms to him and gave the warrior a great advantage over his opponents, who were still in the Stone Age, as far as weapons were concerned. He conquered the remainder of the Hawaiian archipelago, and garnered the islands into a centralized monarchy. He was succeeded by his son, Liholiho, under the title of Kamehameha Second.

And now we pass from an era little clearer than semi-legendary to one which inaugurates the real entrance of the Hawaiian Islands into the edge of civilization. Less than a year after the new king ascended the throne a company of seven missionaries and their wives landed in Honolulu. It had sailed from Boston five months after the second Kamehameha had become king, and had sailed because of appeals made by Hawaiians who had served as sailors on deep-sea American ships and had reached Boston.

In the Hawaiian Islands, as perhaps nowhere more in the world, American Congregational missionaries achieved enduring and marvelous success. Half of the people were taught in a few years to read and most of that half to write. The Ten Commandments were adopted as a basis of laws and then an extended book of laws was adopted under the influence of the missionaries and the high standard of education set by the early missionaries has long been followed.

For over fifty years the professions in Hawaii have attracted graduates of leading American universities. The first public school laws were passed in 1841, and they have been improved to keep pace with the growth of modern education. The Territorial Normal School has a wide scope, and includes manual training alongside other branches. Its pulse first stirred to the initial missionary teaching. The territory has an institution of higher learning in Oahu College, founded nearly sixty-five years ago as a boarding-school for the children of missionaries. A College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts began in 1908 its first full school year, and is now largely equipped with

commodious new buildings on a splendid tract in Honolulu. In a direct line of work the influence of the early missionaries is seen in the many churches, the number being about two hundred in the territory. When it is remembered that probably about seventy-five thousand or eighty thousand inhabitants, or over a third of the population, are Buddhist or Confucians or other non-Christian religionists, it will be seen that the proportion of churches is large. Most of the Japanese and the Chinese in the territory are of recent date, having come within a quarter of a century.

One of the most lively and most able newspapers which I read in the course of the voyage is published in Honolulu, the *Pacific Advertiser*, a sheet which is especially successful in the use of cuts. I spent a pleasant half hour in its office and learned a number of points about the city from its wide-awake editor, Mr. Matheson, whose opinions are the result of careful study and an analytical mind. The city has two other daily papers which are printed in English and has a Chinese daily and four Japanese dailies; to round out the inventory, allow me to mention semi-weekly Chinese and Portuguese papers and a number of weekly and monthly publications, including religious journals.

In 1891 Liliuokalani became queen of Hawaii. A progressive party justly suspected her of an ambition to increase the royal power at the expense of the people and she was dethroned and a provisional government was installed. Following a tangle of diplomacy a republic was established, after the deposed queen had refused to grant a general amnesty, an action which would probably have led to her restoration. Sanford B. Dole was the first president of the republic. August 12, 1898, the islands were formally annexed, and two years later Hawaii was organized as a territory, with Dole as governor.

The sad history of Liliuokalani is now regarded with pity in many parts of the territory. The melancholy spectacle of a heart-broken old woman, who, whatever the faults of her advisers, and, perhaps herself, desired to return

to her childhood home and die among scenes which were once the dearest on earth to her, appeals to a people given to romance, as are most of the Hawaiians.

It is hard to picture the charm of the little cottages which we saw in the course of the trolley ride, bits of the homeland out in the mid-Pacific, between the prong of the Alaskan islands and the remote South Sea. The charming little dwellings have a beauty which is American, along with the *al fresco* type of the tropics. They combine a picnic's temptation and a home's comfort. With the expanse of indigo in front, the tropical sky fleeced with faint clouds overhead, with the great Diamond on one side and a city framed in luxuriant and eternal green on the other, with the wooded mountain behind, with tempering breezes from the ocean or odor-laden airs from the *intervale* they are in the midst of some of Mother Nature's fondest offerings. Think of one of the most entrancing of our own May days, when sunshine, balmy air, apple blossoms, lilacs, and a smiling sky invite those to rejoice who can, and your memory pictures a day like the average here in Honolulu, so we are told and so we believe. To that day add what we saw, an occasional light cloud just low enough to cause the lightest of rains for a moment, just fleeting enough to bring to the eye a fast-fading rainbow. Of the islands which we saw Ceylon alone has more to offer than Oahu shows.

Oahu is the third largest of the Hawaiian Islands, and has some six hundred square miles. Hawaii is the largest, and has some four thousand, being a little smaller than Connecticut. Honolulu is the largest city in Oahu and the group, and is the capital of the Hawaiian Territory. Its population is forty-five thousand. Hilo is the second city; it is situated on the island of Hawaii, the largest of the islands. The population of Hawaii, the island, is sixty thousand, and that of the territory is about two hundred and twenty thousand.



In the course of the trolley ride on the morning of arrival we passed a statue of King Kamehameha First, "the Napoleon of the Pacific." The old warrior lives in stately bronze. He is armed with an old-time spear and is in the picturesque costume of an early day.

We passed, too, Honolulu's first frame house, built by a missionary from Boston in 1821, and the Kawaiahao church, built of coral and shell carried by Hawaiians from the seashore a quarter of a mile and more away.

On the electric rickshaw we slid out beyond to Waikiki Beach, a narrow curve of shingle with creaming breakers reaching for nearly half a mile, and a fringe of graceful palms and heavy-foliaged hao trees as its inside boundary. In the shade of a noble and spreading hao tree in the court of the cool Moana Hotel sat a Hawaiian brass band, peer, may you believe it, of even the splendid Philippine Constabulary band which we heard in the Malacanan Palace back in Manila. The Filipinos had played, with accuracy and dash, selections which required brilliance in execution. The Hawaiian band played some of the same general kind, but they and their hearers prefer the melancholy melodies of their own islands, simple and tuneful airs of an inexpressibly sweet nature. The airs are tender and sad, almost weird. They are filled with the romance of music, with a quality which allures the imagination, and the trained musician forgets for the moment the art as he feels the charm of the heart and the poetry behind the simple minors.

One of the songs is the far-famed "Aloha Oe" of the unfortunate Queen Liliuokalani, last sovereign of the kingdom. Others are strains of sadness, set to song. They find expression more feelingly in music than in words. Still others are love songs which cast the spell of musical romance around their theme. Both the air and the Hawaiian words are liquid music. In the judgment of many masters of melody the Hawaiian tongue is as susceptible to music as the Italian is.

One of the selections which we heard was orchestral, and it involved pauses by the instruments which were occupied by singing by the players, a method or device which is frequently employed, so we were told.

On the way to Waikiki is the famous Aquarium, truly a wonderful spectacle. Few outside of the experts believe prior to seeing the fish that the waters harbor such brilliantly hued creations. The Aquarium is pronounced to be the latest word in the piscatorial line.

One of the days spent in the capital was a Sunday. The Reverend Doctor Clark was invited to speak in the Union Central church, a large and stately building. The doctor preached to a congregation which filled every seat in the auditorium and nineteen-twentieths of the seats in the gallery. White, brown, and black were in the gathering, nearly as many hues as there were in the Christian Endeavor rally in the Cushing Memorial Hall in Rangoon. In the evening Doctor Clark spoke in the native church, called Kawaiahao. Before the worship started, the church was crowded to the outside steps, and numbers were turned away.

Probably in no other city is the ratio of Christian Endeavorers larger per capita than in Honolulu. The city is the most quiet and orderly on a Sunday of any which the voyagers visited. It is especially observant of the old-style Sunday. For that reason some of the Germans of the ship, who were accustomed to the continental Sunday of Hamburg and Berlin, viewed Honolulu with mingled feelings.

The early religious training Hawaii maintains largely in consequence of its enforced isolation from San Francisco. The century-old "coastwise" shipping law, which fines a foreign ship carrying passengers between the two cities, limits communication. Although the *Cleveland* sailed from New York she technically violated the law and she was liable to a fine of about \$128,000.\* The cable was kept

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\* A ruling of Attorney-General Wickersham after the return of the party excepted a vessel, sailing from an Atlantic port around the world to a Pacific port.

busy for a time over questions connected with the matter.

The city has a direct connection with San Francisco by cable and with Asia by way of Midway Island, Guam, and the Philippines. The main islands of the territory are connected by wireless telegraphy.

There are twenty-six miles of trolley in the city. There are five railroads in the territory, the longest extending from Honolulu to the extreme northern point of Oahu.

The distinctively Hawaiian sport is the world-famous surf riding. Boys stand on surf board and make progress inshore over the crests of breakers, keeping their balance where novices, no matter how strong and agile, fall even at the start.

Sad to say, the Hawaiian population is declining. Here, in one of the beauty spots of the earth, the natives who have enjoyed the bounty of nature are in danger of extinction. Tuberculosis and diseases are in part responsible for the situation, but race suicide is still more the cause. An aversion on the part of Hawaiian wives to domestic care spells the principal reason.

A report printed this summer shows that the great white plague kills over twice as many Hawaiians per thousands as it does of all other races combined, in Honolulu. The figures were compiled by health authorities and were published in the course of the campaign on the prohibition question.

In all the twenty-four thousand miles traversed by the ship in the memorable journey from West to East we saw but one island more enchanting than Oahu. Ceylon alone, in all that long voyage into the eye of the rising sun, showed more allurements of sea and sky, forest and mountain, valley and stream. Off Singapore and Java we saw summer seas glistening in the sun, but among them no such pictures of indigo and white as are painted off Waikiki. And, unless it be in Ceylon, nowhere have we seen such



foliage, eternal and buoyant, such blazing blooms, such brilliance in coloring, such massed greenery, and such grace in palms and garlanded heights as here in Oahu. And even Ceylon did not flaunt the delicate, fast-fading rainbows which glorified Honolulu.

For the people of the paradise of Ceylon our feelings will vary. But for the people of hospitable Honolulu and for their warm blooded aloha nui only the fondest gratitude will be felt.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### HOME AGAIN.

ONCE more out on the Pacific, and this time headed on the arc of a great circle for the Golden Gate, the portal of God's Country. It was a memorable trip, and all hands were ready to go home and brag about it to home-keeping bodies and to world-belters in posse.

Barely were we out again on the ocean when forehanded men and women who had traveled far on salt water quietly 'gan to seek the carpenters and the baggage-master with an eye single to boxing and crating merchandise which was bulky. Especially did the owners of camphor chests find help, ere the choicest of the timber and the soap boxes were pre-empted. Wise were they who obtained early selections, for not only did they secure the best, but they concluded the misery of packing several days before land was sighted.

There was a divergency of judgment among members of the same happy families in this martyrdom of packing. One good lady was possessed of the fury, even as thrifty housewives are seized with the mania of cleansing in the jocund month of May in good old New England, and scrub and renovate till the house is like a new pin and their husbands are minded to cumber the earth no longer. She went into the dim, religious light of the after baggage-room and packed and stowed till her lord drew her away, almost by main force, declaring that he would rather have a well wife than an orderly set of trunks.

It was in the last few days that the men who journeyed with a suit-case or two and a steamer trunk or two enjoyed

existence more than did the methodical souls who had such and, additionally, one or two trunks of heroic size. I saw a martyr who had two giant Saratogas who perspired and toiled in the dark with strap and ropes a-plenty and wrapping paper, and labored with the spoil of many a port which he had acquired in exchange for piasters and rupees and guilders and yen. He would be happy in weeks to come, when he was once more back in the old homestead, but in the meantime he was puzzling over practical geometry and the statute of limitations, and with reflex motor action.

It was quietly going the round of the ship that one of the still young men who do things without making a fuss had slipped away from the party for a time while it was in Yokohama and had made a brave attempt to ascend Fujiyama. I trailed down the rumor, and after many an effort induced the gentleman to describe his attempt. Mr. Snyder of Yonkers, for it was he who tried to scale Fuji, told me that he proceeded from Tokyo for Gotembra, and in the Fuji-ya Inn made preparations for the ascent. When he set out, it was with two coolies and a horse *goriki*.

"I rode horseback for four miles," Mr. Snyder said, "and then led the animal over rough roads to Tarobo, where we halted for supper. Our shelter was a mountain hut about ten feet square. The food was native dishes, and I ate little of it. It was too cold for sleep. An editor joined the wide-awakes at two o'clock in the morning to be fresh on the job for news and adventure.

"We started at 8 o'clock in the morning, and at two thousand feet struck the snow line. From then on, it was a steep and toilsome ascent for hours, sometimes in the mists and finally above the clouds with a wonderful panorama and the ocean stretching far away. At all times the wind blew with frightful velocity, and at about four thousand feet elevation every object was encrusted with ice. The ascent became more difficult and the mercury sank to below zero. The intense exertion required on slippery ice at this altitude kept the blood in circulation. At some-



where about nine thousand feet my stomach gave way, and with the increased danger in the slopes I was in a bad plight, but we kept at it. Later on I was forced to rest, and then all hands resumed the effort. Finding myself feeling worse and worse, I asked the men to dig away snow from the nearest hut and rest there, but the men refused. For a time we attempted progress, but the men refused to put up at the hut overnight and finally there was nothing for us to do but descend. I was informed that we were not much more than five or six hundred feet from the summit, when we started the descent. As Japanese papers seemed to regard an attempt to climb Fuji in mid-winter as a wonderful thing, my wounded feelings were somewhat appeased."

In the meantime a couple of the tourists were at work on a little publication which was to commemorate the trip. As one of them confided in a threnody later in the run over to the Golden Gate, the effort was made under disadvantages which the two rash men did not contemplate. The ship's printing office was necessarily intended only for the producing of menu cards and a few short, incidental notices, and when it was subjected to the strain of a four-page paper with a one-sheet supplement, its capacity was cruelly grilled; and not alone that. The good printer was a patriotic son of the Fatherland, whose familiarity with English was barely beginning, whose knowledge of the pesky Yankee writing was not remarkable, and whose English dictionary was lost.

These were but a few of the handicaps which preceded the appearance of *The Wonder of the Deep*, so named because it was a miracle that any paper could be born under the conditions. The publication was dated:

"Clarksville, Cleveland County, Ohayo, Jan. 28, 1910."

It was "consecrated to all who pay 20 sen a copy." One of the cablegrams was a "Rooter's Dispatch" from Calcutta, confiding that "the baseball team of the Gordon

Highlanders has issued a challenge to the yet unborn team of the Cleveland's return trip." A list of the editorial staff was printed, and the society editress was revealed as Miss G. U. Ess. Among the advertisements was this:

"Wanted,—To find the Southern Cross. Mr. John Lover and Miss May Willing."

The publication contained a number of "features," among them a partial list of the celebrities of the expedition. It had—but the editor said that the subject was painful to him, that he was like the man who was compelled to use a toothpick in fencing with a master of the fencing art. At any rate he had made a stab when nobody else was ready to enter where angels fear to follow. His reward was,—well, the subject is still painful to him. Let him rest in peace.

The anniversary of the Kaiser's birth came on one of the days between Honolulu and San Francisco. In honor of the emperor the dining-rooms were decorated with the ensign of Germany and with the German naval flag, and a congratulatory telegram was sent to his majesty. The day was made a holiday on the ship.

As the good ship approached the end of the voyage presentations were arranged and passengers testified in substantial manner to their appreciation of the value and the success of the efforts of the captain and the first officer. The gifted head chaperon, who had charmed passengers by her beautiful description of the Bay of Naples, made the speeches. Her work was one of the treats of the trip, original in diction and charming and graceful in delivery. The speech of presentation to the captain is given in full:

"Captain Dempwolf:

"Fifteen weeks ago you received on board your ship six hundred and fifty passengers. At the same time you received this company of strangers—so those of us who know you best believe—into your warm German heart.

"Although there are others who could have performed this pleasant duty more ably than I, yet it has fallen to me to have the privilege and honor of conveying to you, from the members of

the first Around the World Clark party, a message of thanks and appreciation for what you have done to make this cruise the grand and glorious success it has been; and also, of tendering to you this testimonial of our regard to you as an able commander, a courteous gentleman, and a genial friend. You have been untiring in your



*Courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line*

CAPTAIN C. DEMPWOLF

quiet efforts to promote our comfort and pleasure, but more especially our safety, and in the knowledge of your skillful management of this great ship, we have rested in peace and security. We have lain down at night to sleep—not in fear, but in peace, knowing that on the bridge above our heads, a constant march was treading, a watchful eye was open, a faithful heart was beating 'all through the night.' In this great world cruise, just ending, we have visited many unfamiliar countries, and met



many new and strange peoples, and we have felt that, being so large a body of tourists, we were—in a measure—representing our country. In lesser numbers, you and your excellent staff have also been representing your country to us Americans who have been in such close association with you these many weeks—and we are thus in closer touch—have a keener appreciation of the great Fatherland who may well be proud of the sons, proud of their fine courtesy, their kindness of heart, their keen intelligence—of all those qualities that belong to ‘one who bears without abuse the grand old name of gentleman.’

“We congratulate you, Captain, on the attainment of your thirty-third year of seamanship, your nineteenth year of captaincy; and we are glad to be participants in your one hundredth round trip.

“We are glad, also, that we are passengers on the completion of your one million miles of sea travel made as commander,—this one million miles having been made without a single accident—even so much as the parting of a line.

“This unparalleled record, we believe, is not a happening—not an accident, but the result of that rare combination of qualities that go to make up a wise, intelligent, careful, efficient commander. And we have a just pride in sailing under a captain who for meritorious services in the past has received decorations from the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Prussia, and, more than all, who wears upon his breast tonight a Decoration from his Emperor, whose birthday we celebrated today. We may have given you trouble, Captain, but if so, please forget it; and when you look at this reminder of this occasion, say to yourself, ‘After all, they were—for a time—my family—and a father forgives his children. I held their lives in my hands. I brought them to their desired haven, and this gift from them comes as a message of affectionate remembrance. I will remember them—and kindly—and they will not forget me!’

“We will think of you at Borneo when you take that long tramp out to the Sporting Field under a March sun!

“We will perspire with you all the way through the Red Sea!

“But no matter what the weather—all the same we will wish that we were with you. No, Captain, we will not forget you. We will soon scatter to our many homes in the United States, but the Atlantic is not so wide, but that our united hand-clasp will reach across it, to give you greeting when you return to your Fatherland.

“And so, dear Captain, when you turn the prow of the *Cleveland* out through the Golden Gate toward the setting sun, may the great deep deal kindly with you, may the breezes of heaven blow gently over you, and waft you in safety back to your home—to your beloved Fatherland—to the dear aged mother who awaits you—to the two sons who must be proud of their heritage—and to the little maid who holds your heart captive.

“And now—God bless you.

“Auf Wiedersehen!”

It was early morning when we moved to the Kosmos wharf in San Francisco and tied up, once again in the land

which gave us birth. Then came the scenes on the pier, and the tedious and trying hours when the customs examinations were taking place. And after that, one final gee whiz and the voyagers were on their way to hotels.

Much might be written about cold San Francisco, cold in temperature and in patriotism, where the American flags seen in two days scarcely equaled those seen in a quarter of an hour in Nagasaki or Kobe or Osaka. Much might be written about Los Angeles and lovely Pasadena. Much, too, might be told about the trip overland by way of New Orleans. But this book is all too long, and our dear homeland is familiar to some extent, at least, even to her children from states distant from California and the Sunny Southland.

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What does one learn in touring the world?

It depends on the individual. One man may see glorious sights and then spend the evening in the smoking-room, playing poker. Another may see them and write for hours in his diary and in letters to his closest friends. A victim of Wanderlust is inspired by the beauty and the romance. A man with a different cast of mind will be silent for hours and feel the deeper, metaphysical lesson. All depends on the individual mind and the individual heart. One man may learn nothing except to slaughter time; another may be heartened for the noblest struggles and the most splendid victories.

One learns that the world is small; another that it is unbounded. Pardon a passing illustration by myself, because one can illustrate by his own view better than by the view-angles of anybody else. To me the world appears smaller than in the days when I lay on the kitchen floor and studied the j'ografy with the wonderful reds and yellows and blues and the pictures of lions and Hottentots. I contrived to worry along amid Arabs in Cairo with but the meekest apology for French to reinforce my English. In Colombo a theologue from the home city called, merely

because he hailed from Hartford. In the far-away and over-peopled Canton a man called for the same reason. The same story was told in Honolulu. Even had I wished, I could not escape from the home town.

Against that, Smith and Jones marvel at the world's size. All depends on the angle of view, sir.

But every true lover of his country learns one lesson still more deeply, the love of home. You never think so fondly of your own land as when you are on the other side of the world. And that means that you realize that the case is the same with the Portugee who leaves Madeira to land in Honolulu and with the Hindu who sails from Calcutta to earn his bread in San Francisco. You learn to broaden, and to have charity for God's children, wherever they may be.

"AUF WIEDERSEHEN!"













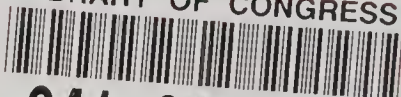








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